



Smith f.



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THE
Dramatick WORKS
OF
William Shakespear.
VOLUME II.

Containing the Six following PLAYS, *viz.*

- I. MACBETH, a Tragedy.
 - II. OTHELLO, Moor of VENICE, a Tragedy.
 - III. The first Part of HENRY IV. with the Humours of Sir JOHN FALSTAFF;
 - IV. TITUS ANDRONICUS, a Tragedy.
 - V. MEASURE for MEASURE, a Comedy.
 - VI. The LONDON PRODIGAL, a Comedy.
-

L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, Printer of *Shakespear's*,
and all the other ENGLISH PLAYS, at *Shakespear's*
Head in Turn-again-Lane, Snowhill.

MDCCXXXIV.

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Containing the six following Plays, viz.

- I. Macbeth, a Tragedy.
- II. Othello, Moor of Venice, a Tragedy.
- III. The Tempest, a Tragedy.
- IV. Twelfth Night, a Comedy.
- V. Measure for Measure, a Comedy.
- VI. The London Merchant, a Comedy.

LONDON

Printed by E. WALKER, Printer to the Admiralty, at the Admiralty Office, in Whitehall.

MDCCLXXIV.

MACBETH;
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRES.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakespeare's-Head*, in
Turn again Lane, by the *Ditch-side*.

M DCCXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

Malcolm, } *Sons to the King.*
Donalbain. }

Macbeth, } *Generals of the King's Army.*
Banquo. }

Lenox, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
Macduff, }
Ross, }
Menteth, }
Angus, }
Cathness, }

Fleance, *Son to Banquo.*

Seyward, *General of the English Forces.*

Young Seyward his Son.

Seyton, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*
Son to Macduff.

Doctor.

Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macduff.

Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate, and three other Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE *in the End of the fourth Act lies in*
England, thro' the rest of the Play in
Scotland, and chiefly at Macbeth's Castle.

Suppos'd to be true History; taken from Hector
Boetius, and other Scottish Chroniclers.



M A C B E T H.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

An open Heath.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Three Witches.

FIRST WITCH.



WHEN shall we three meet again?

In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain?

2 *Wit.* When the Hurly-burly's done,
When the Battles lost and won.

3 *Wit.* That will be ere Set of Sun.

1 *Wit.* Where the Place?

2 *Wit.* Upon the Heath.

3 *Wit.* There I go to meet *Macbeth*.

2 *Wit.* I come, I come,

Grimalkin?

2 *Wit.* *Paddocke* calls——anon!

All. Fair is Foul, and Foul is Fair,
Hover thro' Fog and filthy Air.

[They rise from the Stage, and Fly away.]

S C E N E II. A Palace.

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. **W**HAT bloody Man is that? He can Report,
As seemeth by his Plight, of the Revolt,
The newest State.

6 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy Soldier fought
'Gainst my Captivity. Hail, hail, brave Friend!
Say to the King, the Knowledge of the Broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful long it stood;
As two spent Swimmers that do cling together,
And choak their Art: The merciless *Macdonel*
(Worthy to be a Rebel, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western Isles
Of *Kernes* and *Gallow-glasses* was supply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebel's Whore But all too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that Name)
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandisht Steel
Which smoak'd with bloody Execution,
Like Valour's Minion carved out his Passage,
'Till he had fac'd the Slave,
Who ne'er shook Hands nor bid farewell to him,
'Till he unseam'd him from the Nave to th' Chops,
And fix'd his Head upon our Battlements.

King. Oh valiant Cousin! worthy Gentleman!

Cap. As whence the Sun * gives his Reflection,
Shipwracking Storms and direful Thunders † break;
So from that Spring whence Comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swell'd. Mark, King of Scotland, mark;
No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd those skipping *Kernes* to trust their Heels,
But the *Norwegian* Lord surveying Vantage,
With furbisht Arms and new supplies of Men
Began a fresh Assault.

King. Dismay'd not this
Our Captains *Macbeth* and *Banquo*.

Cap. Yes,
As Sparrows Eagles, or the Hare the Lion.
If I say Sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons overcharg'd with double Cracks,
So they redoubled Strokes upon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Gallowga*,

I can-

* gins.

† breaking.

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 7

I cannot tell——

But I am faint, my Gashes cry for Help——

King. So will thy Words become thee as thy Wounds:
They smack of Honour both, Go, get him Surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

But who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane of Rosse.*

Len. What Haste looks thro' his Eyes?

So should he look, that seems to speak Things strange.

Ros. God save the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Ros. From *Fife*, great King,

Where the *Norwegian* Banners flout the Sky,
And fan our People cold.

Norway himself, with Numbers terrible,

Assisted by that most disloyal Traitor

The *Thane of Cawdor*, 'gan a dismal Conflict;

'Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroom, lapt in Proof,

Confronted him with Self-comparisons,

Point against Point, rebellious Arm 'gainst Arm,

Curbing his lavish Spirit. To conclude,

The Victory fell on us.

King. Great Happiness.

Ros. Now *Saweno*, *Norway's* King, craves Composition:

Nor would we deign him burial of his Men,

'Till he disburs'd, at *St. Colmes-kill-Isle*

Ten thousand Dollars to our general Use.

King. No more that *Thane of Cawdor* shall deceive

Our Bosom int'rest. Go, pronounce his Death,

And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

Ros. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Wit.* Where hast thou been, Sister?

2 *Wit.* Killing Swine.

3 *Wit.* Sister, where thou?

A 4

1 *Wit.*

8 *The Tragedy of* MACBETH.

1 *Wit.* A Sailor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lap,
And Mouncht, and Mouncht, and Mouncht. Give me
quoth I.

* Aroint thee, Witch, the rump-fed Ronyon cries.
Her Husband's to *Aleppo* gone, Master of the *Tiger* :
But in a Sieve I'll thither Sail,
And like a Rat without a Tail,
I'll do—— I'll do—— and I'll do.

2 *Wit.* I'll give thee a Wind.

1 *Wit.* Thou art kind.

3 *Wit.* And I another.

1 *Wit.* I myself have all the other,
And the very † Points they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I' th' Ship-man's Card----

I will drain him dry as Hay ;
Sleep shall neither Night nor Day
Hang upon his Pent-house Lid ;
He shall live a Man forbid ;
Weary Sev'nights, Nine times Nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine :
Tho' his Bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

2 *Wit.* Shew me, shew me.

1 *Wit.* Here I have a Pilo's Thumb,
Wrackt as Homeward he did come. (*Drum within.*)

3 *Wit.* A Drum, a Drum !
Macbeth doth come !

All. The wayward Sisters, Hand in Hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and Thrice to mine,
And Thrice again to make up Nine,
Peace, the Charm's wound up.

SCENE IV.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers and other Attendants.

Mac. So foul and fair a Day I have not seen.

Ban.

* Aroint, or Avaunt, be gone.

† Ports.

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 9

Ban. How far is't call'd to || *Foris*---What are these?
So wither'd, and so wild in their Attire?
That look not like Inhabitants of Earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you ought
That Man may Question? You seem to Understand me,
By each at once her choppy Finger laying
Upon her skinny Lips.——You should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Mac. Speak if you can; what are you?

1 *Wit.* All hail, *Macbeth*! Hail to thee *Thane* of
Glamis!

2 *Wit.* All-hail, *Macbeth*! Hail to thee, *Thane* of
Cawdor!

3 *Wit.* All-hail, *Macbeth*! that shall be *King* here-
after.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I th' Name of Truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed [To the Witches.
Which outwardly ye shew? My noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great Prediction
Of noble Having, and of royal Hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the Seeds of Time,
And say which Grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your Favours nor your Hate.

1 *Wit.* Hail!

2 *Wit.* Hail!

3 *Wit.* Hail!

1 *Wit.* Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Wit.* Not so Happy, yet much happier.

3 *Wit.* Thou shalt get Kings, tho' thou be none;
All hail! *Macbeth* and *Banquo*.

1 *Wit.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, All-hail!

Mac. Stay, you imperfect Speakers, tell me more;
By † *Sin*el's Death I know I'm *Thane* of *Glamis*;
But how of *Cawdor*? The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives,
A prosp'rous Gentleman; and to be *King*,
Stands not within the Prospect of Belief,

A 5

No

|| *Soris.*

† The Father of *Macbeth*.

10 *The Tragedy of* MACBETH.

No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence? Or why
Upon this blasted Heath your stop our Way
With such prophetick Greeting?—Speak I charge you.

[*The Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The Earth hath Bubbles, as the Water has;
And these are of them: Whither are they vanish'd?

Mac. Into the Air: and what seem'd Corporal,
Melted, as Breath into the Wind——
Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such Things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane Root

That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Mac. Your Children shall be Kings.

Ban. You shall be King.

Mac. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too; went it not so?

Ban. To th' self-same Tune and Words; who's here?

SCENE IV.

Enter Rossie and Angus.

Ros. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The News of thy Success; and when he reads
The personal Venture in the Rebels Fight,
His Wonders and his Praises do contend,
Which would be thine or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the Rest o' th' self-same Day,
He finds thee in the stout *Norwegian* Ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange Images of Death. As thick † as Hail,
Came Post on Post, and every one did bear
Thy Praises in his Kingdom's great Defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee from our Royal Master, thanks,
Only to Herald thee into his Sight,
Not pay thee.

Ros. And for an Earnest of a greater Honour,
He bad me from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
In which Addition, hail, most worthy *Thane*!
For it is thine.

Ban.

† *As tale*

Can Post with Post——

The Tragedy of MACBETH. II

Ban. What, can the Devil speak true?

Mac. The *Thane of Cawdor* lives;

Why do you dress me in his borrow'd Robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet,
But under heavy Judgment bears that Life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the Rebel
With hidden Help and Vantage; or with both
He labour'd in his Country's Wrack, I know not:
But Treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Mac. *Glamis*; and *Thane of Cawdor*! [Aside.
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your Pains.

[To *Angus*.

Do you not hope your Children shall be Kings?

[To *Banquo*.

When those that gave thee *Thane of Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no less to them!

Ban. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crown.
Besides the *Thane of Cawdor*. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our Harm,
The Instruments of Darkness tell us Truths,
Win us with honest Trifles to betray us
In deepest Consequence.

Co fins, a Word I pray you. [To *Rosie and Ang.*

Mac. Two Truths are told, [Aside.

As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the imperial Theam. I thank you, Gentlemen---
This Supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill: Cannot be Good — if Ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of Success,
Commencing in a Truth? I'm *Thane of Cawdor*.
If Good; why do I yield to that Suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth unfix my Hair,
And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribs,
Against the Use of Nature? Present Fears
Are less than horrible Imaginings.
My Thought, whose Murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single State of Man, that Function
Is smother'd in Surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban.

12 The Tragedy of MACBETH.

Ban. Look how our Partner's rapt!

Macb. If chance will have me King, why chance
may crown me [Aside.

Without my Stir,

Ban. New Honours come upon him,
Like our strange Garments cleave not to their Mould,
But with the Aid of Use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the Hour runs thro' the roughest Day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth* we stay upon your Leisure.

Macb. Give me your Favour: My dull Brain was
wrought

With Things forgot. Kind Gentlemen, your Pains
Are registred where every Day I turn

The Leaf to read them—let us tow'rd the King;

Think upon what hath chanc'd, and at more time.

[To Banquo.

(The Interim having weigh'd it,) let us speak

Our free Hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough: come, Friends. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

A Palace.

Flourish. Enter *King*, *Malcolm*, *Donalbain*, *Lenox*,
and *Attendants.*

King. Is Execution done on *Cawdor* yet?

Are not those in Commillion yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke

With one that saw him die, who did report

That very frankly he confess'd his Treasons;

Implor'd your Highness' Pardon and set forth

A deep Repentance; nothing in his Life

Became him like the Leaving it. He dy'd,

As one that had been studied in his Death,

To throw away the dearest Thing he ow'd,

As 'twere a careless Trifle.

King. There's no Art,

To find the Mind's Construction in the Face:

H3

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 13

He was a Gentleman on whom I built
An absolute Trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.
O worthiest Cousin!

The Sin of my Ingratitude e'en now
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt so far before,
That swiftest Wind of Recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. Would thou'dst less deserv'd,
That the Proportion both of Thanks and Payment
Might have been mine! Only I've left to say,
More is thy Due, than more than all can pay.

Macb. The Service and the Loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays it self. Your Highness' Part
Is to receive our Duties; and our Duties
Are to your Throne and State, Children and Servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every Thing
Safe tow'rd your Love and Honour.

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of Growing. Noble *Banquo*,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known
No less to have done so: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The Harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous Joys
Wanton in Fulness, seek to hide themselves.
In Drops of Sorrow. Sons, Kinsmen, *Thanes*,
And you whose Places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate upon
Our eldest *Malcolm* whom we name hereafter
The Prince of *Cumberland*: Which Honour must
Not unaccompanied, invest him only,
But Signs of Nobleness like Stars shall shine
On all Deservers. ——— Hence to *Inverness*,
And bind us farther to you.

Macb. The rest is Labour which is not us'd for you;
I'll be my self the Harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my Wife with your Approach,
So humbly take my Leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor*!

Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland* --- that is a Step.
On

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On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*
For in my Way it lies. Stars hide your Fires,
Let not light see my black and deep Desires;
The Eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the Eye fears when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo*, he is full so valiant,
And in his Commendations I am fed;
It is a Banquet to me, let us after him
Whose Care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless Kinsman. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V I I.

An Apartment in Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.

Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a Letter.

Lady. *THEY* met me in the Day of Success; and I
have learn'd by the perfectest Report, they have more in
them than mortal Knowledge. When I burnt in Desire to
question them farther they made themselves Air, into
which they vanish'd. While I stood rapt in the Wonder
of it, came Missives from the King, who all-bail'd me
Thane of Cawdor, by which Title before these wayward
Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of
time, with hail King that shalt be. This have I thought
good to deliver thee. (my dearest Partner of Greatness)
that thou might'st not lose the Dues of Rejoicing by being
ignorant of what Greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to
thy Heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor* ----- and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet I fear thy Nature,
It is too full o'th' Milk of human Kindness,
To catch the nearest Way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The Illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great
Glamis,

That which cries, "thus thou must do if thou have it;
" And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
" Than

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 15

"Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my Spirits in thine Ear,
And chastise with the Valour of my Tongue
All that impedes thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and metaphysic Aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Messenger.

What is your Tidings?

Mes. The King comes here to-night.

Lady. Thour't mad to say it,
Is not thy Master with him? Who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for Preparation.

Mes. So please you, it is true: Our *Thane* is coming.
One of my Fellows had the Speed of him;
Who almost dead for Breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his Message.

Lady. Give him Tending,
He brings great News. The Raven himself is hoarse,
[*Exit Mes.*]

• That croaks the fatal Entrance of *Duncan*
• Under my Battlements. Come all you Spirits
• That tend on mortal Thoughts, unsex me here,
• And fill me from the Crown to th' Toe, top-ful
• Of direct Cruelty; make thick my Blood,
• Stop up th' Access and Passage to Remorse,
• That no Compunctions Visitings of Nature
• Shake my fell Purpose, nor keep Peace between
• Th' Effect, and it. Come to my Woman's Breasts,
• And take my Milk for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers!
• Where-ever in your fightless Substances
• You wait on Nature's Mischief. Come, thick Night!
• And pall thee in the dunnest Smoak of Hell,
• That my keen Knife see not the Wound it makes,
• Nor Heav'n peep through the Blanket of the Dark
• To cry, hold, hold.

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis*! worthy *Cawdor*! [*Embracing him.*]
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy Letters have transported me beyond
This ign'rant present Time, and I feel now
The Future in the Instant.

Macb. Dearest Love,

Duncan.

16 *The Tragedy of* MACBETH.

Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence ?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh never

Shall Sun that Morrow see !

Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a Book, where Men

May read strange Matters to beguile the Time.

Look like the Time, bear Welcome in your Eye,

Your Hand, your Tongue ; look like the innocent Flower,

But be the Serpent under't, He that's coming

Must be provided for ; and you shall put

This Night's great Business into my Dispatch,

Which shall to all our Nights and Days to come

Give solely sovereign Sway and Masterdom.

Macb. We will speak farther.

Lady. Only look up clear :

To alter Favour, ever, is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

The Castle-Gate.

Hautbois and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rossie, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Castle hath a pleasant Seat ; the Air
Nimble and sweetly recommends it self
Unto our gentle Senses.

Ban. This Guest of Summer,
The temple-haunting Mattlet, does approve,
By his lov'd Masonry, that Heaven's Breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutting Frieze,
Buttrise, nor † Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The Air is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See see ! Our honour'd Hostess !
The Love that follows us, sometimes our Trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,

How

† or, Corner, *Fr.*

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 17

How you should bid God-eyld us for your Pains,
And thank us for your Trouble.

Lady. All our Service

(In every Point twice done, and then done double,)
Were poor and single Business to contend
Against those Honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majesty loads our House. For those of old,
And the late Dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your Hermits.

King. Where's the *Thane of Cawdor*?

We court him at the Heels, and had a Purpose
To be his Purveyor: But he rides well,
And his great Love, sharp as his Spur, hath holp him
To's home before us: Fair and noble Hostess,
We are your Guest to-night.

Lady. Your Servants ever

Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt
To make their Audit at your Highness' Pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your Hand;

Conduct me to mine Host, we love him highly,
And shall continue our Graces towards him.
By your Leave, Hostess.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

An Apartment.

*Hautbois, Torches. Enter divers Servants with Dishes
and Service over the Stage. Then Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done; then 'twere well
It were done quickly: it th' Assassination
Could trammel up the Consequence, and catch
With its Surcease, Success; that but this blow
† Might be the Be-all and the End-all—*Here,*
Here only on this Bank and School of Time,
We'd jump the Life to come—But in these Cases
We still have Judgment *here*, that we but teach

Bloody

† *The first of these Lines (which in the old Edition is
totally different from all the others) and the latter (which
is quite omitted in all the others) entirely restore this very
obscure Passage to Sense, as will appear upon Comparison.*

18 *The Tragedy of* MACBETH.

Bloody Instructions, which being taught return
To plague th' Inventor: Even-handed Justice
Returns the Ingredients of our poison'd Chalice
To our own Lips. He's here in double Trust:
First, as I am his Kinsman and his Subject,
(Strong both against the Deed) Then, as his Host,
Who should against his Murth'rer shut the Door,
Not bear the Knife my self. Besides this *Duncan*
Hath born his Faculty so meek, hath been
So clear in his great Office, that his Virtues
Will plead like Angels trumpet-tongu'd against
The deep Damnation of his taking off.
And Pity, like a naked new-born Babe,
Striding the Blast, or Heav'n's Cherubin hors'd
Upon the sightless Couriers of the Air,
Shall blow the horrid Deed in ev'ry Eye,
That Tears shall drown the Wind. ---- I have no Spur
To prick the Sides of my Intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps it self,
And falls on th' other —

S C E N E X.

Enter Lady.

How now? What News?

Lady. He's almost supped, why have you left the Chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no farther in this Business,
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden Opinions from all Sorts of People,
Which should be worn now in their newest Gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the Hope drunk,
Wherein you drest your self? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this Time,
Such I account thy Love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own Act and Valour,
As thou art in Desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,

And

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 19

And live a Coward in thine own Esteem?

Letting *I dare not*, wait upon *I would*,

Like the poor Cat i'th' adage.

Macb. Pr'ythee, Peace?

I dare do all that may become a Man;

Who dares to more, is none.

Lady. What Beast was't then,

That made you break this Enterprize to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a Man;

And (to be more than what you were) you would

Be so much more the Man. Nor Time, nor Place

Did then cohere, and yet you would make both:

They've made themselves, and that their Fitness now

Do's unmake you. I have giv'n suck, and know

How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milks me—

I would, while it was smiling in my Face,

Have pluckt my Nipple from his boneless Gums,

And dasht the Brains out, had I but so sworn

As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady. We fail!

But screw your Courage to the sticking Place,

And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,

(Whereto the rather shall this Day's hard Journey

Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlains

Will I with Wine and Wassel so convince,

That Memory (the Warder of the Brain)

Shall be a Fume, and the Receipt of Reason

A Limbeck only; when in swinish Sleep

Their drenched Natures lie as in a Death,

What cannot you and I perform upon

Th' unguarded *Duncan*? What not put upon

His spongy Officers, who shall bear the Guilt

Of our great Quell.

Macb. Bring forth Men-children only!

For thy undaunted Metal should compose

Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiv'd,

When we have mark'd with Blood those sleepy two

Of his own Chamber, and us'd their very Daggers,

That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,

As we shall make our Griefs and Clamour roar,

Upon his Death?

Macb.

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Mac. I'm Settled, and bend up
Each corp'ral Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the Time with fairest show:
False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know:
[*Exeunt:*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a Torch before him.

Ban. **H**OW goes the Night, Boy?
Fle. The Moon is down; I have not heard
the Clock.

Ban. And she goes down at Twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my Sword. There's Husbandry
in Heav'n,

Their Candles are all out. — Take thee that too.
A heavy Summons lies like Lead upon me,
And yet I would not Sleep: Merciful Pow'rs!
Restrain in me the cursed Thoughts that Nature
Gives Way to in Repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword: who's there?

Mac. A Friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at Rest? The King's a-bed.
He hath to-night been in unusual Pleasure,
And sent great Largeness to your Officers:
This Diamond he greets your Wife withal;
By th' Name of most kind Hostess, and shut up
In measureless Content.

Mac. Being unprepar'd,
Our Will became the Servant to Defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last Night of the three wayward Sisters:
To you they've shew'd some Truth.

Mac. I think not of them;
Yet when we can intreat an Hour to serve,
Would spend it in some Words upon that Business,

If

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 21

If you would grant the Time.

Ban. At your kind Leisure.

Mac. If you should cleave to my Consent, when 'tis,
It shall make Honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My Bosom franchis'd and Allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Mac. Good Repose the while !

Ban. Thanks, Sir ; the like to you. (Exit Ban.

* SCENE II.

Mac. Go, bid thy Mistress, when my Drink is ready,
She strike upon the Bell. Get thee to Bed.

(Exit Servant.

Is this a Dagger which I see before me,
The Handle tow'rd my Hand? Come let me clutch
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. (thee---

Art thou not, fatal Vision, sensible
To Feeling, as to Sight? Or art thou but
A Dagger of the Mind, a false Creation
Proceeding from the Heat-oppressed Brain?
I see thee yet, in Form as palpable
As this which now I draw---

Thou Marshal'st me the Way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to use.
Mine Eyes are made the 'Fools o' th' other Senses,
Or else worth all the Rest--- I see thee still,
And on thy Blade and Dudgeon, * gouts of Blood
Which was not so before--- There's no such Thing---
It is the bloody Business which informs
This to mine Eyes--- Now o'er one half the World
Nature seems dead, and wicked Dreams abuse
The curtain'd Sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's Offerings: And wither'd Murder,
(Alarum'd by his Centinel, the Wolf,
Whose Howl's his Watch) thus with his stealthy Pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing † Strides, tow'rd his Design
Moves like a Ghost--- Thou ‡ sound and firm set Earth,
Hear not my Steps, which Way they walk, for fear
Thy

* gouttes, or drops, Fr.

† fides.

‡ sour, perhaps, sure.

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Thy very Stones prate of my Where-about,
And take the present Horror from the Time,
Which now Suits with it---whilst I threat, he lives †——
[*A Bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done; the Bell invites me,
Hear it not *Duncan*, for it is a Knell
That summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Lady.

Lad. That which hath made them drunk, hath made
me bold:
What hath quencht them, hath given me Fire. Hark
peace!
It was the Owl that shriek'd, the fatal Bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night---he is about it---
The Doors are open; and the surfeited Grooms
Do mock their Charge with Snores. I've drugg'd their
Poffets,
That Death and Nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. Who's there? What ho?

Lad. Alack! I am afraid they have Awak'd,
And 'tis not done; th' Attempt, and not the Deed
Confounds us---Hark!--I laid their Daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em---Had he not resembled
My Father as he Slept, I had don't---My Husband!

Mac. I've done the Deed---didst thou not hear a
Noise?

Lad. I heard the Owls scream and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Mac. When?

Lad. Now.

Mac. As I descended?

Lad. Ay.

Mac. Hark!--Who lives i'th' second Chamber?

Lad. *Donalbaine.*

Mac. This is a sorry Sight. [*Looks on his Hands.*]

Lad.

†—— he lives,
Words to the heat of Deeds too-cold Breath gives,
I go, &c.

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 23

Lad. A foolish Thought, to say a sorry Sight.

Mac. There's one did laugh in's Sleep, and one cry'd Murther,

They Wak'd each other; and I stood and heard them;
But they did say their Prayers, and addrest them
Again to Sleep.

Lad. There are two lodg'd together.

Mac. One cry'd, God bless us, and Amen the other,
As they had seen me with these Hangman's Hands.
Lifting their Fear, I could not say Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lad. Consider it not so deeply.

Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my Throat.

Lad. These Deeds must not be thought,
After these Ways; so it will make us mad.

Mac. Methought I heard a Voice cry, Sleep no more!
Macheth doth murder Sleep. The innocent Sleep,*
The Death of each day's Life, sore Labour's bath,
Balm of hurt Minds, great Nature's second Course,
Chief nourisher in Life's Feast.

Lad. What do you mean?

Mac. Sill it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the House,
Glamis hath murder'd Sleep and therefore *Carwodor*
Shall Sleep no more; *Macheth* shall Sleep no more!

Lady. Who was it that thus Cry'd? Why, worthy
Thane,

You do unbend your noble Strength, to think
So Brain-sickly of Things; go, get some Water,
And wash this filthy Witnets from your Hand.
Why did you bring these Daggers from the Place?
They must lie there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy Grooms with Blood.

Mac. I'll go no more;

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lad. Infirm of Purpose!

Give me the Daggers; the Sleeping and the Dead

Are

—innocent Sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd Sleeve of Care,
The Death of, &c.

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Are but as Pictures; 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That fears a painted Devil. If he bleed,
I'll gild the Faces of the Grooms withal,
For it must seem their Guilt.

[Exit.

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that Knocking? [Starting.
How is't with me, when every Noise appalls me?
What Hands are here? Hah! they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great Neptune's Ocean wash this Blood
Clean from my Hand? No, this my Hand will rather *
Make the green Ocean red ———

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your Colour; but I shanie
To wear a Heart so white, I hear a Knocking [Knock.
At the South Entry. Retire we to our Chamber;
A little Water clears us of this Deed.
How easy is it then? Your Constancy
Hath left you unattended——hark, more knocking!

[Knock.

Get on your Night-gown, lest Occasion call us,
And shew us to be Watchers; be not lost
So poorly in your Thoughts.

Macb. To know my Deed?, 'twere best not know my
self.

Wake *Duncan* with this Knocking: Would thou couldst!

[Exeunt. †

S C E N E

* ——— will rather

Thy multitudinous Sea incarnadine
Making the Green one Red.

Enter Lady, &c.

† ——— would thou couldst!

S C E N E IV.

Enter a Porter,

[Knocking within.

Port. Here's a Knocking indeed: if a Man were Por-
ter of Hell-Gate, he should have Old turning the Key.
[Knock.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there ith'
Name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd him-
self

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 25

SCENE IV.

Enter Macduff, Lenox, and Porter.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?

— Our Knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble Sir.

B

Enter

self in the Expectation of Plenty: Come in time, have Napkins enough about you, here you'll Sweat for't. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other Devil's Name? Faith, here's an Equivocator, that could Swear in both the Scales against either Scale, who committed Treason enough for God's sake, yet could not Equivocate to Heaven: Oh come in Equivocator. [*Knock*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? Faith, here's an *English* Taylor come hither for stealing out of a *French* Hose: Come in Taylor, here you may roast your Goose. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? But this Place is too cold for Hell. I'll Devil-porter it no farther: I had thought to have let in some of all Professions, that go the Primrose way to th' everlasting Bonfire. [*Knock.*] Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, Friend, ere you went to Bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, Sir, we were Carousing till the second Cock: And Drink, Sir, is a great Provoker of three Things.

[*Macd.* What three Things doth Drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Nose painting, Sleep, and Urine, Letchery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the Desire, but it takes away the Performance. Therefore much Drink may be said to be an Equivocator with Letchery; it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in Conclusion, Equivocates him into a Sleep, and giving him the Lye, leaves him.

Macd. I believe Drink gave thee the Lye last Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i' th' very Throat on me; but I requited him for his Lye, and I think, being too strong for him, tho' he took up my Legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

SCENE, &c.

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Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good Morrow, both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy *Thane*?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I've almost slipt the Hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful Trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.

Macd. The Labour we delight in, † *Physicks Pain*;
This is the Door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited
Service. *[Exit Macduff.]*

Len. Goes the King hence to Day?

Macb. He did appoint so.

Len. The Night has been unruly; where we lay
Our Chimneys were blown down: And, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' th' Air, strange Screams of Death,
And prophesying with Accents terrible
Of dire Combuſtions, and confus'd Events,
New hatch'd to th' woful time:
The obscure Bird clamour'd the live-long Night.
Some say the Earth was Fev'rous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Len. My young Remembrance cannot parallel
A Fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O Horror! Horror! Horror!
Or Tongue or Heart cannot conceive, nor Name thee--

Macb. and Len. What's the Matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-piece,
Most sacrilegious Murder hath broke ope
The Lords anointed Temple, and stole thence
The life o' th' Building.

Macb. What is't you say? The Life? ———

Len. Mean you his Majesty? ———

Macd. Approach the Chamber, and destroy your Sight
With a new *Gorgon*. Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves: Awake! Awake!

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.]

Macd. Ring the Alarm-bell--Murder! and Treason!
Ban-

† *Heals or cures Pain.*

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 27

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy Sleep, death's Counterfeit,
And look on Death itself—up, up, and see
The great doom's Image! *Malcolm, Banquo:*
As from your Graves rise up, and walk like Sprights,
To countenance this Horror. Ring the Bell——

SCENE V.

Bell Rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the Business
That such an hideous Trumpet calls to parley
'The Sleepers of the House? Speak.

Macd. Gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can Speak.
'The Repetition in a Woman's Ear,
Would Murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo, Banquo,* our Royal Master's murder'd.

Lady. Woe, alas!
What, in our House?——

Ban. Too cruel, any where.

Macduff, I prithee contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox and Ross.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an Hour before this Chance,
I had liv'd a blessed Time: For from this Instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortality;
All is but Toys: Renown and Grace is dead;
The Wine of Life is drawn, and the mere Lees
Is left this Vault to bag of.

Enter Malcolm, and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountain of your Blood
Is stop't; the very Source of it is stop't.

Macd. Your Royal Father's Murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his Chamber as it seem'd, had don't;
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with Blood,
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd we found
Upon their Pillows; they star'd, and were distracted,
No Man's Life was to be trusted with them.

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Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my Fury,
That I did kill them——

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate and furious,

Loyal and neutral in a Moment? No Man.

The Expedition of my violent Love

Out-run the Pauſer, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,

His ſilver Skin lac'd with his * goary Blood,

And his gaſh'd Stabs look'd like a Breach in Nature,

For Ruin's waſteful Entrance; there the Murtheers,

Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade, their Daggers

Unmannerly breach'd with Gore: Who could refrain,

That had a Heart to love, and in that Heart

Courage, to make's Love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho! — [Seeming to faint.]

Macd. Look to the Lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our Tongues,

That moſt may claim this Argument for ours?

Don. What ſhould be ſpoken here,

Where our Fate hid-within an Augre-hole,

May ruſh and ſeize us? Let's away, our Tears

Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our ſtrong Sorrow on

The Foot of Motion.

Ban. Look to the Lady; [*Lady Macbeth is carried out*]

And when we have our weak Frailties hid,

That ſuffer in Expoſure; let us meet,

And queſtion this moſt bloody-Piece of Work,

To know it farther. Fears and Scruples ſhake us:

In the great Hand of God I ſtand, and thence,

Againſt the undivulg'd Pretence I fight

Of treas'nous Malice.

Macb. So do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly Readineſs,

And meet i'th' Hall together.

All. Well contented.

[Exeunt.]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not comfort with them

To ſhew an unſelt Sorrow, is a Office

Which the falſe Man does eaſy. I'll to England.

Don.

* golden.

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 29

Don. To *Ireland*, I; our separated Fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's Daggers in Mens Smiles: The near in Blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal This murderous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest Way
Is to avoid the Aim. Therefore to Horse,
And let us not be dainty of Leave-taking,
But shift away; there's Warrant in that Theft,
Which steals it self when there's no Mercy left. [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Ross, with an old Man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I've seen
Hours dreadful, and Things strange; but this fore Night
Hath trifled former Knowings.

Ross. Ah, good Father,
Thou seest the Heav'ns as troubled with Man's Act,
Threaten his bloody Stage. By th' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet dark Night strangles the travelling Lamp:
Is't Night's Predominance, or the Day's Shame,
That Darkness does the Face of Earth intomb,
When living Light should kiss it?

Old Man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the Deed that's done. On *Tuesday* last,
A Falcon trowing in her Pride of Place,
Was by a mousing Owl hawk't at, and kill'd.

Ross. And *Duncan's* Horses, a Thing most strange
and certain!

Beauteous and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wild in Nature, broke their Stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make War with Man.

Old Men. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Ross. They did so; to th' Amazement of mine Eyes,
That look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff*.
How goes the World, Sir. now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

30 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

Ros. Is't known who did this more than bloody Deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slain.

Ros. Alas the Day!

What Good could they pretend?

Macd. They were Suborned;

Malcolm and *Donalbain*, the King's two Sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the Deed.

Ros. 'Gainst Nature still;

Thriftless Ambition, that will raven upon
Thine own Life's Means, Then 'tis most like
The Sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*?

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*,
To be invested.

Ros. Where is *Duncan's* Body?

Macd. Carried to *Colmes-hill*,
The sacred Storehouse of his Predecessors.
And Guardian of their Bones.

Ros. Will you to *Scone*?

Macd. No, Cousin, I'll to *Fife*.

Ros. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you see, Things well done there;
adieu.

Lest our old Robes fit easier than our new.

Ros. Farewel, Father.

Old M. God's Benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter Banquo.

THOU hast it now; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all
The wayward Women promis'd; and I fear
Thou plaid'st most foully for't: Yet it was said
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that myself should be the Root, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come Truth from them,
(As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their Speeches shine)
Why, by the Verities on thee made good,

May

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 31

May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more.
*Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth,
Lenox, Ross, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief Guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great Feast,
And all Things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn Supper, Sir,
And I'll request your Presence.

Ban. Lay your Highness'
Command upon me, to the which my Duties
Are with a most indissoluble Tye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this Afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else desired
Your good Advice (which still hath been both grave
And prosperous) in this Day's Counsel; but
We'll take To-morrow. Is it far you ride?

Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and Supper. Go not my Horse the better,
I must become a Borrower to the Night
For a dark Hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody Cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing,
Their cruel Parricide, filling their Hearers
With strange Invention; but of that To-morrow;
When therewithal we shall have Cause of State,
Craving us jointly. Hie to Horse: Adieu,
'Till you return at Night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord; our time doth call upon us.

Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of Foot:
And so I do commend you to their Backs.
Farewel.

[*Exit Banquo.*]

Let every Man be Master of his time
'Till seven at Night, to make Society
The sweeter welcome: We will keep ourself
'Till Supper time alone: 'Till then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.*]

SCENE

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SCENE II.

Manent Macbeth and a Servant.

Sirrah, a Word with you: Attend those Men
Our Pleasure?

Serv. They are my Lord, without the Palace Gate.

Macbeth. Bring them before us ——— To be thus, is
nothing. [*Exit Serv.*]

But to be safely thus: Our Fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep, and in his Royalty of Nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntless Temper of his Mind,
He hath a Wisdom that doth guide his Valour
To act in Safety. There is none but he,
Whose Being I do fear: And under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd; as it is said

Anthony's was by *Cæsar*. He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the Name of King upon me,
And bad them speak to him; then Prophet like,
They hail'd h'm farther to a Line of Kings.
Upon my Head they plac'd a fruitless Crown,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal Hand,
No Son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,
For *Banquo's* Issue have I fill'd my Mind?
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murder'd?
Put rancours in the Vessel of my Peace
Only for them? And mine eternal Jewel
Giv'n to the common Enemy of Man,
To make them Kings? The Seed of *Banquo* Kings?
Rather than so, come Fate into the Lull,
And champion me to th' Utterance! ——— Who's there

Enter Servant and two Murderers.

Go to the Door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Was it not Yesterday we spoke together?

Murth. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then, now

You have consider'd of my Speeches? Know
That it was he, in the Times past, which held you
So under Fortune, which you thought had been
Our Innocent self; this I made good to you

In

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 33

In our last Conference, past in Probation with you:
How you were born in Hand, how crost; the Instru-
ments,

Who wrought with them: And all Things else that might
To half a Soul, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, thus did *Banquo*.

1 *Murib*. True you made it known.

Mac. I did so; and went farther, which is now
Our Point of second Meeting. Do you find
Your Patience so predominant in your Nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good Man and for his Issue,
Whose heavy Hand hath bow'd you to the Grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur*. We are Men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the Catalogue ye go for Men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curs,
Showges, Water-Rugs, and demi-Wolves are clipt,
All by the Name of Dogs; the valued File
Distinguishes the Swift, the Slow, the Subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the Gift which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular Addition, from the Bill
That writes them all alike: And so of Men.
Now, if you have a Station in the File,
And not in the worst Rank of Manhood, say it;
And I will put the Business in your Bosoms,
Whose Execution takes your Enemy off;
Grapples you to the Heart and Love of us,
Who wear our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2 *Mur*. I am one,
Whom the vile Blows and Buffets of the World,
Have so incens'd that I am *reckless what
I do, to spite the World.

1 *Mur*. And I another,
So weary with Disasters. tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would set my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb.

* *careless*.

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Macb. Both of you
Know *Banquo* was your Enemy.

Mur. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine : And in such bloody Distance,
That every Minute of his Being thrusts
Against my near'st of Life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd Power sweep him from my Sight,
And bid my Will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain Friends that are both his and mine,
Whose Loves I may not drop, but wail his Fall
Whom I my self struck down : And thence it is,
That I to your Assistance do make Love,
Masking the Business from the common Eye
For sundry weighty Reasons.

Mur. We shall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

Mur. Though our Lives ———

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you. In this Hour
at most,

I will advise you where to plant your selves,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th Time,
The Moment on't, (for't must be done to-night,
And something from the Palace : and with him,
(To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the Work)
Fleance his Son that keeps him Company,
(Whose Absence is no less material to me,
'Than is his Father') must embrace the Fate
Of that dark Hour. Resolve your selves a-part,
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded; *Banquo*, thy Soul's Flight,
If it find Heav'n, must find it out to-night. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Serv. Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his Leisure,
For a few Words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

Lady.

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Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our Desire is got without Content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by Destruction dwell in doubtful Joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How how, my Lord, why do you keep alone?
Of sorriest Fancies your Companions making?
Using those Thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they think on; Things without all Remedy
Should be without Regard; What's done, is done.

Macb. We have * scotch'd the Snake, not kill'd it---
She'll close, and be her self; whilst our poor Malice
Remains in Danger of her former Tooth.
But let both Worlds disjoint, and all Things suffer,
Ere we will eat our Meal in Fear, and sleep
In the Affliction of these terrible Dreams,
That shake us nightly. Better be with the Dead,
(Whom we, to gain our Place, have sent to Peace)
Than on the Torture of the Mind to lie
In restless Ecstasy. ——— *Duncan is in his Grave:*
After Life's fitful Fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his Worst; nor Steel nor Poison,
Malice domestic, foreign Levy, nothing
Can touch him farther!

Lady. Come on;
Gentle my Lord, sleek o'er your rugged Locks,
Be bright and jovial 'mong your Guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, Love; and so I pray be you;
Let your Remembrance still apply to *Banquo*.
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Unsafe the While, that we must leave our Honours
In these so flatter'ing Streams, and make our Faces
Vizards to our Hearts, disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O full of Scorpions is my Mind, dear Wife!
Thou know'st that *Banquo* and his *Fleance* lives.

Lady. But in them, Nature's Copey's not external.

Macb. There's Comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the Bat hath flown
His cloyster'd Flight, ere to black *Hecate's* Summons
The shard-born Beetle with his drowsy Hum
Hath rung Night's yawning Peal, there shall be done

* *scotch.* to slash, hack, or cut.

A Deed

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A Deed of dreadful Note.

Lady. What's to be done !

Macb. Be innocent of the Knowledge, dearest Chuck,
 'Till thou applaud the Deed : Come sealing Night,
 Skarf up the tender Eye of pitiful Day,
 And with thy bloody and invisible Hand
 Cancel and tear to Pieces that great Bond,
 Whick keeps me pale ! Light thickens, and the Crow
 Make Wing to th' rooky Wood :
 Good Things of Day begin to droop and drowse,
 Whiles Night's black Agents to their Prey do rouse.
 Thou marvell'st at my Words ; but hold thee still ;
 Things had begun, make strong themselves by ill :
 So prythee go with me. (Exeunt.)

SCENE IV.

A Park, the Castle at a distance.

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us ?

3 *Mur.* *Macbeth.*

2 *Mur.* He needs not to mistrust, since he delivers
 Our Offices, and what we have to do,
 To the Direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The West yet glimmers with some Streaks of Day :
 Now spurs the † lated Traveller apace,
 To gain the timely Inn, and near approaches,
 The Subject of our Watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear Horses,
Banquo within. Give us Light there, ho !

2 *Mur.* Then it is he : The rest
 That are within the Note of Expectation,
 Already are they i' th' Court.

1 *Mur.* His Horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a Mile ; but he does usually,
 (So all Men do) from hence to th' Palace Gate
 Make it their Walk.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a Torch.

2 *Mur.* A Light, a Light.

3 *Mur.*

† *lateſt.*

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3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be Rain to-night.

2 *Mur.* Let it come down.

Ban. Oh Treachery!

Fly, *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,

Thou may'st Revenge. Oh Slave?

(*Dies.* *Fleance escapes.*)

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the Light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the Way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the Son
Is fled.

2 *Mur.* We've lost best half of our Affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is
done. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room of State in the Castle.

*A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse,
Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own Degrees, sit down:
And first and last the hearty Welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our self will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host:

Our Hostess keeps her State, but in best time
We will require her welcome. (*They sit.*)

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our Friends,
For my Heart speaks, they're Welcome.

Enter first Murderer.

Macb. See they Encounter thee with their Hearts
Thanks.

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' th' midst;
Be large in Mirth, anon we'll drink a Measure
The Table round—There's Blood upon thy Face.

(*To the Murderer aside at the Door.*)

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within,
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My Lord, his Throat is cut, I did that for him.

Macb.

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Macb. Thou art the best of Cut-throats ; yet he's good,
That did the like for *Fleance* . If thou didst it,
Thou art the Non-pareil.

Mur. Most royal Sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit again : I had else been perfect ;

Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rock,
As broad and gen'ral as the casing Air :
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy Doubts and Fears. But *Banquo's* safe ? —

Mur. Ay, my good Lord : Safe in a Ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched Gashes on his Head ;
The least a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that ;
There the grown Serpent lies : The Worm that's fled
Hath Nature that in Time will Venom breed,
No Teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear our selves again. [Exit Murderer.

Lady. My royal Lord,
You do not give the Cheer ; the Feast is * cold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis making.
'Tis given with Welcome. To feed, were best at home ;
From thence, the Sawce to Meat is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

(*The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's Place.*)

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer !
Now good Digestion wait on Appetite,
And Health on both !

Len. May't please your Highness sit ?

Macb. Here had we now our Country's Honour
roof'd,

Were the grac'd Person of our *Banquo* present ;
Whom may I rather challenge for Unkindness,
Than Pity for Mischance !

Rosse. His Absence, Sir,
Lays Blame upon his Promise. Pleas't your Highness
To grace us with your royal Company ?

Macb. The Table's full.

[Starting.

Len. Here's a Place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb.

* Sold.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good Lord.

What is't that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: Never shake
Thy Goary looks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen rise, his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy Friends, my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his Youth. Pray you keep Seat.
The Fit is momentary, on a Thought
He will again be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his Passion;
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a Man?

To Macbeth aside.

Macb. Ay, and a Bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the Devil.

Lady. Proper Stuff!

This is the very Painting of your Fear; *[aside.*
This is the Air-drawn-dagger which you said
Let you to *Duncan*. Oh, these Flaws and Starts,
(Impostures to true Fear) would well become
A Woman's Story at a Winter's Fire,
Authoriz'd by her Grandam. Shame it self! —
Why do you make such Faces? When all's done
You look but on a Stool.

Macb. P'r'ythee see there!
Behold! look! loe! How say you?

[Pointing to the Ghost.

Why, what care I, if thou canst nod, speak too. —
If Charnel-houses and our Graves must send
Those that we bury, back; our Monuments
Shall be the Maws of Kites. *[The Ghost vanishes.*

Lady. What? Quite unmann'd in Folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie for Shame.

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'th' olden
Time,

Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weal;
Ay, and since too, Murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for th'Ear: The Times have been

That

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That when the Brains were out, the Man would die
And there an End; but now they rise again
With twenty mortal Murthers on their Crowns,
And push us from our Stools; this is more strange
Than such a Murther is.

Lady. My worthy Lord,
Your noble Friends do lack you.

Macb. I forgot——
Do not muse at me, my most worthy Friends,
I have a strange Infirmary, which is nothing
To those that know me Love and Health to all!
Then I'll sit down: Give me some Wine, fill full--
I drink to th' general Joy of the whole Table,
And to our dear Friend *Banquo* whom we miss,
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our Duties, and the Pledge.

(The Ghost rises again.)

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my Sight: Let the Earth
hide thee:

Thy Bones are Marrowless, thy Blood is cold;
Thou hast no Speculation in those Eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of Custom: 'Tis no other,
Only it spoils the Pleasure of the Time,

Macb. What Man dare; I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* Bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or *Hyrcean* Tyger,
Take any Shape but that, and my firm Nerves
Shall never tremble. Be alive again
And dare me to the Desert with thy Sword;
If Trembling I † inhibit, then protest me
The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible Shadow,
Unreal Mock'ry hence: Why so, ——— be gone——

(The Ghost vanishes.)

I am a Man again; pray you sit still. *(The Lords rise.)*

Lady. You have displac'd the Mirth, broke the good
Meeting
With most admired Disorder.

Macb. Can such Things be,

And

† inhibit.

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And overcome us like a Summer's Cloud
Without our special Wonder ? You make me strange
Ev'n to the Disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such Sights,
And keep the natural Ruby of your Cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with Fear.

Rosse. What Sights, my Lord ?

Lady. I pray you speak not ; he grows worse and
worse,

Question enrages him : At once, good-night.
Stand not upon the Order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good-night, and better Health.

Attend his Majesty.

Lady. Good-Night to all.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Macb. I will have Blood, they say Blood will have
Blood :

Stones have been known to move; and Trees to speak ;
Augures that understood Relations have
By Mag-pies, and by Coughs, and Rooks brought forth
The secre't Man of Blood. What is the Night ?

Lady. Almost at Odds with Morning which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that *Macduff* denies his Per-
son,

At our great Bidding ?

Lady. Did you send to him, Sir ?

Macb. I hear it by the Way, but I will send :

There is not one of them, but in his House

I keep a Servant fee'd. I will to-morrow

(Betimes I will) unto the wayward Sisters

More shall they speak ; For now I'm bent to know

By the worst Means, the worst, for mine own good ;

All Causes shall give Way, I am in Blood

Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go'er:

Strange Things I have in Head, that will to Hand,

Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the Season of all Natures, Sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep ; my strange and Self-
abuse,

Is the initiate Fear, that wants hard Use :

We're yet but young indeed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI. *The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1st Wit. Why how now, *Hecat'* you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not Reason, Beldams, as you are?

Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare

To Trade and Traffick with *Macbeth*,

In Riddles and Affairs of Death?

And I, the Mistress of your Charms,

The close Contriver of all Harms,

Was never call'd to bear my Part,

Or shew the Glory of our Art?

And which is worse, all you have done

Hath been but for a wayward Son,

Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,

Loves for his own Ends, not for you,

But make amends now; get you gone,

And at the Pit of *Acheron*

Meet me i'th' Morning: Thither he

Will come to know his Destiny;

Your Vessels and your Spells provide,

Your Charms, and every thing beside,

I am for th' Air: This Night I'll spend

Unto a dismal, fatal End,

Great Business must be brought ere Noon;

Upon the corner of the Moon

There hangs a vap'rous Drop, profound;

I'll catch it ere it come to Ground:

And that distill'd by magic Slights,

Shall raise such artificial Sprights,

As by the Strength of their Illusion,

Shall draw him on to his Confusion.

He shall spurn Fate, scorn Death, and bear

His hopes 'bove Wisdom, Grace, and Fear:

And you all know, Security

Is Mortals chiefest Enemy.

[*Musick and a Song.*

Hark, I am call'd my little Spirit see

Sits in the foggy Cloud and stays for me,

[*Sing within, Come away, come away, &c.*

1st Witch.

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1st Witch. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be
back again. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Len. My former Speeches have but hit your Thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: Only I say
Things have been strangely born. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pilled of *Macbeth* — marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.
Whom you may say, if't please you, *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled: Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the Thought, how monstrous too
It was for *Malcomb*, and for *Donalbaine*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact!
How did it grieve *Macbeth*? Did he not strait
In pious Rage the two Delinquents tear
That were the Slaves of Drink and thralls of Sleep?
Was that not nobly done? Ay, wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any Heart alive
To hear the Men deny't. So that I say
He has born all Things well, and I do think
That had he *Duncan's* Sons under his Key,
(As and't please Heav'n he shall not) they should find
What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleance*.
But peace! For from broad Words, and 'cause he fail'd
His Presence at the Tyrant's Feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The Sons of *Duncan*,
From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth,
Live in the *English* Court, and are receiv'd
Of the most pious *Edward*, with such Grace,
That the Malevolence of Fortune nothing
Takes from his Right Respect. Thither *Macduff*
Is gone to pray the King upon his Aid
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Seyward*;
That by the Help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our Tables Meat, Sleep to our Nights;
Free from our Feasts and Banquets bloody Knives;

Do

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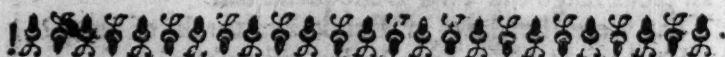
Do faithful Homage, and receive free Honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperated their King, that he
Prepares for some Attempt.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff*?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy Messenger turns me his Back,
And hums; as who should say, you'll rue the Time
That clogs me with this Answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a Care to hold what Distance
His Wisdom can provide. Some holy Angel
Fly to the Court of *England*, and unfold
His Message ere he come! That a swift Blessing
May soon return to this our suffering Country,
Under a Hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my Pray'rs with him. (*Exeunt.*)



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A dark Cave, in the Middle a great Cauldron
burning.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1st Witch. **T**HRIICE the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2d Witch. Thrice, and once the
hedge Pig whin'd.

3d Witch. *Harper* crys, 'tis Time, 'tis Time.

1st Witch. Round about the Cauldron go,
In poison'd Entrails throw.

*(They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the
several Ingredients as for the Preparation of their
Charm.)*

Toad, that under the cold Stone,
Days and Nights has, thirty One,
Swelter'd Venom sleeping got;
Boil thou first i'th' charmed Pot.

All. Double, double Toil and Trouble;
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

1st Witch.

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1 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of Newt and Toe of Frog;
Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dog;
Adder's Fork, and Blind-worm Sting,
Lizard's Leg, and Owlet's Wing;
For a Charm of pow'rful Trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, Toil and Trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
Witches Mummy, Maw and Gulf
Of the raveing salt Sea-shark;
Root of Hemlock digg'd i' th' Dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of Goat, and slips of Yew,
Silver'd in the Moon's Eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's Lips;
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
Ditch-delivered by a Drab;
Make the Grewel thick, and slab.
Add thereto a Tyger's Chawdron,
For th' Ingredients of our Cauldron.

All. Double, double, Toil and Trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a Baboon's Blood,
Then the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your Pains
And every one shall share i' th' Gains.
And now about the Cauldron sing
Like Elves and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Musick and a Song.

*Black Spirits and White,
Blue Spirits and Grey.
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my Thumbs
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Locks, whoever Knocks.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret black and midnight Hags?
What is't you do?

All. A Deed without a Name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(How e'er you come to know it) answer me.

' Tho' you unite the Winds, and let them fight
' Against the Churches; tho' the yesty Waves
' Confound and swallow Navigation up;
' Tho' bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees b'own down,
' Tho' Castles topple on their Warders Heads;
' Tho' Palaces and Pyramids do slope
' Their Heads to their Foundations; tho' the Treasure
' Of Nature's † Germains tumble all together,
' Even 'till Destruction sicken: Answer me

To what I ask you.

1st Witch. Speak.

2d Witch. Demand.

3d Witch. We'll answer.

1st Witch. Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our
Mouths.

Or from our Masters?

Macb. Call 'em: Let me see 'em.

1st Witch. Pour in Sow's Blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Grease that's sweaten
From the Murth'rer's Gibber, throw
Into the Flame:

All. Come High or Low:

Thy self and Office dextly show.

[*Thunder.*

Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown Power —

1st Witch. He knows thy Thought:
Hear his Speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware Mac-
duff! — — —

Beware the Thane of Fife ---- dismiss me -- enough.

[*Descends.*

Macb. What-e're thou art, for thy Good caution Thanks.
Thou'lt harp'd my fear aright. But one Word more --

1st Witch

† O. Kindred.

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1st Witch. He will not be commanded ; here's another
More potent than the first. [Thunder.

Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !

Macb. Had I three Ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute ; laugh to Scorn
The Pow'r of Man ; For none of Woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.

Macb. Then live Macduff : What Need I fear of thee ?
But yet I'll make Assurance double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate ; thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear, it lyes ;
And sleep in Spight of Thunder. [Thunder.

*Apparition of a Child crowned, with a Tree in
his Hand rises.*

What is this,
That rises like the Issue of a King,
And wears upon his Baby-brow the Round
And Top of Sovereignty ?

All. Listed, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no Care,
Who Chafes, who Frets, or where Conspirers are,
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam Wood to Dunfinane's high Hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.

Macb. That will never be :
Who can impress the Forest, bid the Tree
Unfix his earth-bound Root ? Sweet Boadments ! good !
Rebellious Dead, rise never till the Wood
Of Birnam rise ; and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall life the Lease of Nature, pay his Breath
To Time and mortal Custom. Yet my Heart
Throbs to know one Thing ; Tell me, (if your Art
Can tell so much) shall Banquo's Issue ever
Reign in this Kingdom ?

All. Seek to know no more.

[The Cauldron sinks into the Ground.

Macb. I will be satisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal Curse fall on you : Let me know.
Why sinks that Cauldron ? And what Noise is this ?

(Hobboys.

1st Witch. Shew !

2d Witch

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2d Witch. Shew!

3d Witch. Shew!

All. Shew his Eyes, and grieve his Heart,
Come like Shadows, so depart.

[*Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, and Banquo last, with a Glass in his Hand.*]

Mach. Thou art too like the Spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown do's fear mine Eye-balls. And thy Hair
(Thou other Gold bound brow) is like the first —
A third, is like the former — filthy Hags!
Why do you shew me this? — A fourth? — Start Eye!
What, will the Line stretch out to th' crack of Doom? —
Another yet? — A seventh! I'll see no more —
And yet the Eighth appears, who bears a Glass,
Which shews me many more; and some I see
That twofold Balls and treble Scepters carry.
Horrible Sight! Nay now I see 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

1st Witch. Ay Sir, all this is so. But why
Stand's Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come Sisters, cheer we up his Sprights,
And shew the best of our Delights,
I'll Charm the Air to give a Sound
While you perform your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our Duties did his Welcome pay.

[*Musick.*]

[*The Witches Dance, and Vanish.*]

Mach. Where are they? Gone? — Let this per-
nicious Hour

Stand ay, accur'd in the Kalendar.

Come in, without there?

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's Will?

Mach. Saw you the wayward Sisters?

Len. No, my Lord.

Mach. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my Lord.

Mach. Infected be the Air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of Horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you
Word..

Macduff

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Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. Time thou anticipat'st my dread Exploits:

The flighty Purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the Deed go with it. From this Moment,
The very Firſtlings of my Heart ſhall be
The Firſtlings of my Hand. And even now
To crown my Thoughts with Acts, be'thought and done:
The Caſtle of *Macduff* I will ſurprize,
Seize upon *Fife*, give to the Edge o' th' Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Souls
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Fool
This Deed I'll do before this Purpose cool.
But no more Sighs. Where are theſe Gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are.

SCENE III.

Macduff's Caſtle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Roſſe.

L Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?

Roſ. You muſt have patience, Madam.

L Macd. He had none;

His flight was Madneſs; when our Actions do not,
Our Fears do make us Traitors.

Roſ. You know not,
Whether it was his Wiſdom, or his Fear.

L Macd. Wiſdom? To leave his Wife, to leave his Babes,
His Manſion, and his Titles, in a Place
From whence himſelf does fly? He loves us not.
He wants the natural Touch; for the poor Wren,
The moſt diminutive of Birds, will fight,
Her young Ones in her Neſt, againſt the Owl:
All is the Fear, and nothing is the Love;
As little is the Wiſdom where the Flight
So runs againſt all Reaſon,

Roſ. Deareſt Couſin,
I pray you School yourſelf; but for your Husband,
He's noble, wiſe, judicious, and beſt knows

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The Fits o' th' Time. I dare not speak much farther,
But cruel are the Times, when we are Traitors,
And do not know ourselves; When we hold Rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent Sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before: My pretty Cousin,
Blessing upon you.

L Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's Fatherless.

Ros. I am so much a Fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my Disgrace and your Discomfort.

I take my Leave at once. (Exit Rosse.)

L Macd. Sirrah, your Father's dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As Birds do, Mother.

L Macd. What, on Worms and Flies?

Son. On what I get, and so do they.

L Macd. Poor Bird!

Thou'dst never fear the Net, nor Line,
The Pit-fall, nor the Gin.

Son. Why should I, Mother! poor Birds they are not
set for.

My Father is not dead, for all your saying.

L Macd. Yes he is dead; how wilt thou do for a
Father?

Son. How will you do for a Husband?

L Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any Market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy Wit, and yet'st faith
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?

L Macd. Ay that he was.

Son. What is a Traitor?

L Macd. Why one that Swears and Lies

Son. And be all Traitors that do so?

L Macd. Every one that does so is a Traitor, and
must be Hang'd.

Son. And must they all be Hang'd that swear and lie?

L Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must Hang them?

L Macd.

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L Macd. Why, honest Men.

Son. Then the Lyars and Swearers are Fools; for there is Lyars and Swearers enow to beat the honest Men, and hang up them.

L Macd. God help thee, poor Monkey: But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. If he were dead you'd weep for him: If you would not, it were a good Sign that I should quickly have a new Father.

L Macd. Poor Pratter! how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair Dame, I am not to you known, Tho' in your State of Honour I am perfect:

I doubt some Danger does approach you nearly.

If you will take a homely Man's Advice,

Be not found here, hence with your little ones.

To fright you thus methinks I am too Savage;

To do worse to you were fell Cruelty,

Which is too nigh your Person. Heav'n preserve you,

I dare abide no longer.

(Exit Messenger.)

L Macd. Whither should I fly?

I've done no harm. But I remember now

I'm in this earthly World, where to do Harm

Is often laudable, to do Good sometime

Accounted dang'rous Folly. Why then, alas!

Do I put up that womanly Defence,

To say I'ad done no Harm?---What are these Faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?

L Macd. I hope in no Place so unsanctified
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a Traytor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-card Villain.

Mur. What you Egg? *(Stabbing him.)*
Young Fry of Treachery?

Son. He's killed me, Mother,

Run away, pray you.

(Exit, crying Murder.)

C 2

SCENE

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S C E N E IV.

The King of England's Palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate Shade, and there Weep our sad Bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather Hold fast the mortal Sword ; and like good Men, Bestride our downfal Birth-doom : Each new Morn, New Widows howl, new Orphans cry, new Sorrows Strike Heaven on the Face, that it reounds As if it self with *Scotland*, and yell'd out Like Syllables of Dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail ; What know, believe ; and what I can redress, As I shall find the Time to Friend, I will. What you have spoke, it may be so perchance ; This Tyrant, whose sole Name blisters our Tongues, Was once thought honest : You have lov'd him well, He hath not touch'd you yet ; I'm young, but something You may discern of him thro' me, and Wisdom To offer up a weak, poor, innocent Lamb, T' appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treach'rous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.

A good and virtuous Nature may recoil In an imperial Charge. I crave your Pardon : That which you are, my Thoughts cannot transpose ; Angels are bright still, tho the brightest Fell ; Tho all Things foul would wear the Brows of Grace, Yet Grace must still look so.

Macd. I've lost my Hopes.

Mal. Perchance ev'n there, where I did find my Doubts. Why in that Rawness left you Wife and Children : Those precious Motives, those strong Knots of Love, Without Leave-taking ? Let not my Jealousies be your Dishonours, But mine own Safeties. You may be rightiy just, Whatever I shall think.

Macd.

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Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor Country!
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy Basis sure,
For Goodness dares not check thee! Wear thou thy
Wrongs,

His Title is * *affear'd*. Fare thee well, Lord:
I would not be the Villain that thou think'st
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrant's Grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
I speak not as in absolute Fear of you.
I think our Country sinks beneath the Yoke,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new Day a Gash
Is added to her Wounds. I think withal,
There would be Hands up-lifted in my Right:
And here from gracious *England* have I Offer
Of goodly Thousands. But for all this,
When I shall tread upon the Tyrant's Head,
Or wear it on my Sword, yet my poor Country
Shall have more Vices than it had before,
More Suffer, and more sundry Ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my self I mean, in whom I know †
All the Particulars of Vice so grafted,
That when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor State
Esteem him as a Lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless Harms.

Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Devil more damn'd
In Ills, to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of each Sin
That has a Name. But there's no Bottom, none
In my Voluptuousness; your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maids, could not fill up
The Cistern of my Lust; and my Desire
All continent Impediments would o'er-bear
That did oppose my Will. Better *Macbeth*, Than

* *Affear'd*, a Law Term, for confirm'd.

† This Conference of Malcom with Macduff is taken
out of the Chronicles of Scotland.

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Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless Intemperance

In Nature is a Tyranny; it hath been

Th' untimely Emptying of the happy Throne,

And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet

To take upon you what is yours: You may

Convey your Pleasures in a spacious Plenty,

And yet seem cold: The Time you may so hoodwink

We've willing Dames enough; there cannot be

That Vulture in you to devour so many.

As will to Greatness dedicate themselves,

Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows

In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such

A stanchless Avarice, that were I King,

I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands;

Desire his Jewels; and this other's House,

And my More-having would be as a Sawce

To make me hunger more; that I should forge

Quarrels unjust against the Good and Royal,

Destroying them for Wealth.

Macd. This Avarice

Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious Root

Than Summer-seeming Lust; and it hath been

The Sword of our slain Kings: Yet do not fear,

Scotland hath † Foysons to fill up your Will

Of your Mere own. All these are portable,

With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none; the King-becoming Graces,

As Justice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableness,

Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lowliness,

Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude;

I have no Relish of them, but abound

In the Division of each several Crime,

Acting it many ways. Nay, had I Power, I should

Pour the sweet Milk of Concord into Hell,

Uproar the universal Peace, confound

All Unity on Earth.

Macd. Oh Scotland! Scotland! —

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:

I am as I have spoken.

Macd.

† Plenty.

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Macd. Fit to govern!

No not to live. . Oh Nation miserable
With an untitled Tyrant, bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome Days again?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his own Interdiction stands accurs'd,
And do's blaspheme his Breed? Thy royal Father
Was a most sainted King; the Queen that bore thee,
Oftner upon her Knees than on her Feet,
Dy'd every Day she liv'd. Oh fare thee well,
These Evils thou repeat'st upon thy self,
Have banish'd me from *Scotland*. Oh my Breast
Thy Hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble Passion,
Child of Integrity, hath from my Soul
Wip'd the black Scruples, reconcil'd my Thoughts
To thy good Truth and Honour. Devilish *Macbeth*
By many of these Trains hath sought to win me
Into his Pow'r: And modest Wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous Haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put my self to thy Direction, and
Unspeak mine own Detraction; here abjure
The Taints and Blames I laid upon my self,
For Strangers to my Nature. I am yet
Unknown to Women, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no Time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Devil to his Fellow, and delight
No less in Truth, than Life: My first false Speaking
Was this upon my self. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor Country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy Here-approach.
Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike Men
All ready at a Point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the Chance of Goodness
Be like our warranted Quarrel. Why are you silent?

Maid. Such welcome, and unwelcome Things, at
once.

'Tis hard to reconcile.

SCENE

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SCENE V.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, now anon. Comes the King forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, Sir, there are a Crew of wretched Souls That stay his Cure; their Malady convinces The great Assay of Art. But at his Touch, Such Sanctity hath Heav'n given his Hand, They presently amend. [Exit.]

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil,
A most miraculous Work in this good King,
Which often since my Here remain in England
I've seen him do. How he solicits Heav'n
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited People,
All swoln and ulc'rous, piteous to the Eye,
The mere despair of Surgery; he cures;
Hanging a golden Stamp about their Necks,
Put on with holy Prayers: And 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction. With this strange Virtue,
He hath a heavenly Gift of Prophecy,
And sundry Blessings hang about this Throne,
That speak him full of Grace.

SCENE VI.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here!

Mal. My Country-man; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle Cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The Means that makes us Strangers.

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas poor Country,

Almost afraid to know it self. It cannot

Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:

There

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- Where Sighs and Groans, and Shrieks that rend the Air
- Are mad, not mark'd; where violent Sorrow seems
- A modern Ecstasy: The Dead-man's Knell
- Is there scarce ask'd, for whom? And good Mens Lives
- Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
- Dying, or ere they ficken.

Macd. Oh Relation! too nice, and yet too true:

Mal. What's the newest Grief?

Rosse. That of an Hour's Age doth hiss the Speaker,
Each Minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my Wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant has not batter'd at their Peace?

Rosse. No, they were well at Peace when I did leave
'em.

Macd. Be not a Niggard of your Speech: How goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the Tidings
Which I have heavily born, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellows that were out,
Which was to my Benief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrant's Power a-foot;
Now is the Time of Help; your Eye in *Scotland*
Would create Soldiers, and make Women fight.
To doff their dire Diffresses.

Mal. Be't their Comfort

We're coming thither: Gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Seyward* and Ten Thousand Men;
An older, and a better Soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer

This Comfort with the like. But I have Words
That would be howl'd out in the desert Air,
Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What? Concern they

The gen'ral Cause? Or is it a Fee-Grief
Due to some single Breast?

Rosse. No Mind that's honest

But in it shares some Woe, though the main Part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,

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Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ros. Let not your Ears despise my Tongue for ever.
Which shall possess them with the heaviest Sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ros. Your Castle is surpriz'd, your Wife and Babes
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the Manner,
Were on the Quarry of these murder'd Deer
To add the Death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heav'n!

What Man, ne'er pull your Hat upon your Brows;
Give Sorrow Words; the Grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught Heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My Children too?

Ros. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be
found.

Macd. And I must be from thence, my Wife kill'd
too!

Ros. I've said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us Med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure his deadly Grief.

Macd. He has no Children. All my pretty Ones?
Did you say all? what all? †

Mal. * Endure it like a Man.

Macd. I shall:

But I must also feel it as a Man.

I cannot but remember such Things were,
That were most precious to me: Did Heaven look on
And would not take their part? Sinful *Macduff*,
They were all struck for thee? Naught that I am,
Not for their own Demerits but for mine
Fell Slaughter on their Souls: Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your Sword, let Grief
Convert to Wrath: Blunt not the Heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the Woman with mine Eyes,
And braggert with my Tongue. But gentle Heaven!
Cut short all Intermision: Front to Front,

Bring

† — oh Hell kite! what, all?

What, all my pretty Chickens, and their Dam,
At one fell Swoop?

Mal. Endure it, &c.

* dispute.

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Bring thou this Fiend of *Scotland* and myself
Within my Sword's length set him, if he 'scape,
Then Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This Tune goes manly:
Come, go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above
Put on their Instruments. Receive what Cheer you may,
The Night is long that never finds the Day, [*Exeunt*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Anti-chamber in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Gentlewoman.

Doct. I Have two Nights watch'd with you, but can
perceive no Truth in your Report. When was
it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have
seen her rise from her Bed, throw her Night Gown up-
on her, unlock her Closet, take forth Paper, fold it,
write upon't, read it, and afterwards seal it, and
again return to Bed; yet all this while in a most fast
Sleep.

Doct. A great Perturbation in Nature! to receive at
once the Benefit of Sleep, and do the Effects of Watch-
ing. In this slumbry Agitation, besides her Walking,
and other actual Performances, what (at any time)
have you heard her say?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you
should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no Wit-
ness to confirm my Speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a Taper.

Lo you! here she comes: This is her very Guise, and
upon my Life fast a sleep; observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that Light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: She has light by her
continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her Eyes are open.

Gent.

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Gent. Ay, but their Sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her Hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd Action with her, to seem thus Washing her Hands: I have known her to continue in this a Quarter of an Hour.

Lady. Yet here's a Spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my Remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out! damned Spot; out I say——one; two; why then 'tis time to do't——Hell is Murky. Fie, my Lord, fie, a Soldier, and afraid? What need we fear, who knows it, when none can call our Power to account——yet who would have thought the old Man to have had so much Blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The *Thane of Fife* had a Wife; where is she now? What, will these Hands ne'er be clean?——No more o' that, my Lord, no more o' that; you marr all with starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of Blood still: All the Perfumes of *Arabia* will not sweeten this little Hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a Sigh is there? The Heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a Heart in my Bosom, For the Dignity of the whole Body.

Doct. Well, well, well——

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct. This Disease is beyond my Practice: Yet I have known those which have walk't in their Sleep, who have died holily in their Beds.

Lady. Wash your Hands, put on your Night-gown, look not so Pale——I tell you yet again, *Banquo's* buried; he cannot come out of his Grave.

Doct. Even so.

Lady. To Bed, to Bed; there's knocking at the Gate: come, come, come, give me your Hand: what's

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what's done, cannot be undone. To Bed, to Bed, to Bed.

[*Exit Lady.*]

Doct. Will she go now to Bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad ; unnatural Deeds
Do breed unnat'ral Troubles. Infected Minds
To their deaf Pillows will discharge their Secrets.
More needs she the Divine than the Physician.
Good God forgive us all ! Look after her,
Remove from her the Means of all Annoyance,
And still keep Eyes upon her ; so good night.
My Mind she's * mated, and amaz'd my Sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good-night, good Doctor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Field with a Wood at Distance.

Enter Menteth, Cathnus, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The *English* Power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Uncle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenge burn in them ; for their dear Causes
† Would to the bleeding and the grim Alarm
Excite the mortified Man.

Ang. Near *Birnam* Wood
Shall we well meet them ; that Way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if *Donalbain* be with his Brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not : I've a File
Of all the Gentry ; there is *Seyward's* Son,
And many unruff'd Youths, that even now
Pretest their first of Manhood.

Ment. What does the Tyrant ?

Cath. Great *Dunfinane* he strongly fortifies ;
Some say he's Mad : Others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant Fury ; but for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd Cause
Within the Belt of Rule.

Ang. Now do's he feel
His secret Murthers sticking on his Hands ; Now

* conquer'd or subduc'd.

† This Line omitted in all but the first Edition in Folio.

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Now minutely, Revolts upbraid his Faith breach ;
Those he commands, move only in Command,
Nothing in love ; now does he feel his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a dwarfish Thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His peester'd Senses to recoyl, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
I self, for being there ?

Gath. Well, march we on,
To give Obedience where 'tis truly ow'd :
Meet we the Medicine of the sickly Weal,
And with him, pour we, in our Country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the Sovereign Flower, and drown the Weeds.
Make we our March towards *Birnam*. [*Exeunt*,

SCENE III.

Dunsinane.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Maeb. Bring me no more Reports, let them fly all :
'Till *Birnam* Wood remove to *Dunsinane*,
I cannot taint with Fear. What's the Boy *Malcolme* ?
Was he not born of Woman ? Spirits that know
All mortal Consequences, have pronounced it :
" Fear not *Macbeth*, no Man that's bora of Woman
" Shall e'er have Power upon thee.——Fly false *Thanes*,
And mingle with the *English* Epicures.
The Mind I sway by, and the Heart I bear,
Shall never fagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The Devil damn the black, thou cream-fac'd Lown :
Where got'st thou that Goose-look ?

Ser. There are ten thousand——

Maeb. Geefe, Villain ?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Maeb. Go, prick thy Face, and over-red thy Fear,
Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch ?

Death.

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Death of thy Soul! those Linnen Cheeks of thine
Are Counsellors to Fear. What Soldiers, Wheyface?

Ser. The *English* Force, so please you.

Mach. Take thy Face hence——*Seyton!*——I am sick
at Heart.

When I behold——*Seyton!* I say!——this Push
Will cheer me ever, or disease me now.

I have liv'd long enough: My way of Life

Is fall'n into the Sear, the yellow Leaf:

“ And that which should accompany old Age,

“ As Honour, Love, Obedience, Troops of Friends,

“ I must not look to have; but in their stead,

“ Curses not loud but deep, Mouth-honour, Breath,

“ Which the poor Heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious Pleasure?

Mach. What News more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.

Mach. I'll fight, 'till from my Bones my Flesh is hackt,
Give me my Armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Mach. I'll put it on:

Send out more Horses, skirre the Country round,
Hang those that talk of Fear. Give me mine Armour.
How does your Patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my Lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming Fancies,
That keep her from her Rest.

Mach. Cure her of that:

“ Canst thou not minister to Minds diseased,

“ Pluck from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,

“ Raze out the written Troubles of the Brain;

“ And with some sweet oblivious Antidote,

“ Cleanse the full Bosome of that perilous stuff

“ Which weighs upon the Heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Must minister unto himself.

Mach. Throw Physick to the Dogs, I'll none of it—
Come, put my Armour on, give me my Staff.

Seyton, send out——*Doctor,* the *Thames* fly from me——

Come, Sir, dispatch——If thou couldst, *Doctor,* cast
The Water of my Land, find her Disease, And

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And purge it to a sound and pristine Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That should applaud again. Pul't off, I say——
What Ruburb, Senna, or what purgative Drug,
Would scour these *English* hience? hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good Lord; your Royal Preparation
Makes us hear something.

Mach. Bring it after me;
I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
'Till *Birnam* Forest come to *Dunfinane*.

Doct. Were I from *Dunfinane* away, and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Birnam Wood.

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff, Seyward's Son,
Menteth, Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Cousin, I hope the Days are near at Hand.
That Chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Sey. What Wood is this before us?

Ment. The Wood of *Birnam*.

Mal. Let every Soldier hew him down a Bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The Numbers of our Host, and make Discov'ry
Err in Report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Seyw. We learn no other but the confident Tyrant
Keeps still in *Dunfinane*, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main Hope:
For where there is Advantage to be given,
Both more and less hath given him the Revolt;
And none serve with him but contrained Things,
Whose Hearts are absent too.

Macd. † Let our just Censures
Attend the true Event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Seyw.

† Set our best Censures before thee——

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 65

Seyw. The time approaches,
That will with due Decision make us know . . .
What we shall say we have, and what we owe :
Thought speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain Issue, strokes must arbitrate.
Towards which, advance the War. [*Exeunt marching.*]

SCENE V.

Dunswane.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with Drums and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward Walls
The cry is still, *they come* : Our Castles Strength
Will laugh a Siege to scorn. Here let them lie,
Till Famine and the Ague eat them up :
Were they not † reinforced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, Beard to Beard,
And beat them backward Home. What is that Noise ;
[*A cry within of Women.*]

Sey. It is the Cry of Women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of Fears :
The time has been, my Senses would have cool'd
To hear a Shriek, and my fell of Hair
Would at a dismal Treatise rouse, and stir
As Life were in't. I have sup't full with Horrors,
Direness familiar to my slaughterous Thoughts
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that Cry ?

Sey. The Queen is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter ;
There would have been a time for such a Word,
" To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
" Creeps in this petty Pace from Day to Day,
" To the last Syllable of recorded Time ;
" And all our Yesterdays have lighted Fools
" The Way to † dusty Death. Out, out, brief Candle !
" Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player,
" That struts and frets his Hour upon the Stage,
" And then is heard no more ! It is a Tale

" Told

† for re inforc'd.

† dusty Death.

" Told by an Ideot, full of Sound and Fury,
 " Signifying nothing !

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy-Tongue : Thy Story quickly.

Mef. My gracious Lord,
 I should report that which I say I saw,
 But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say it, Sir.

Mef. As I did stand my watch upon the Hill,
 I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon methought
 The Wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and Slave !

[*Striking him.*]

Mef. Let me endure your Wrath, if't be not so :
 Within this three Mile you may see it coming ?
 I say, a moving Grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,

Upon the next Tree shalt thou hang alive
 Till Famine cling thee : If thy Speech be sooth,
 I care not if thou dost for me as much——

I pull in Resolution, and begin

To doubt th' Equivocation of the Fiend,

That lies like Truth. " Fear not, 'till *Birnam* Wood

" Do come to *Dunfinane*," and now a Wood

Comes towards *Dunfinane*. Arm, arm, and out !

If this which he avouches do's appear,

There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here ;

" I 'gin to be weary of the Sun,

" And wish the State o'th' World were now undone.

" Ring the alarm Bell, blow Wind, come wrack,

" At least we'll die with harness on our Back. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Before Dunfinane.

*Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff, and their
 Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough : you leavy Screens throw
 down,

And shew like those you are. You (worthy Uncle)
 Shall with my Cousin, your right noble Son,
 Lead our first Battle. Brave *Macduff* and we
 Shall take upon's what else remains to do,

Accor

The Tragedy of MACBETH.

67

According to our Order.

Seyw. Fare you well :

Let us but find the Tyrant's Power To-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets speak, give them all
Breath,
Those clam'rous Harbingers of Blood and Death. [*Exe.*

[Alarums continued.]

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a Stake, I cannot fly,
But Bear-like I must fight the Corse. What's he
That was not born of Woman? such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

Yo. Seyw. What is thy Name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Seyw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter
Name

Than any is in Hell.

Macb. My Name's *Macbeth*.

Yo. Seyw. The Devil himself could not pronounce a
Title

More hateful to mine Ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Seyw. Thou lyest abhorred Tyrant with my
Sword

I'll prove the Lye thou speak'st.

[Fight, and young Seyward's slain.]

Macb. Thou wast born of Woman;
But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to Scorn,
Brandish'd by Man that's of a Woman born.

Exit,

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That Way the Noise is: Tyrant shew thy Face,
If thou be'st slain, and with no Stroke of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose Arms
Are hir'd to bear their Staves: Or thou *Macbeth*,
Or else my Sword with an unbatter'd Edge
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be---
By this great Clatter, one of greatest Note
Seems bruided, Let me find him, Fortune!
And more I beg not.

Exit. Alarum.

The Tragedy of MACBETH.*Enter Malcolm and Seyward.**Seyw.* This Way, my Lord, the Castle's gently render'd :

The Tyrant's People on both sides do fight.
 The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the War,
 The Day almost itself professes your's,
 And little is to do.

Mal. We've met with Foes.
 That strike beside us.

Seyw. Enter, Sir, the Castle. [Exeunt. Alarum.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Fool, and die
 On mine own Sword ? Whilst I see lives, the Gashes
 Do better upon them.

*To him, enter Macduff**Macd.* Turn Hell-Hound, turn.

Macb. Of all Men else I have avoided thee :
 But get thee back, my Soul is too much charg'd
 With blood of thine already.

Macd. I've no Words,
 My Voice is in my Sword ! thou bloodier Villian
 Than Terms can give thee out. [Fight. Alarum.

Macb. Thou lovest Labour,
 As easy may'st thou the intrenchant Air
 With thy keen Sword impress, as make me bleed :
 Let fall thy Blade no vulnerable Crests,
 I bear a charmed Life, which must not yeild
 To one of Woman born.

Macd. Despair thy Charm,
 And let the Angel whom thou still hast serv'd
 Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his Mother's Womb
 Urtimely rip'd.

Macb. Accursed be that Tongue that tell me so ?
 For it hath cow'd my better Part of Man :
 And be these juggling Fiends no more believ'd,
 That palter with us in a double Sense ;
 That keep the Word of Promise to our Ear,
 And break it to our Hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yeild thee, Coward,
 And live to be the Shew, and gaze o'th' Time. We'll

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 69

We'll have thee, as our rarer Monsters are,
Painted upon a Pole, and under-writ,
"Here may you see the Tyrant."

Macb. I'll not yield
To kiss the Ground before young *Malcolm's* Feet,
And to be baited by the Rabbles Curse.
Though *Birnam* Wood be come to *Dunfinane*,
And thou oppos'd, being of no Woman born :
Yet I will try the last. Before my Body,
I throw my warlike Shield. Lay on *Macduff*,
And damn'd be he, that first cries hold, enough.
[*Exeunt fighting, Alarums*]

S C E N E VIII.

Retreat and Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, Seyward, Ross, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Seyw. Some must go off : And yet by these I see,
So great a Day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. *Macduff* is missing, and your noble Son.

Ross. Your Son, my Lord, has paid a Soldier's
(Debt ;

He only liv'd but till'd he was a Man,
The which no sooner had his Prow's confirm'd,
In the unshrinking Station where he fought,
But like a Man he dy'd :

Seyw. Then is he dead ?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the Field : Your Cause
of Sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his Worth, for then
It hath no End.

Seyw. Had he his Hurts before ?

Ross. Ay, on the Front.

Seyw. Why then, God's Soldier be he !
Had I as many Sons as I have Hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer Death :
And so his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more Sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Seyw. He's worth no more ;
They say he parted well, and paid his Score,
So God be with him. Here comes newer Comfort.

70 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

Enter Macduff with Macbeth's Head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where stands

Th' Usurper's cursed Head; the Time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy Kingdom's Peers,
That speak my Salutation in their Minds:
Whose Voices I desire aloud with mine,
Hail King of Scotland!

All. Hail King of Scotland! *[Flourish.]*

Mal. We shall not spend a large Expence of Time,
Before we reckon with your sev'ral loves,
And make us even with you. *Thanes* and Kinsmen
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an Honour nam'd. What's more to do
Which would be planted newly with the Time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad
That fled the Snares of watchful Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queen;
(Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent Hands
Took off her Life;) this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the Grace of † Heaven,
We will perform in Measure, Time and Place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. Exeunt omnes.]

† grace.

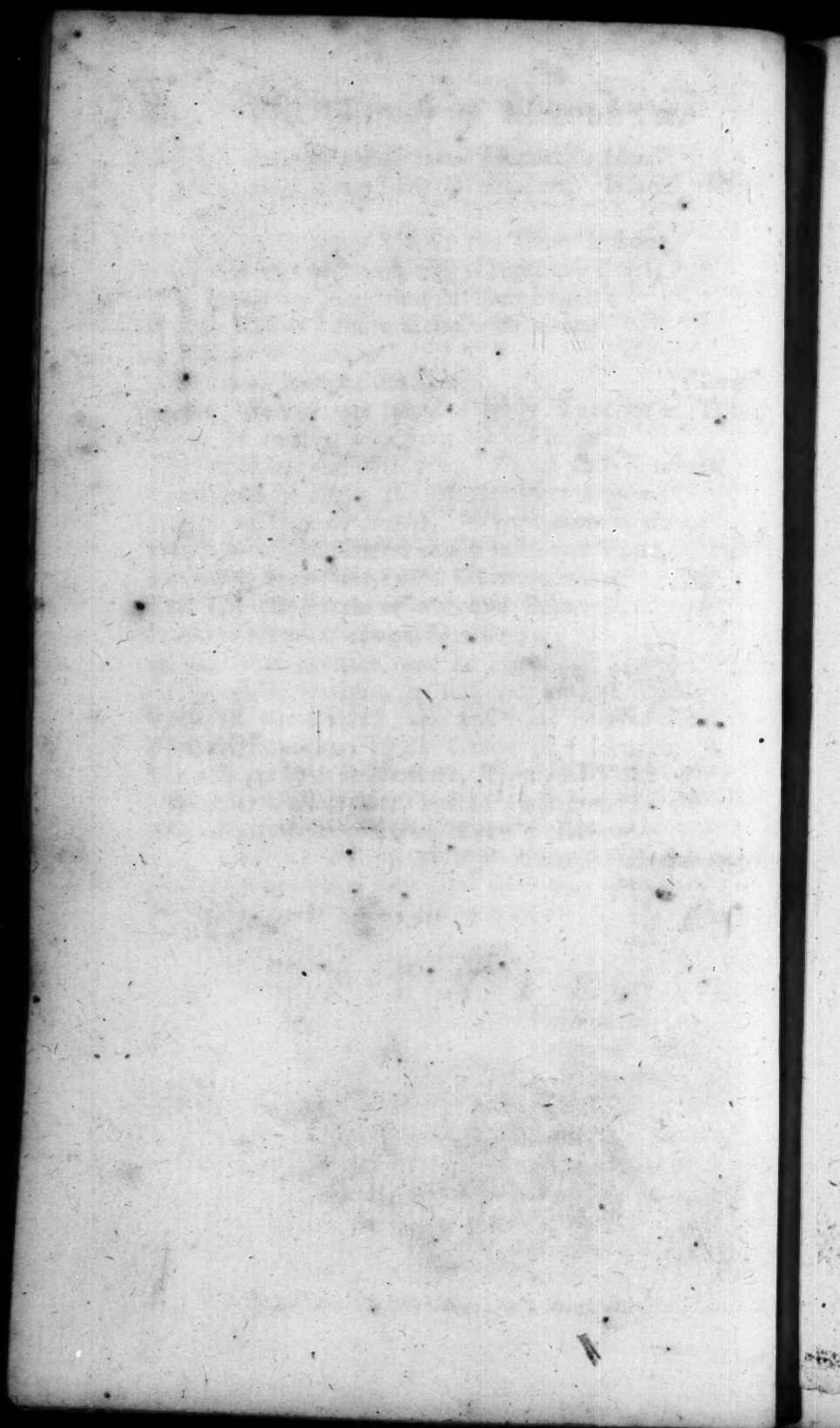
F I N I S.



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*The Following is the Music as perform'd
in the Tragedy of MACBETH.*

MUSIC in the Second ACT.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Enter several Witches.

1st. Witch. **S**PEAK, Sister---is the Deed done?

2d. Long ago, long ago ;
Above twelve Glasses since have run ;

3d. Ill Deeds are seldom slow,
Or single, but following Crimes on former wait,

4th. The worst of Creatures fastest propagate.
Many more Murders must this one ensue ;

Dread Horrors still abound,

And ev'ry Place surround,

As if in Death were found

Propagation too.

2d. He must!

3d. He shall!

1st. He will spill much more Blood,
And become worse to make his Title good ;

Cho. He will, he will spill much more Blood,
And become worse, to make his Title good.

1st. Now let's dance.

2d. Agreed.

3d. Agreed.

4th. Agreed.

All. Agreed.

Cho. We should rejoice when good Kings bleed.

When Cattle die about, about we go ;

When Lightning, and dread Thunder,

Rend stubborn Rocks in sunder,

And fill the World with Wonder,

What should we do ?

Cho.

Cho. Rejoice ——— we shou'd rejoice.
When Winds and Waves are warring;
Earthquakes the Mountains tareing,
And Monarchs die desparing,
What shou'd we do? ———

Cho. Rejoice ——— we should rejoice.

I.

- 1st. Lets have a Dance upon the Heath,
We gain more Life by *Duncan's* Death;
2^d. Sometimes like brinded Cats we shew,
Having no Musick but our Mew,
To which we dance in some old Mill,
Upon the Hopper, Stone or Wheel;
To some old Saw or bardish Rhime,

Cho. Where still the Mill-clack does keep time.

II.

Sometimes about a hollow Tree,
Around, around, around dance we;
Thither the chirping Crickets come;
And Beetles sing in drowsy Hum:
Sometimes we dance o'er Ferns or Furs,
To Howls of Wolves, or Barks of Curs;
Or if with none of these we meet,

Cho. We dance to th' Echoes of our Feet.

Cho. At the Night Ravens dismal Voice,
When others tremble we rejoice,
And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,
To th' Echoes from a hollow Hill. [*Exeunt.*]

MUSIC

MUSIC in the Third ACT.

Enter Hecate, &c.

Spirits in the Clouds call.

Spi. Hecate, Hecate,-----come away

Hec. Hark, hark, I'm call'd
My little merry airy Spirit see,
Sits in a foggy Cloud and waits for me.

Spi. Hecate, Hecate,
Thy chirping Voice I hear,
So pleasing to my Ear,
At which I Post away,
With all the Speed I may,

Where's *Puckle*?

Spi. Here.

Hec. Where's Stradling?

Spi. Here,

And *Hopper* too, and *Hellway* too.

We want but you, we want but you.

3 Voc. Come away, come away, make up th'account.

Vers. With new fall'n due,

From Church-yard Yew,

I will but noint and then I'll mount.

Now I'm furnished for my Flight

Symphony whilst Hecate places in the Machine.

Now I go, and now I fly,

Malkin my sweet Spirit and I,

O what a dainty Pleasure's this,

To sail in the Air

When the Moon shines fair,

To sing, to dance, to toy and kifs.

Over Woods, high Rocks, and Mountains;

Over Hills and misty Fountains;

Over Steeples, Tow'rs and Turrets,

We fly by Night 'mongst troops of Spirits

Gho. We fly by night 'mongst troops of Spirits

[*Exit.*

ACT

A C T the Fourth.

Music at the Cauldron.

Enter Hecate, and all the Witches.

- 1st. Black Spirits and white,
2^d. -----Red Spirits and gray
2 *Voices*. Mingle, mingle, mingle you that mingle
3^d. Tiffin, Tiffin [may.
Keep it stiffin.
4th. Fire drake Pucky
Make it lucky.
5th. Liard Robin
You must bob in.

Cho. Round, around, around, around about,
All Ill come running in, all Good keep out.

1st. Here's the blood of a Batt.

Hec. O, put in that.

2^d. Here's Lizards Brain.

Hec. Put in a Grain

3^d. Here's juice of Toad,

4th. -----Here's oyl of Adder,

Which will make the Charm grow madder.

Hec. To add to these and raise a pois'nous Stench

Here---heres three Ounces; of a red haired

[Wench.

Cho. Round, around, around, around about,

All Ill come running in, all Good keep out.

F I N I S.

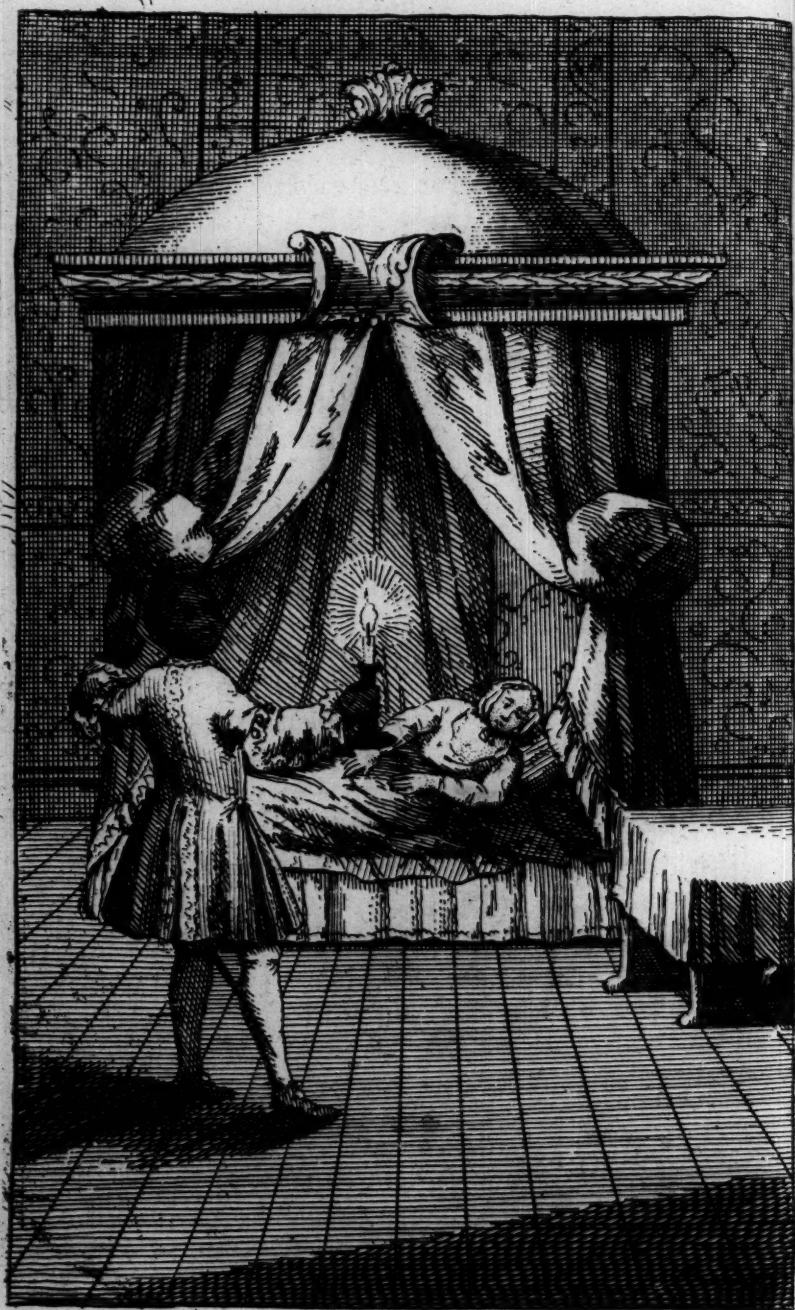
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Smith Sc.

O T H E L L O,

T H E

MOOR of V E N I C E.

A

T R A G E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

T H E A T R E S.

B Y S H A K E S P E A R.



L O N D O N:

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M DCCXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

The Duke of Venice.

Brabantio, a Magnifico, Father to Desdemona.

Gratiano, his Brother.

Lodovico, their Kinsman.

Senators.

Othello the Moor, General of the Army in Cyprus.

Cassio, his Lieutenant-General.

Iago, Standard-bearer to the Moor; a Villain.

Roderigo, a foolish Gentleman, that follows the Moor in hopes to cuckold him.

Montano, the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.

Clown, Servant to the Moor.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Herald.

W O M E N.

Desdemona, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to the Moor.

Emilia, Wife to Iago.

Bianca, Cassio's Wench.

Attendants.



Scene C Y P R U S.



O T H E L L O,
THE
MOOR of VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Iago and Rodorigo.

Rod.



USH; Never tell me, I take it
much unkindly,
That thou who hast had my Purse,
As if the Strings were thine, should'st
know of this.

Iag. But you'll not hear me.

If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iag. Despise me if I do not: The great ones of the
City,

In personal suit to make me his Lieutenant,
Oft capt to him; and by the Faith of Man,
I know my Price, I'm worth no worse a Place.
But he as loving his own Pride and Purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast Circumstance,

A 3

Horribly

6 *Othello, the Moor of Venice.*

Horribly flust with Epithets of War;
 And in conclusion,
 Non-suits my Mediators; certes (says he)
 I have already chose my Officer, and what was he?
 Forsooth a great Arithmetician,
 One *Michael Cassio*, a *Florentine*,
 A Fellow almost dam'd in a fair Wife,
 That never set a Squa'dron in the Field,
 Nor the Division of a Battle knows,
 More than a Spinster, but the bookish Theorick,
 Wherein the tongued Consuls can propose
 As masterly as he: Mere Prattle without Practice
 Is all his Soldiership ——— he had the Election,
 And I, Of whom his Eyes have seen the Proof,
 At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on other Grounds,
 Christian and Heathen, must be led and calm'd
 By Debitor and Creditor, this Counter-Causer:
 He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,
 And I, God blefs the Mark! his Moorship's Antient.

Rod. By Heaven I rather would have been his Hang-
 man.

Iag. But there's no Remedy,
 'Tis the Curse of Service;
 Preferment goes by Letter and Affection,
 And not by old Gradation, where each second
 Stood Heir to the first.
 Now Sir, be Judge your self,
 If I in any just Term, am assign'd
 To love the Moor?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iag. O Sir, content you,
 I follow him to serve my turn upon him;
 We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd: You shall mark
 Many a duteous and Knee-crooking Knave,
 That (doating on his own obsequious Bondage)
 Wears out his Time much like his Master's Ass,
 For nought but Provender, and when he's old cashier'd:
 Whip me such honest Knaves. ———
 Others there are,
 Who trim'd in Forms and Visages of Duty,
 Keep yet their Hearts attending on themselves,
 And throwing but shews of Service on their Lords,

Othello, the Moor of Venice. 7

Well thrive by them ;

And when they have lin'd their Coats,

Do themselves Homage.

These Folks have some Soul,

And such a one do I profess my self.

It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,

Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago* :

In following him, I follow but my self.

Heaven is my Judge, not I.

For Love and Duty, but seeming so, for my peculiar end :

For when my outward Action doth demonstrate

The native Act and Figure of my Heart,

In Compliment extern, 'tis not long after,

But I will wear my Heart upon my Sleeve,

For Daws to peck at :

I am not what I seem.

Rod. What a full Fortune does the thick Lips owe,
If he can carry her thus ?

Iag. Call up her Father,
Rouse him, make after him, poison his Delight.
Proclaim him in the Streets, incense her Kinsmen ;
And tho' he in a fertile Climate dwell,
Plague him with Flies : tho' that his Joy be Joy,
Yet throw such Changes of Vexation on't,
As it may lose some Colour.

Rod. Here is her Father's House, I'll call aloud.

Iag. Do with like timorous Accent, and dire Yell,
As when by Night and Negligence, the Fire
Is spied in populous Cities.

Rod. What ho, *Brabantio*, Seignior *Brabantio*, ho !

Iag. Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*, ho
Thieves, Thieves !
Look to your House, your Daughter, and your Bags,
Thieves, Thieves ! [*Brabantio at a Window.*]

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible Summons ?
What is the matter there ?

Rod. Seignior, is your Family within ?

Iag. Are all Doors lockt ?

Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this ?

Iag. Sir you are robb'd, for shame put on your Gown ;
Your Heart is burst, you have lost half your Soul ;
Even now, even very now, an old black Ram

Is

8 *Othello, the Moor of Venice.*

Is tugging your white Ewe; arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Citizens with the Bell, (I say.
Or else the Devil will make a Grandfire of you: Arise,

Bra. What have you lost your Wits?

Rod. Most reverend Seignior, do you know my Voice?

Bra. Not I, what are you?

Rod. My Name is *Rodorigo*.

Bra. The worst welcome;

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my Doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My Daughter's not for thee; and now in Madness,
Being full of Supper, and distempering Draughts,
Upon malicious Bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet?

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir. —

Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My Spirit and my Place have in their Power,
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of Robbing? This is *Venice*.
My House is no Grange.

Rod. Most grave *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure Soul I come to you.

Iag. Sir you are one of those that will not serve
God, if the Devil bid you. Because we come to do you
Service, you think we are Ruffians: You'll have your
Daughter cover'd with a *Barbary* Horse; you'll have
your Nephews neigh to you; you'll have Courfers for
Cousins, and Gennets for *Germans*.

Bra. What prophane Wretch art thou?

Iag. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your
Daughter and the Moor are now making the Beast with
two Backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villain.

Iag. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer, I know thee *Rodorigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing: But I beseech you,
If't be your Pleasure, and most wise Consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your fair Daughter
At this odd Even, and dell Watch o'th Night,
Transported with no worse nor better Guard,
But with a Knave of Hire, a *Gundelie*,

To

Othello, the Moor of Venice. 9

To the gross Claps of a lascivious Moor:
 If this be known to you, and your Allowance,
 We then have done you bold and saucy Wrongs.
 But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
 We have your wrong Rebuke; Do not believe
 That from the Sense of all Civility,
 I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.
 Your Daughter (if you have not given her leave,
 I say again) hath made a gross revolt,
 Tying her Duty, Beauty, Wit and Fortunes,
 To an extravagant and wheeling Stranger,
 Of here, and every where: Straight satisfy your self;
 If she be in her Chamber, or your House,
 Let loose on me the Justice of the State,
 For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the Tinder, Ho:
 Give me a Taper, ——— call up all the People ———
 This Accident is not unlike my Dream,
 Belief of it oppresses me already;
 Light I say, Light.

Iag. Farewel, for I must leave you;
 It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my Place,
 To be produc'd (as if I stay I shall)
 Against the Moor; for I do know the State
 (However this may gall him with some Check)
 Cannot with Safety cast him: For he's imbarc'd,
 With such loud Reason, to the *Cyprus* Wars,
 (Which even now stand in Act) that for their Souls,
 Another of his Fathom, they have none
 To lead their Business; in which Regard,
 Tho' I do hate him as I do Hell's Pains,
 Yet for Necessity of present Life,
 I must shew out a Flag, and Sign of Love,
 (Which is indeed but Sign) that you may surely find him,
 Lead to the Sagitary, the raised Search,
 And there will I be with him. So farewel.

*Enter Brabantio in his Night-gown, and Servants,
 with Torches,*

Bra. It is too true an Evil, gone she is,
 And what's to come of my despised Time,
 Is nought but bitterness. Now *Rodorigo*,
 Where didst thou see her? O unhappy Girl!

10 *Othello, the Moor of Venice.*

With the Moor, say'st thou? who would be a Father?
How didst thou know 'twas she? O she deceives me
Past Thought--what said she to you? get more Tapers--
Raise all my Kindred. Are they married think you?

Rod. Truly I think they are.

Bra. O Heaven, how got she out? O Treason of
my Blood!

Fathers, from hence, trust not your Daughters Minds,
By what you see them act: are there not Charms
By which the Property of Youth and Maidhood
May be abus'd? have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes Sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my Brothers. O would you had had her,
Some one way, some another---do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good Guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on, at every House I'll call,
I may command at most: get Weapons ho,
And raise some special Officers of Might:
On, good *Rodorigo*, I'll deserve your Pains. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago. and Attendants with Torches.

Iago. Tho' in the Trade of War I have slain Men,
Yet do I hold it very Stuff o' th' Conscience,
To do no contriv'd Murder; I lack Iniquity
Sometimes to do me Service: nine or ten times--
I thought to have jerk'd him here,
Under the Ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iag. Nay, but he parted,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking Terms
Against your Honour, that with the little Godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him: But I pray Sir,
Are you fast married; For be sure of this,
That the Magnifico is much beloved,
And hath in his Effect, a Voice potential,
As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what Restraint, or Grievance,
The Law (with all his Might, to enforce it on)
Will give him Cable.

Oth. Let him do his Spite:

My

Othello, the Moor of Venice. II

My Services which I have done the Seignory,
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which when I know that Boasting is an Honour,
I shall promulgate) I fetch Life and Being
From Men of Royal Siege; and my Demerits
May speak unbonnetted to as proud a Fortune
As this that I have reach'd; for know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my unhoufed free Condition,
Put into Circumscription and Confine
For the Seas Worth.

But look what Lights come yonder?

Enter Cassio with Lights, Officers and Torchés.

Iag. Those are the raised Father and his Friends,
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I, I must be found.

My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soul,
Shall manifest me rightly: is it they?

Iag. By *Janus*, I think no.

Oth. The Servants of the Duke, and my Lieutenant,
The Goodness of the Night upon you (Friends)
What is the News?

Cas. The Duke does greet you (General)
And he requires your Haste, post-haste Appearance,
Even on the Instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine,
It is a Business of some Heat; the Gallies
Have sent a dozen-sequent Messengers
This very Night at one another's Heels:
And many of the Consuls rais'd and met,
Are at the Duke's already; you have been hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate sent above three several Quests
'To search you out.

Oth. 'Twas well I am found by you, (you:
I will but spend a Word here in the House, and go with

Cas. Antient, what makes he here? [*Exit Oth.*

Iag. Faith he to night hath boarded a Land Carrac;
If it prove lawful Prize, he's made forever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iag. He's married.

Cas.

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Cas. To whom?

Iag. Marry to——Come Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another Troop to seek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, and others with Lights and Weapons.

Iag. It is *Brabantio*; General be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hollo, stand there.

Rod. Seignior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, Thief. *[They draw.]*

Iag. You *Rodorigo*, come Sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright Swords, for the Dew will
rust them;

Good Seignior, you shall more command with Years
Than with your Weapons.

Bra. O thou foul Thief, where hast thou stow'd my
Daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of Sense,
(If she in Chains of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to Marriage, that she shun'd
The wealthy cur'd Darlings of our Nation,
Would ever have (to incur a general Mock)
Run from her Gardage to the footy Bosom
Of such a thing as thou, to fear not to delight?
Judge me the World if 'tis not gross in Sense,
That thou hast practic'd on her with foul Charms,
Abus'd her delicate Youth with Drugs or Minerals,
That weaken Motion: I'll hav't disputed on;
'Tis probable and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the World, a Practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of Warrant.
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his Peril.

Oth. I hold your Hands,
Both of mine inclining and the rest:
Were it my due to fight, I should have known it
Without Prompter; where will you I go

To answer this your Charge ?

Bra. To Prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I obey ?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose Messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present Business of the State,
To bring me to him ?

Officer. True, most worthy Seignior,
The Duke's in Council, and your noble self
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How ! the Duke in Council ?
In this time of the Night ? bring him away ;
Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himself,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this Wrong, as 'twere their own.
For if such Actions may have Passage free,
Bondslaves and Pagans shall our Statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

*Dukes and Senators, set at a Table, with Lights, and
Attendants*

Duke. There is no Composition in the News
That gives them Credit.

1 *Sena.* Indeed they are disproportioned ;
My Letters say, a hundred and seven Gallies.

Du. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 *Sen.* And mine two hundred :
But tho they jump not on a just account,
(As in these Cases, where they aim Reports,
'Tis oft with Difference) yet they all confirm
A *Turkish* Fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.

Du. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment :
I do not so secure me in the Error,
But the main Article I do approve
In fearful Sense.

Sailor within. What ho, what ho, what ho ?

Enter a Sailor.

Officer. A Messenger from the Gallies.

Du. Now——what's the Business ?

Sailor. The *Turkish* Preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here to the State.

Du.

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Du. How say you by this change?

1 *Sen.* This cannot be by no assay of Reason.

'Tis a Pageant,

To keep us in false gaze: when we consider

The Importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*;

And let ourselves again but understand,

That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,

So may he with more fertile Question bear it,

For that it stands not in such warlike Brace,

But altogether lacks th' abilities

That *Rhodes* is dress'd in; if we make thought of this,

We must not think the *Turk* is so unskillful,

To leave that latest which concerns him first;

Neglecting an Attempt of ease and gain,

To wake, and wage a Danger profitless.

Du. Nay, in all Confidence, he's not for *Rhodes*.

Offic. Here is more News.

Enter a second Messenger.

Mes. The *Ottomites*, Reverend and Gracious,
Steering with due Course toward the Isle of *Rhodes*,

Have there enjoin'd them with an after Fleet.

1 *Sen.* Ay, so I thought; how many, as you guess?

Mes. Of 30 Sail, and now they do restem

Their backward course, bearing with frank Appearance

Their Purposes towards *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,

Your trusty and most valiant Servitor,

With his free Duty recommends you thus,

And prays you to believe him.

Du. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus*;

Marcus Luccicos is he not in Town?

1 *Sen.* He's now in *Florence*.

Du. Write from us to him, post-haste dispatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio* and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Iago, Cassio, and Officers.

Du. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you
Against the general Enemy *Ottoman*.

I did not see you, welcome gentle, Signior,

We lackt your Counsel, and your Help to night.

Bra. So did I yours, good your Grace pardon me:

Neither my Place, nor ought I heard of Business

Hath rais'd me from my Bed, nor doth the General

Take.

Othello, the Moor of Venice. 15

Take hold of me; for my particular Grief
Is of so floodgate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other Sorrows,
And yet is still itself.

Du. Why what's the matter?

Bra. My Daughter, O my Daughter!

Sen. Dead!

Bra. Ay to me:

She is abus'd, stol'n from me and corrupted,
By Spells and Medicines bought of Mountebanks:
For Nature so preposterously to err,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of Sense)
Sans Witchcraft could not——

Du. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of herself,
And you of her, the Bloody Book of Law
You shall yourself read in the bitter Letter,
After your own sense: tho' our proper Son
Stood in your Action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace;
Here is the Man, this Moor, whom now it seems
Your special Mandate, for the State Affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for't.

Du. What in your own part can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave and reverend Seigniors,
My very noble and approved good Masters:
That I have ta'en away this old Man's Daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent no more. Rude am I in my Speech,
And little blest with the soft phrase of Peace;
For since these Arms of mine had seven years pith,
Till now some nine Moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented Field;
And little of this great World can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of Broils, and Battail.
And therefore little shall I grace my Cause,
In speaking of myself; yet by your patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd Tale deliver,

OF

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Of my whole course of Love, what Drugs, what Charms,
What Conjurat[i]on, and what mighty Magick,
(For such proceeding am I charg'd withal)
I won his Daughter with.

Bra. A Maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blusht at it self; and she in spite of Nature,
Of Years, of Country, Credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on —
It is a Judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess, Perfection so could err
Against all Rules of Nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning Hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some Mixtures powerful o'er the Blood,
Or with some Dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Du. To vouch this is no proof,
Without more certain and more over test,
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

1 Sen. But *Othello* speak,
Did you by indirect and forced courses,
Subdue and poison this young Maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question,
As Soul to Soul affordeth?

Oth. I beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the *Sagittary*,
And let her speak of me before her Father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The Trust, the Office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your Sentence
Even fall upon my Life.

Du. Fetch *Desdemona* hither. [Exit Iago.]

Oth. Antient, conduct them, you know best the place;
And till she come, as truly as to Heaven
I do confess the Vices of my Blood,
So justly to your grave Ears I'll present,
How I did thrive in this fair Lady's Love,
And she in mine.

Du. Say it, *Othello*.

Oth. Her Father lov'd me, oft invited me,

Still

Still question'd me the Story of my Life,
 From Year to Year, the Battles, Sieges, Fortunes
 That I have past.
 I ran it thro' even from my boyish Days
 To th' very Moment that he bad me tell it :
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous Chances,
 Of moving Accidents, by Flood and Field ;
 Of hair-breadth Scapes i'th' imminent deadly Bread ;
 Of being taken by the insolent Foe,
 And sold to Slavery ; of my Redemption thence,
 And Portance in my Travels History ;
 Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts wild,
 Rough Quarries, Rocks and Hills, whose Heads touch
 Heaven,

It was my Hint to speak, such was the Process:
 And of the *Cannibals*, that each other eat ;
 The *Anthropophagi*, and Men whose Heads
 Do grow beneath their Shoulders ; these to hear,
 Would *Desdemona* seriously incline.
 But still the House Affairs would draw her thence,
 Which ever as she would with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy Ear
 Devour up my Discourse. Which I observing,
 Took once a pliant Hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a Prayer of earnest Heart,
 That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by Parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively. I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her Tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful Stroke,
 That my Youth suffered. My Story being done,
 She gave me for my Pains a World of Sighs ;
 She swore in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful —
 She wisht she had not heard it — yet she wisht
 That Heaven had made her such a Man — she thanked me
 And bad me if I had a Friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how tell my Story,
 And that would woe her. On this heat I spake :
 She lov'd me for the Dangers I had past,
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them ;
 This only is the Witchcraft I have us'd :

Here

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Here comes the Lady,
Let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and the rest.

Du. I think this Tale would win my Daughter too ;—
Good *Brabantio*, take up this mangled matter at the rest.
Men to their broken Weapons rather use,
Than their bare Hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her speak.
If she confess that she was half the Wooer,
Destruction on my Head, if my bad Blame
Light on the Man. Come hither, gentle Mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble Company,
Where you most owe Obedience ?

Des. Noble Father,
I do perceive here a divided Duty ;
To you I am bound for Life and Education ;
My Life and Education both do learn me
How to respect you, you are the Lord of Duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But here's my Husband ;
And so much Duty as my Mother shewed
To you, preferring you before her Father,
So much I challenge, that I may profess
Due to the Moor my Lord.

Bra. God be with you, I ha' done :
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affairs,
I had rather to adopt a Child than get it ;
Come hither Moor ;
I here do give thee that with all my Heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with my Heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, Jewel,
I am glad at Soul, I have no other Child ;
For thy Escape would teach my Tyranny,
'To hang Clogs on 'em. I have done my Lord.

Du. Let me speak like your self, and lay a Sentence,
Which like a Grise or Step may help these Lovers
Into your Favour —

When Remedies are past, the Grievs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on Hopes depended.
To mourn a Mischief that is past and gon,
Is the next way to draw new Mischief on :
What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience her Injury a Mockery makes.

The

The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the Thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless Grief.

Bra. So let the *Turks* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile;
He bears the Sentence well that nothing bears,
But the free Comfort, which thence he hears:
But he bears both the Sentence, and the Sorrow,
That to pray Grief, must of poor Patience borrow.
These Sentences to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But Words are Words, I never yet did hear,
That the bruised Heart was pierced thro' the Ear.
I humbly beseech you proceed to the Affairs of the State.

Du. The *Turk* with a most mighty Preparation makes
for *Cyprus*: *Othello*, the Fortitude of the Place is best
known to you; and tho' we have there a Substitute of
most allowed Sufficiency, yet Opinion, a most sovereign
Mistress of Effects, throws a more safe Voice on you:
You must therefore be content to slubber the Gloss of
your new Fortunes, with this more stubborn and boisterous
Expedition.

Oth. The Tyrant Custom, most grave Senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel Couch of War,
My thrice-driven Bed of Down: I do agnize,
A natural and prompt Alacrity
I find in Hardness, and do undertake
This present War against the *Ottomites*.
Most humbly therefore, bending to your State,
I crave fit Disposition for my Wife,
Due Reverence of Place and Exhibition,
With such Accommodation and Besort,
As levels with her Breeding.

Du. Why at her Father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there reside,
To put my Father in impatient Thoughts
By being in his Eye. Most gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious Ear,
And let me find a Charter in your Voice,
T' assist my Simplesness —

Du.

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Du. What would you *Desdemona*?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right Violence, and Storm of Fortunes
May trumpet to the World: my Heart's subdued,
Even to the very Quality of my Lord:
I saw *Othello's* Visage in his Mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant Parts
Did I My Soul and Fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear Lords, if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the War,
The Rites for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy Interim shall support
By his dear Absence; let me go with him.

Oth. Your Voice, Lords: beseech you let her Will
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not
To please the Palate of my Appetite,
Nor to comply with Heat, the young affects
In my defunct and proper Satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her Mind:
And Heaven defend your good Souls, that you think
I will your serious and great Business scant,
When she was with me;---no, when light-wing'd Toys
Of feather'd *Cupid* foil with wanton Dulness,
My speculative and offic'd Instruments,
That my Disports corrupt and taint my Business,
Let Husbands make a Skellet of my Helm;
And all indign and base Adversaries
Make Head against my Estimation.

Du. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Or for her stay or going; the Affair cries Haste;
And speed must answer, you must hence to Night?

Des. To Night, my Lord, to Night?

Oth. With all my Heart.

Du. At Nine i'th' Morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some Officer behind,
And he shall our Commission bring to you,
And such things else of Quality and Respect
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Antient,
(A Man he is of Honesty and Trust)
To his Conveyance I assign my Wife,

With

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With what else needful your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Du. Let it be so.

Good night to every one ; and noble Seignior,
If Virtue no delighted Beauty lack,
Your Son in-Law, is far more fair than black.

1 Sen. Adieu brave Moor, use *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her Moor, if thou hast Eyes to see,
She has deceiv'd her Father and may thee. [Ex.]

Oth. My Life upon her Faith. Honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leave to thee;
I prithee let thy Wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the best Advantage.
Come *Desdemona*, I have but an Hour
Of Love, of wordly Matter and Direction,
To speak with thee: we must obey the Time.

Rod. Iago. [Exeunt Moor and Des.]

Iag. What sayst thou noble Heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iag. Why go to Bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iag. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after.

Why thou silly Gentleman.

Rod. It is filliness to live, when to live is a Torment;
and then have we a Prescription to die, when Death is
our Physician.

Iag. O villainous, I ha' look'd upon the World for
four times seven Years, and since I could distinguish
between a Benefit and an Injury, I never found a Man
that knew how to love himself; ere I would say I
would drown myself for the love of a Ginny Hen, I
would change my Humanity with a Baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my Shame to
be so fond, but it is not in my Virtue to amend it.

Iag. Virtue, a fig, 'tis in ourselves, that we are
thus, or thus; our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which
our Wills are Gardeners. So that if we will plant Net-
tles, or sow Lettices, set Hyssop, and weed up Thyme:
supply it with one Gender of Herbs or diltract it with
many; either have it sterile with Idleness or manur'd
with Industry: why the Power, and corrigible Authority
of

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of this, lies in our Will. If the Ballance of our Lives had not one Scale of Reason to poise another of Sensuality, the Blood and Baseness of our Natures would conduct us to most preposterous Conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging Motions, our carnal Stings, our unbitted Lusts; whereof I take this, that you call Love, to be a Sect, or Syon.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iag. It is merely a Lust of the Blood, and a Permission of the Will: Come, be a Man; drown thy self? drown Cats and blind Puppies: I have profest me thy Friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with Cables of perdurable Toughness; I could never better steed thee than now. Put Money in thy Purse; follow thou these Wars, defeat thy Favour with an usurp'd Beard; I say, put Money in thy Purse. It cannot be that *Desdemona* should long continue her Love to the Moor——put Money in thy Purse——nor he his to her; it was a violent Commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Sequestration——but put Money in thy Purse.——These Moors are changeable in their Wills.——Fill thy Purse with Money. The Food that to him now is as luscious as Locusts, shall shortly be as bitter as Coloquintida: She must change for Youth; when she is sated with his Body, she will find the Errors of her Choice——Therefore put Money in thy Purse.——If thou wilt needs damn thy self, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the Money thou canst. If Sanctimony, and a frail Vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian*, and a super-subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my Wits, and all the Tribe of Hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make Money——A pox of drowning thy self, 'tis clean out of the way; seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy Joy, than to be drowned, and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my Hopes, if I depend on the Issue?

Iag. Thou art sure of me——go, make Money——I have told thee often, and I retell thee again, and again, I hate the Moor. My Cause is hearted, thine has no less Reason. Let us be conjunctive in our Revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy self

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self a Pleasure, me a Sport. There are many Events in the Womb of Time, which will be delivered. Traverse, go, provide thy Money, we will have more of this to-morrow, adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'th' Morning?

Iag. At my Lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iag. Go to, farewell: do you hear *Rodorigo*?

Rod. What say you?

Iag. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am chang'd, I'll go sell all my Land. [*Ex. Rod.*]

Iag. Thus do I ever make my Fool my Purse:

For I mine own gain'd Knowledge should profane,
If I should Time expend with such a Swain,
But for my Sport and Profit: I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my Sheets
H'as done my Office; I know not if't be true ———
But I, for meer Suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for Surety: he holds me well ———
The better shall my Purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper Man, let me see now,
To get this Place, and to plume up my Will,
A double Knavery——how, how, —— let's see——
After some time, to abuse *Othello's* Ear,
That he is too familiar with his Wife ——
He hath a Person, and a smooth Dispose
To be suspected, fram'd to make Women false.
The Moor is of a free and open Nature,
That thinks Men honest, that but seem to be so:
And will as tenderly be led by the Nose as Asses are:
I have't —— it is ingender'd —— Hell and Night
Must bring this monstrous Birth to the World's Light.
[*Exit.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Montano, Governor of Cyprus, with two other Gentlemen.

Mon. **W**HAT from the Cape can you discern at Sea?

Gen. Nothing at all, it is as high-wrought Flood,
I can-

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I cannot 'twixt the Heavens in the Main
Descry a Sail.

Mon. Methinks the Wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller Blast ne'er shook our Battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the Sea,
What Ribs of Oak, when the huge Mountains melt,
Can hold the Morties? What shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A Segregation of the *Turkish* Fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming Shore,
The chiding Billows seem to pelt the Clouds;
The Wind-shak'd Surge, with high and monstrous Main,
Seems to cast Water on the burning Bear,
And quench the Guards of th'ever fired Pole.
I never did like Molestation view
On the enchas'd Flood.

Mon. If that the *Turkish* Fleet
Be not inhelter'd, and embayed, they are drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gen.* News, Lords, our Wars are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
That their Designment haults.
Another Ship of *Venice*
Hath seen a grievous Wrack and Sufferance
On most part of their Fleet.

Mon. How, is this true?

3 *Gen.* The Ship is here put in:
A Veronesio, *Michael Cassio*,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor *Othello*,
Is come on shore; the Moor himself at Sea,
And is in full Commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mon. I am glad on't, 'tis a worthy Governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same *Cassio* tho' he speak of Comfort
Touching the *Turkish* Loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe, for they were parted
With foul and violent Tempest.

Mon. Pray Heavens he be:

For I have serv'd him, and the Man commands
Like a full Soldier; Let's to the Sea-side,
As well to see the Vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our Eyes for brave *Othello*,

Even

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Even till we make the Main and th' Aerial Blue
An indistinct regard.

3 *Gent.* Come let's do so,
For every Minute is Expectancy
Of more Arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the Valiant of this warlike Isle,
That so approve the Moor: O let the Heavens
Give him Defence against the Elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous Sea.

Mon. Is he well shipt?

Cas. His Bark is stoutly timber'd, and his Pilot
Of very expert and approv'd Allowance;
Therefore my Hopes (not surfeited to Death)
Stand in bold Cure.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. A Sail, a sail, a sail.

Cas. What Noise?

Gent. The Town is empty, on the Brew o'th' Sea
Stand Ranks of People, and they cry a Sail.

Cas. My Hopes do shape him for the Governor.

[*A Shot.*]

Gent. They do discharge their Shot of Courtesy:
Our Friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth, who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 *Gent.* I shall.

[*Exit.*]

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your General wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath achiev'd a Maid,
That paragons Description and wild Fame:
One that excels, the Quirks of blazoning Pens;
And in the essential Vesture of Creation,
Does bear all Excellency —

Enter a Gentleman.

How now, who has put in?

Cas. 'Tis one *Iago*, Antient to the General.
He has had most favourable and happy Speed:
Tempests themselves, high Seas, and howling Winds,
The gutter'd Rocks, and congregated Sands,
(Traitors enteept'd, to clog the guiltless Keel)
As having sense of Beauty, do omit

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Their

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Their common Natures, letting safe go by
The divine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I speak of, our great Captain's Captain
Left in the Conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing here anticipates our Thoughts
A fennight's speed ——— Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard,
And swell his Sail with thine own powerful Breath,
That he may bless this Bay with his tall Ship,
And swiftly come to *Desdemona*'s Arms,
Give renew'd Fire
To our extinguish'd Spirits;
And bring all *Cyprus* Comfort. ———

[*Enter Desdemona, Iago, Emilia, and Rodorigo.*
O behold!

The Riches of the Ships is come on shore.
Ye Men of *Cyprus*, let us have your Knees:
Hail to thee Lady: and the Grace of Heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round.

Des. I thank you, valiant *Cassio*,
What Tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Cas. He it not yet arrived, nor know I ought,
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O but I fear ——— how lost you Company?

Cas. The great Contention of the Sea and Skies
Parted our Fellowship. But hark! a Sail!

[*Within*] A Sail! a Sail!

Gen. They give this Greeting to the Citadel:
This likewise is a Friend.

Cas. See for the News:
Good Antient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistress.
Let it not gall your Patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my Breeding
That gives me this bold shew of Courtesy.

Iag. Sir, would she give you so much of her Lips,
As of her Tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no Speech.

Iag. In faith, too much;
I and it still, for when I ha' leave to sleep;
Marry, before your Ladyship I grant,

She

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She puts her Tongue a little in her Heart,
And chides with Thinking.

Em. You have little Cause to say so.

Iag. Come on, come on; you're Pictures out of
Doors,

Bells in your Parlors, wild Cats in your Kitchens,
Saints in your Injuries, Devils being offended,
Players in your House-wifery, and House-wives in your

Des. O fy upon thee, Slanderer. [Beds.

Iag. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to Bed to work.

Em. You shall not write my Praise.

Iag. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me,
If thou shouldst praise me?

Iag. O gentle Lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come, one assay — there's one gone to the Har-

Iag. Ay, Madam. [bourn

Des. I am not merry, but I do beguile
The Thing I am, by seeming otherwise:
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iag. I am about it; but indeed my Invention comes
from my Pate, as Birdlime does from Freeze, it plucks
out Brains and all. But my Muse labours, and thus she
is deliver'd:

If she be fair and wise, Fairness and Wit;

The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd: how if she be black and witty?

Iag. *If she be black, and thereto have a Wit;*
She'll find a White that shall her Blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Em. How if fair and foolish?

Iag. *She never yet was foolish, that was fair,*
For even her Folly helpt her to an Heir.

Des. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fools
laugh i'th' Alehouse. What miserable Praise hast thou
for her that's foul and foolish?

Iag. *There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,*
But does foul Pranks, which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy Ignorance! thou praisest the worst best.
But what Praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving Wo-

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man indeed? one, that in the Authority of her Merit, did just put on the Vouch of very Malice it self.

Iag. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had Tongue at Will, and yet was never loud,
Never lackt Gold, and never yet went gay,
Fled from her Wifh, and yet said, now I may:
She that when anger'd, her Revenge being nigh,
Bade her Wrong stay, and her Displeasure fly:
She that in Wisdom never was so frail,
To charge the Cod's head for the Salmon's-Tail:
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her Mind,
See Suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a Wight, (if ever such Wight were)*

Des. To do what?

Iag. To suckle Fools, and chronicle small Beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent Conclusion!

Do not learn of him, *Emilia*, tho he be thy Husband.
How say you *Cassio*, is he not a most profane and liberal Counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, Madam, you may relish him more in the Soldier than the Scholar.

Iag. *Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said——whisper——with as little a Web as this, will I ensnare as great a Fly as *Cassio*. Ay, smile upon her, do——I will catch thee in thine own Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed.——If such Tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenantcy, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three Fingers so oft, which now again, you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good——well kist and excellent Courtesy——'tis so indeed——yet again——your Fingers to your Lips? would they were Clister-pies for your sake—— [*Trumpets within.*]
The Moor, I know his Trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair Warrior!

Des. My dear *Othello*.

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my Content,
To see you here before me. My Soul's Joy,
If after every Tempest come such Calms,

May

May the Winds* blow till they have waken'd Death,
And let the labouring Bark climb Hills of Seas,
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As Hell's from Heaven; if I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
My Soul hath her Content so absolute,
That not another Comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown Fate.

Des. The Heavens forbid,
But that our Loves and Comforts should increase,
Even as our Days do grow.

Oth. Amen to that, sweet Powers:
I cannot speak enough of this Content,
It stops me here, it is too much of Joy:
And this, and this, the greatest Discord be, [*Kissing her.*
That e'er our Hearts should make.

Iag. O, you are well-tun'd now,
But I'll let down the Peg that makes this Musick,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let's to the Castle:
Now Friends, our Wars are done, the *Turks* are drown'd.
How to our old Acquaintance of this Isle?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus*;
I have found great Love amongst them: O my Sweet,
I prattle out of Fashion, and I dote
In mine own Comforts: prithee, good *Iago*,
Go to the Bay, and disembark my Coffers;
Bring thou the Master to the Citadel:
He is a good one, and his Worthiness
Does challenge much Respect. Come *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*. [*Exeunt.*

Iag. Do you meet me presently at the Harbour: come
thither, if thou beest valiant; as they say, base Men be-
ing in Love, have then a Nobility in their Natures,
more than is native to them — list me, the Lieutenant
to Night watches on the Court of Guard: first I must
tell thee this, *Desdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why 'tis not impossible.

Iag. Lay thy Fingers thus, and let thy Soul be in-
structed: mark me with what Violence she first lov'd
the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical
Lies; and will she love him still for prating? let not
thy

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thy discreet Heart think it. Her Eye must be fed, and what Delight shall she have to look on the Devil? When the Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a Game to enflame it, and to give Satiety a fresh Appetite, Loveliness in Favour, Sympathy in Years, Manners, and Beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: now for want of these requir'd Conveniences, her delicate Tenderness will find it self abus'd begin to heave the Gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very Nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second Choice. Now Sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd Position) who stands so eminent in the Degree of this Fortune, as *Cassio* does? a Knave very voluble, no farther conscionable than in putting on the mere Form of civil and human Seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose Affections: A slippery and subtle Knave, a finder of occasions; that has an Eye, can stamp and counterfeit Advantages, tho true Advantage never present it self: A devilish Knave! Besides, the Knave is handsome, young, and hath all those Requisites in him that Folly and green Minds look after. A pestilent compleat Knave, and the Woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, she's full of most blest Condition.

Iag. Blest, figs-end; the Wine she drinks is made of Grapes: if she had been blest, she would never have lov'd the Moor: Blest Pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the Palm of his Hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, but that was but Courtesy.

Iag. Lechery, by this Hand; an Index and obscure Prologue to the History of Lust and foul Thoughts: they met so near with their Lips, that their Breaths embrac'd together. Villancous Thoughts, *Roderigo*, when these Mutualities so marshal the way; Hard at Hand comes the Master, and main Exercise the incorporate Conclusion. Pish—But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*; watch you to night, for the Command I'll lay it upon you. *Cassio* knows you not, I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his

Dis-

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Discipline, or from what other Course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iag. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in Choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him that he may; for even out of that, will I cause those of *Cyprus* to mutiny, whose Qualifications shall come into no true Taste again, but by displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you have a shorter Journey to your Desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them, and the Impediments most profitably remov'd, without which there was no Expectation of our Prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any Opportunity.

Iag. I warrant thee, meet me by and by at the Citadel: I must fetch his Necessaries ashore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [Exit.]

Iag. That *Cassio* loves her, I do well believe;
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great Credit:
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble Nature,
And I dare think he'll prove to *Desdemona*
A most dear Husband: now I love her too,
Not out of absolute Lust, (tho peradventure
I stand Accompliant for as great a Sin)
But partly let to diet my Revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my Seat, the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous Mineral gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can, nor shall content my Soul,
Till I am even'd with him, Wife for Wife:
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor,
At least, into a jealousy so strong,
That Judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor Trash of *Venice*, whom I trace,
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor, in the right garb,
(For I fear *Cassio*, with my night-cap too)
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an Ass,

And

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And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness; — 'tis here, but yet confus'd :
Knavery's plain Face is never seen till us'd. [Exit.

Enter Othello's Herald, reading a Proclamation.

It is *Othello's* pleasure, our noble and valiant General,
that upon certain tydings now arrived, importing the
mere perdition of the *Turkish Fleet*, every Man put him-
self into triumph, some to dance, some to make Bene-
fires, each Man to what sports and revels his mind leads
him ; for besides this beneficial News, it is the celebra-
tion of his Nuptials : So much was his pleasure should
be proclaimed. All Offices are open, and there is full
liberty of feasting, from this present Hour of five, till
the Bell hath toll'd eleven. Heaven bless the Isle of
Cyprus, and our noble General *Othello*.

Enter Othello, Cassio, and Desdemona.

Oth. Good *Michael*, look you to the Guard to Night ;
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. *Iago* hath direction what to do :
But notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to it.

Oth. *Iago* is most honest.

Michael good night, to morrow with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you. Come my dear Love,
'The Purchase made, the Fruits are to ensue,
'That Profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.

Good-night,

[Ex. *Oth.* and *Desd.*

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome *Iago*, we must to the Watch.

Iag. Not this Hour, Lieutenant, 'tis not yet ten a
Clock : our General cast us thus early for the love of his
Desdemona, whom let us not therefore blame : he hath
not yet made the wanton night with her ; and she is
sport for *Jove*.

Cas. She is a most exquisite Lady.

Iag. And I'll warrant her full of game.

Cas. Indeed she is a most fresh and delicate Creature.

Iag. What an Eye she has ;

Methinks it sounds a parley to Provocation.

Cas. An inviting Eye, and yet methinks right modest.

Iag. And when she speaks, is it not an Alarm to Love ?

Cas. She is indeed Perfection.

Iag.

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Iag. Well, happiness to the Sheets——come Lieutenant, I have a stoop of Wine, and here without is a brace of *Cyprus* Gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black *Othello*.

Caf. Not to night, good *Iago*: I have very poor and unhappy Brains for drinking: I could well with Courtesy would invent some other Custom of entertainment.

Iag. O they are our Friends,——but one Cup: I'll drink for you.

Caf. I have drunk but one Cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too: and behold what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the Infirmary, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iag. What, man, 'tis a night of Revels, the Gallants desire it.

Caf. Where are they?

Iag. Here at the Door, I pray you call them in.

Caf. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. (Exit.)

Iag. If I can fasten but one Cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,
As my young Mistress's Dog--- Now my sick Fool *Roderigo*,
Whom Love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To *Desdemona*, hath to Night carous'd
Potations pottle deep, and he's to watch:
Three Lads of *Cyprus*, noble swelling Spirits,
That hold their Honours in a wary Distance,
The very Elements of this warlike Isle,
Have I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,
And they watch too: now 'mongst this Flock of Drunkards,

Am I to put our *Cassio* in some Action
That may offend the Isle.

Enter Montano, Cassio, and others.

But here they come:

If Consequence do but approve my Dream;
My Boat sails freely both with Wind and Stream.

Caf. Fore Heaven they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good Faith a little one, not past a Pint,
As I am a Soldier.

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Iag. Some Wine, ho :

[Sings.

And let me the Canakin, clink, clink,

And let me the Canakin, clink :

A Soldier's a Man, Oh Man's Life's but a Span,

Why then let a Soldier drink. — Some Wine Boys.

Caf. Fore Heaven an excellent Song.

Iag. I learn'd it in *England*, where indeed they are most potent in potting ; your *Dane*, your *German*, and your swag-bellied *Hollander*, (drink ho) are nothing to your *English*.

Caf. Is your *Englishman* so exquisite in his drinking ?

Iag. Why he drinks you with facility your *Dane* dead drunk ; he sweats not, to overthrow your *Almain* ; he gives your *Hollander* a vomit, e'er the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caf. To the Health of our General.

Mon. I am for it, Lieutenant, and I will do you Justice.

Iag. O sweet *England*.

King Stephen was and a worthy Peer,

His Breeches cost him but a Crown,

He held 'em six-pence all too dear,

With that he call'd the Taylor Lown :

He was a Wight of high Renown,

And thou art but of low degree ;

'Tis pride that pulls the Country down,

(ho.

And take thine old Cloke about thee. — Some Wine

Caf. Why, this is a more exquisite Song than the other.

Iag. Will you hear't again ?

Caf. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things. Well — Heaven's above all, and there be Souls that must be saved, and there be Souls must not be saved.

Iag. It is true, good Lieutenant.

Caf. For mine own part, no Offence to the General, nor any Man of Quality, I hope to be saved.

Iag. And so do I too, Lieutenant.

Caf. Ay, but by your leave, not before me ; the Lieutenant is to be saved before the Antient. Let's have no more of this, let's to our Affairs : forgive our sins — Gentlemen, let's look to our business : do not think

Gen-

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Gentlemen I am drunk, this is my Antient, this is my Right-hand, and this is my Left: I am not drunk now, I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why very well then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.]

Mon. To the Platform, Masters. Come let's see the Watch.

Iag. You see this Fellow that is gone before. He is a Soldier, fit to stand by *Cæsar*, And give Direction: and do but see his Vice; 'Tis to his Virtues a just Equinox, The one as long as th'other, 'tis pity of him, I fear the Trust *Othello* puts him in, On some odd time of his infirmity, Will shake this Island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iag. 'Tis evermore the Prologue to his Sleep. He'll watch the Horologue a double set, If Drink rock not the Cradle.

Mon. 'Twere well the General were put in mind of it; Perhaps he sees it not, or his good Nature Praises the Virtue that appears in *Cassio*, And looks not on his Evils: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iag. How now, *Rodorigo*.

I pray you after the Lieutenant-go. [Exit Rod.]

Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor Should hazard such a place as his own Second, With one of an ingraft Infirmary: It were an honest Action to say so to the Moor.

Iag. Not I, for this fair Island: I do love *Cassio* well, and would do much To cure him of this Evil: hark, what Noise:

[Help, help, within.]

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Rodorigo.

Cas. You Rogue, you Rascal---

Mon. What's the matter, Lieutenant?

Cas. A Knave, teach me my Duty! I'll beat the Knave into a Twiggen Bottle.

Rod. Beat me----

Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue?

Mon.

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Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant: pray Sir, hold your Hand,

Caf. Let me go Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the Mazar-
zard.

Mon. Come, come, you are drunk.

Caf. Drunk? — [They fight.

Iag. Away I say, go out and cry a Mutiny. [Ex. Rod.

Nay good Lieutenant—Alas, Gentlemen,

Help ho---Lieutenant---Sir, *Montano*---

Help Masters, here's a goodly Watch indeed—

Who's that who rings the Bell? Diabolo—ho

[A Bell rings.

The Town will rise; fy, fy, Lieutenant,

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Gentlemen with Weapons.

Oth. What's the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to Death. [faints.

Oth. Hold for your Lives.

Iag. Hold, hold Lieutenant—Sir—*Montano*—
Gentlemen---

Have you forgot all place of Sense and Duty?

The General speaks to you---hold, hold, for shame.

Oth. Why how now ho, from whence arises this?

Are we turn'd *Turks*, and to ourselves do that

Which Heaven has forbid the *Ottomites*?

For Christian Shame, but by this barbarous Brawl;

He that stirs next, to carve for his own Rage,

Holds his Soul light, he dies upon his Motion.

Silence that dreadful Bell, it frights the Isle

From her Propriety: what is the matter?

Honest *Iago*, that lookest dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy Love I charge thee.

Iag. I do not know, Friends all but now, even now,

In Quarter, and in Terms, like Bride and Groom,

Diveiting them to Bed; and then but now---

(As if some Planet had unwitting Men)

Swords out, and tilting one at others Breast,

In Opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish Odds;

And would, in Action glorious, I had lost

Those Legs that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot?

Caf. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth.

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Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be civil:
The Gravity and Stillness of your Youth,
The World hath noted; and your Name is great
In Mouths of wisest Censure. What's the matter
That you unlace your Reputation thus,
And spend your rich Opinion for the Name
Of a Night-brawler? give me Answer to't.

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to Danger:
Your Officer *Iago* can inform you,
While I spare Speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
By me that's said or done amiss this Night;
Unless Self-charity be sometimes a Vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a Sin.
When Violence assails us.

Oth. Now by Heaven.
My Blood begins my safer Guides to rule,
And Passion having my best Judgment choler'd,
Assays to lead the way: if once I stir,
Or do but lift this Arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my Rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul Rout began, who set it on?
And he that is approv'd in his Offence,
Tho' he had twinn'd with me, both at a Birth,
Shall lose me. What in a Town of War,
Yet wild, the People's Hearts brim-full of Fear,
To manage private and domestick Quarrels?
In Night, and on the Court and Guard of Safety?
'Tis monstrous. Say, *Iago*, who began?

Mon. If partially assign'd, or leagu'd in Office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than Truth,
Thou art no Soldier.

Iag. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this Tongue cut from my Mouth,
Than it should do Offence to *Michael Cassio*;
Yet I persuade myself, to speak the Truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General;
Montano and myself, being in Speech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for Help,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd Sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman
Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreats his Pause:

My

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My self the crying Fellow did pursue,
 Lest by his Clamour, as it so fell out,
 The Town might fall in Fright: he swift of Foot,
 Out-ran my Purpose; I return'd the rather,
 For that I heard the Clink and Fall of Swords;
 And *Cassio* high in Oath, which till to Night
 I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
 For this was brief, I found them close together.
 At Blow and Thrust, even as agen they were,
 When you your self did part them.
 More of this Matter can I not report.
 But Men are Men, the best sometimes forget:
 Tho *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
 As Men in Rage strike those that wish them best;
 Yet surely *Cassio* I believe receiv'd
 From him that fled some strange Indignity,
 Which Patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, *Iago*,
 Thy Honesty and Love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to *Cassio*. *Cassio*, I love thee;
 But never more be Officer of mine.
 Look if my gentle Love be not rais'd up;

Enter Desdemona, with others.

I'll make thee an Example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All is well, Sweeting:

Come away to Bed. Sir, for your Hurts
 My self will be your Surgeon; lead him off:

Iago, look with Care about the Town,
 And silence those whom this vile Brawl distracted.

Come *Desdemona*, 'tis the Soldier's Life.
 To have their balmy Slumbers wak'd with S. rife.

[Exeunt Moor, Desdemona, and Attendants.]

Iag. What are you hurt, Lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all Surgery.

Iag. Marry Heaven forbid.

Cas. Reputation, Reputation! O I have lost my
 Reputation!

I have lost the immortal part of my self,
 And what remains is bestial: my Reputation,

Iago, my Reputation —

Iag. As I am an honest Man, I thought you had re-
 ceiv'd

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ceiv'd some bodily Wound, there is more Sense in that than in Reputation: Reputation is an idle and most false Imputation, often got without Merit, and lost without Deserving: You have lost no Reputation at all, unless you repute your self such a Loser. What Man—— there are ways to recover the General again: you are but now cast in his Mood, a Punishment more in Policy than in Malice; even so as one would bear his offenceless Dog, to affright an imperious Lion: sue to him again, and he's yours

Caf. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and indiscreet an Officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabber, swagger, swear? and discourse Fustian with one's own Shadow? O thou invisible Spirit of Wine! if thou hast no Name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Iag. What was he that you followed with your Sword? What had he done to you?

Caf. I know not.

Iag. Is't possible?

Caf. I remember a Mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a Quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O that Men should put an Enemy in their Mouths, to steal away their Brains; that we should with Joy, Pleasance, Revel, and Applause, transform our selves into Beasts.

Iag. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Caf. It hath pleas'd the Devil Drunkenness, to give place to the Devil Wrath; one Unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise my self.

Iag. Come, you are too severe a Moraller; as the Time, the Place, and the Condition of this Country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befalln: but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caf. I will ask him for my place again, he shall tell me I am a Drunkard; had I as many Mouths as *Hydra*, such an Answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible Man, and by and by a Fool, and presently a Beast: every inordinate Cup is unblest, and the Ingredient is a Devil.

Iag. Come, come, good Wine is a good familiar
Crea-

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Creature, if it be well us'd; exclaim no more against it :
And, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you ?

Cas. I have well approv'd it, Sir—I drunk ?

Iag. You or any Man living may be drunk at some time, Man: I tell you what you shall do : Our General's Wife is now the General: I may say so in this respect, for that he has devoted and given up himself to the Contemplation, Mark and Devotement of her Parts and Graces. Confess your self freely to her, importune her help to put you into your Place again : She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a Disposition, that she holds it a Vice in her Goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken Joint, between you and her Husband, intreat her to splinter : And my Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your Love shall grow stronger than 'twas before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iag. I protest in the Sincerity of Love and honest Kindness.

Cas. I think it freely, and betimes in the Morning I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for me; I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iag. You are in the right :

Good Night, Lieutenant, I must to the Watch.

Cas. Good night honest *Iago*.

[*Exit.*

Iag. And what's he then that says I play the Villain ?
When this Advice is free I give and honest,
Likely to thinking, and indeed the Course
To win the Moor agen For 'tis most easy
The inclining *Desdemona* to subdue
In any honest suit : She's fram'd as fruitful
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were't to renounce his Baptism,
All Seals and Symbols of redeemed Sir,
His Soul is so infetter'd to her Love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her Appetite shall play the God
With his weak Function. Am I then a Villain
To counsel *Cassio* to his parallel Course
Directly to his Good ? 'Tis Hell's Divinity :
When Devils will their blackest Sins put on,

They

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They do suggest at first with heavenly Shews,
As I do now. For while this honest Fool
Pies *Desdemona* to repair his Fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor;
I'll pour this Pestilence into his Ear,
That she repell him for her Body's Lust:
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her Credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her Virtue into Pitch,
And out of her own Goodness make the Net
That shall enmesh them all.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I follow here in the Chase, not like a Hound
that hunts, but one that fills up the Cry: My Money is
almost spent; I have been to Night exceedingly well
cudgel'd; and I think the Issue will be, I shall have so
much Experience for my Pains, and so with no Money
at all, and a little more Wit, return again to *Venice*.

Iag. How poor are they that have not Patience?
What Wound did ever heal but by Degrees?
Thou know'st we work by Wit, and not by Witchcraft;
And Wit depends on dilatory Time:
Does't not go well? *Cassio* has beaten thee,
And thou, by that small Hurt, hath cashier'd *Cassio*.
Tho other things grow fair against the Sun,
Yet Fruits that blossom first, will first be ripe:
Content thy self a while. In Troth 'tis Morning;
Pleasure and Action make the Hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away I say, thou shalt know more hereafter. [*Ex. Rod.*
Nay get thee gone: Two things are to be done;
My Wife must move for *Cassio* to her Mistress:
I'll set her on to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may *Cassio* find
Soliciting his Wife. Ay, that's the way:
Dull not Device by Coldness and Deay. [*Exit.*

ACT

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Cassio with Musicians.

Cas. **M**asters play here, I will content your Pains,
Something that's brief, and bid good mor-
row General. [*They play, and a Clown enters.*]

Clo. Why Masters, have your Instruments been at
Naples, that they speak i' th' Nose thus?

Mus. How Sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, Wind-Instruments?

Mus. Ay marry are they, Sir.

Clo. O thereby hangs a Tail.

Mus. Whereby hangs a Tail, Sir?

Clo. Marry Sir, by many a Wind-Instrument that I
know. But Master's, here's Money for you; and the
General so likes your Musick, that he desires you for
Love's sake, to make no Noise with it.

Mus. Well Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any Musick that may not be heard,
to't again; but as they say, to hear Musick, the General
does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, Sir.

Clo. Then put up your Pipes in your Bag, for I'll
away; go vanish into Air, away. [*Ex. Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest Friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest Friend, I hear you.

Cas. Prithee keep up thy Quillets, there's a poor
Piece of Gold for thee: If the Gentlewoman that at-
tends the Generals Wife be stirring, tell her there's
one *Cassio* entreats of her a little Favour of Speech.
Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, Sir; if she will stir hither, I shall
seem to notify unto her. [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter Iago.

Cas. Do my good Friend: In happy time, *Iago*.

Iag. You have not been a bed then?

Cas. Why no, the Day had broke before we parted.
I have made bold to send in to your Wife;

My

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My Suit is, that she will to *Desdemona*
Procure me some Access.

Iag. I'll send her to you presently,
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your Converse and Business
May be more free. [Exit.

Cas. I humbly thank you for't: I never knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Em. Good morrow, good Lieutenant, I am sorry
For your Displeasure, but all will sure be well.
The General and his Wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly, the Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great Fame in *Cyprus*,
And great Affinity, and that in Wisdom
He might not but refuse you: but he protests he loves
And needs no other Suitor but his Likings,
To take the safest Occasion by the Front,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me Advantage of some brief Discourse
With *Desdemona* alone.

Em. Pray you come in,
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your Bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [Exeunt.

Enter Othello, Iago, and other Gentlemen.

Oth. These Letters give, *Iago*, to the Pilot,
And by him do my Duties to the Senate:
That done, I will be walking on the Works,
Repair there to me.

Iag. My good Lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This Fortification, Gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gen. We'll wait upon your Lordship. [Exeunt.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd good *Cassio*, I will do
All my Abilities in thy behalf.

Em. Good Madam do, I know it grieves my Husband,
As if the Cause were his.

Des. O that's an honest Fellow: doubt not, *Cassio*.
But

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But I will have my Lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Caf. Most bounteous Madam,
Whatever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's never any thing but your true Servant.

Des. I know't, I thank you, you do love my Lord:
You've known him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off,
Than in a politick distance.

Caf. Ay, but Lady.
That Policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish Diet,
Or breed it self so out of Circumstances,
That I being absent, and my Place supplied,
My General will forget my Love and Service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before *Emilia* here,
I give thee Warrant of thy Place: assure thee,
It I do vow a Friendship, I'll perform it
To the last Article: my Lord shall never rest,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of Patience;
His Bed shall seem a School, his Board a Shrift,
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With *Cassio's* Suit. Therefore be merry, *Cassio*,
For thy Solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy Cause away.

Enter Othello. and Iago.

Em. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Caf. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Nay stay, and hear me speak.

Caf. Madam, not now; I'm very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own Purposes.

Des. Well, do your Discretion. [Exit Cassio.]

Iag. Ha, I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iag. Nothing my Lord, or if — I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my Wife?

Iag. *Cassio*, my Lord? no sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I believe 'twas he.

Des. How now my Lord!
I have been talking with a Suitor here,

A Man

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A Man that languishes in your Displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your Lieutenant *Cassio*. Good my Lord,
If I have any Grace or Power to move you,
His present Reconciliation take :
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,
I have no Judgment in an honest Face.
I prithee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. In sooth, so humbled,
That he has left part of his Grief with me,
To suffer with him : good Love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet *Desdemona*, some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, Sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be To-night at Supper?

Oth. No, not To-night.

Des. To-morrow Dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home?

I meet the Captains at the Citadel.

Des. Why then To-morrow night, or Tuesday morn,
Or Tuesday noon, or night, or Wednesday morn.

I prithee name the Time, but let it not

Exceed three days : faith he's penitent ;

And yet his Trespas in our common Reason,

(Save that they say, the Wars must make Examples
Out of the best) is not almost a Fault,

To incur a private Check : when shall he come ?

Tell me, *Othello*. I wonder in my Soul

What you would ask me, that I would deny ?

Or stand so mamm'ring on? What, *Michael Cassio*!

That came wooing with you, and many a time,

When I spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath ta'en your Part, to have so much to do

To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much —

Oth. Prithee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why this is not a Boon

'Tis as I should intreat you wear your Gloves,

Or feed on nourishing Meats, or kee you warm,

Or see to you to do peculiar Profit

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To your own Person. Nay, when I have suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your Love indeed,
It shall be full of Poise and Difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing :
Whereon I do beseech thee grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my self.

Des. Shall I deny ? no : Farewell my Lord.

Oth. farewell my *Desdemona*, I'll come straight.

Des. *Emilia*, come, be as your Fancies teach you :
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Ex. Des. and Em.*]

Oth. Excellent Wretch ! Perdition catch my Soul !
But I do love thee, and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iag. My noble Lord.

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*.

Iag. Did *Michael Cassio*, when you woo'd my Lady,
Know of your Love ?

Oth. He did from first to last : Why dost thou ask ?

Iag. But for a Satisfaction of my Thought,
No further Harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago* ?

Iag. I did not think he had been acquainted with it.

Oth. O yes, and went between us very oft.

Iag. Indeed !

Oth. Indeed ! ay indeed : discern'st thou ought in that ?
Is he not honest ?

Iag. Honest, my Lord !

Oth. Honest ! ay honest.

Iag. My Lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What dost thou think ?

Iag. Think, my Lord ?

Oth. Think my Lord ? why dost thou eccho me ?

As if there were some Monster in thy Thought,
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something :
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st not that——
When *Cassio* left my Wife. What didst not like ?
And when I told thee he was of my Counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst *Indeed* !
And didst contract and purse thy Brow together,
As if thou then had shut up in thy Brain
Some horrible Conceit : If thou dost love me,
Shew me thy Thought.

Iag.

Iag. My Lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost,

And for I know thou'rt full of Love and Honesty,
And weigh'st thy Words before thou giv'st 'em breath,
Therefore these Stops of thine fright me the more :
For such things in a false disloyal Knave,
Are Tricks of custom ; but in a Man that's just,
They're close Denotements, working from the Heart,
That Passion cannot rule.

Iag. For *Michael Cassio*,

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iag. Men should be what they seem :
Or those that be not, would they might seem none.

Oth. Certain, Men should be what they seem.

Iag. Why then I think *Cassio*'s an honest Man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this :

I pray thee speak to me, as to thy Thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of Thoughts
The worst of Words.

Iag. Good my Lord, pardon me :

Tho I am bound to every Act of Duty,
I am not bound to that all Slaves are free to ;
Utter my Thoughts ! — Why, say they're vile and false :
As whereas that Palace whereinto foul things
Sometime intrude not ? Who has a Breast so pure,
But some uncleanly Apprehensions
Keep Leets and Law-days, and in Session sit
With Meditations lawful ?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy Friend, *Iago*.
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his Ear
A Stranger to thy Thoughts.

Iag. I do beseech you,

Tho I perchance am vicious in my Guess,
(As I confess it is my Nature's Plague,
To spy into Abuse, and oft my Jealousy
Shapes Faults that are not) I intreat you then
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Your Wisdom would not build your self a Trouble
Out of my scattering and unsure Observance :
It were not for your Quiet, nor your Good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honesty, and Wisdom,

To

Iag.

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To let you know my Thoughts.

Oth. When dost thou mean?

Iag. Good Name in Man and Woman, my dear Lord,
Is the immediate Jewel of their Souls:

Who steals my Purse, steals Trash, 'tis something,
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been Slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy Thoughts ———

Iag. You cannot if my Heart were in your Hand,
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my Custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iag. Obeware, my Lord, of Jealousy;
It is a green-ey'd Monster, which doth mock
The Meat it feeds on: That Cuckold lives in Bliss,
Who certain of his Fate, loves not his Wronger:
But oh what damned Minutes tells he o'er,
Whodotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O Misery!

Iag. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But Riches endless is as poor as Winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good Heaven, the Souls of all my Tribe defend
From Jealousy.

Oth. Why, why is this?

Thinkst thou I'd make a Life of Jealousy?
To follow still the Changes of the Moon
With fresh Suspicions? No, to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I shall turn the Business of my Soul
To such exufficate and blown Surmises,
Matching my Inference; 'tis not to make me jealous,
To say my Wife is lair, feeds well, loves Company,
Is free of Speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where Virtue is, there are most virtuous.
Nor from my own weak Merits will I draw
The smallest Fear or Doubt of her Revolt,
For she had Eyes, and chose me. No, *Iago*,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove:

And

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And on the Proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Love or Jealousy.

Iag. I'm glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To shew the Love and Duty that I bear you,
With franker Spirit: therefore as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of Proof.
Look to your Wife, observe her well with *Cassio*;
Wear your Eye thus; not jealous, nor secure;
I would not have your free and noble Nature,
Out of self-Bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our Country Disposition well;
In *Venice* they do let Heaven see the Pranks
They dare not shew their Husbands: their best Conscience
Is not to leav't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her Father, marrying you:
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your Looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iag. Go to then;

She that so young could give out such a seeming,
To seal her Father's Eyes up, close as Oak ———
He thought'twas Witchcraft--- but I am much to blame,
I humbly do beseech you of your Pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iag. I see this has a little dash'd your Spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iag. Trust me, I fear it has:

I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my Love: but I do see you're mov'd ———
I am to pray you not to strain my Speech
To grosser Issues, nor to larger Reach,
Than to Suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iag. Should you do so, my Lord,
My Speech would fall into such vile Success,
As my Thoughts aim not at: *Cassio's* my worthy Friend,
My Lord, I see you're mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd.

I do not think but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iag. Long live she so, and long live you to think so.

Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it's self ———

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Iag. Ay, there's the Point ---- (as to be bold with you)
Nor to affect many proposed Matches
Of her own Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
Whereto we see in all things Nature tends :
Foh, one may smell in such a Will most rank,
Foul Disproportions, Thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me : I do not in Position
Distinctly speak of her, tho' I may fear
Her Will recoiling to her better Judgment,
May fall to match you with her Country Forms,
And haply so repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewel, if more
Thou dost perceive, let me know more : set on
Thy Wife to observe : leave me, *Iago*.

Iag. My Lord, I take my leave. [Going.

Oth. Why did I marry ? This honest Creature doubtless
Sees, and knows more, much more than he unfolds.

Iag. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honour
To scan this thing no farther, leave it to Time ;
Altho' 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his Place,
(For sure he fills it with great Ability)
Yet if you please to put him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his Means.
Note, if your Lady strain his Entertainment
With any strong or vehement Importunity,
Much will be seen in that : in the meantime,
Let me be thought too busy in my Fears,
(As worthy Cause I have to fear I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honour.

Oth. Fear not my Government.

Iag. I once more take my leave.

[Exit.

Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding Honesty,
And knows all Qualities with a learned Spirit
Of human Dealings. If I prove her heggard,
Tho' that her Jesses were my dear Heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the Wind,
To prey at Fortune. Hap'y, for I am black,
And have not those soft Parts of Conversation,
That Chamberers have ; or for I am declin'd
Into the Vale of Years ; Yet that's not much.
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my Relief
Must be to loath her : O the Curse of Marriage,
That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,

And

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And not their Appetites! I had rather be a Toad,
And live upon the Vapours of a Dungeon,
Than keep a Corner in the Thing I love,
For others use: yet 'tis the Plague of great ones,
Prerogativ'd are they less than the Base;
'Tis Destiny unshunnable, like Death.
Even then this forked Plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. *Desdemona* comes;
If she be false, O then Heaven mocks it self!
I'll not believe it.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

Des. How now, my dear *Othello*?
Your Dinner, and the generous Islanders
By you invited, do attend your Presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your Speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a Pain upon my Forehead here.

Des. Why that's with watching, 'twill away again;
Let me but bind it hard, within this Hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your Napkin is too little :

[She drops her Handkerchief.]

Let it alone : come I'll go with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exeunt Oth. and Des.]

Em. I am glad I have found this Napkin,
This was her first Remembrance from the Moor;
My way-ward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it : but she so loves the Token,
(For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it)
That she reserves it ever more about her,
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the Work ta'en out,
And give't *Iago*: what he'll do with it,
Heaven knows, not I:
I nothing but to please his Fantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iag. How now, what do you here alone?

Em. Do not you chide, I have a thing for you.

Iag. A thing for me ! it is a common thing —

Em. Ha !

Iag. To have a foolish Wife.

Em. O is that all ? What will you give me now
For that same Handkerchief ?

B 2

Iag.

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Iag. What Handkerchief?

Em. What Handkerchief!

Why that the Moor first gave to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iag. Hast stol'n it from her?

Em. No; but she let it drop by Negligence,
And to th' Advantage, I being here, took't up,
Look here it is.

Iag. A good Wench, give it me.

Em. What will you do with it?

You have been so earnest to have me filch it?

Iag. Why, what's that to you?

Em. If it be not for some Purpose of import,
Give me't again; poor Lady, she'll run mad
When she shall lack't.

Iag. Be not you known on't, I have use for it — go,
leave me. [Exit Em.]

I will in *Cassio's* Lodging lose this Napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as Air
Are to the Jealous, Confirmations strong
As Proofs of holy Writ. This may do something:
The Moor already changes with my Poisons:
Dangerous Conceits are in their Nature Poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;
But with a little Act upon the Blood,
Burn like the Mines of Sulphur — I did say so.

Enter Othello.

Look where he comes, not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy Syrups of the World,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet Sleep,
Which thou hadst Yesterday.

Oth. Ha! false to me!

Iag. Why, how now General? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt, begone; thou'lt set me on the Rack,
I swear; 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Iag. How, my Lord?

Oth. What Sense had I in her stol'n Hours of Lust?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I slept the next Night well, was free and merry;
I found not *Cassio's* Kisses on her Lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iag.

Iag. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy if the general Camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing known. O now for ever
Farewel the tranquil Mind ! farewel Content !
Farewel the plumed Troops, and the big War,
That make Ambition Virtue ! O farewel !
Farewel the neighing Steed, and the shril Trump,
The Spirit-stirring Drum, th' Ear-piercing Fife,
The royal Banner, and all Quality,
Pride, Pomp, and Circumstance of glorious War !
And O ye mortal Engines, whose wide Throats
Th' immortal *Jove's* great Clamours counterfeit,
Farewel ! *Othello's* Occupation's gone !

Iag. Is't possible, my Lord ?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my Love a Whore ;
Be sure of it : give me the ocular Proof ;

[*Catching hold of him.*

Or by the Worth of mine eternal Soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a Dog,
Than answer my wak'd Wrath.

Iag. Is't come to this ?

Oth. Make me to see't ; or at the least to prove it,
That the Probation bear no Hinge, nor Loop,
To hang a Doubt on ; or wo upon thy Life.

Iag. My noble Lord ———

Oth. It thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more ; abandon all Remorse :
On Horror's Head, Horrors accumulate :
Do Deeds to make Heaven weep, all Earth amaz'd ;
For nothing canst thou to Damnation add
Greater than that.

Iag. O Grace, O Heaven defend me !
Are you a Man ? have you a Soul, or Sense ?
God b'ye r'you, take my Office. Wretched Fool,
That liv'st to make thy Honesty a Vice :
O monstrous World ; take note ; take note O World,
To be direct and honest is not safe :
I thank you for this Profit, and from hence
I'll love no Friend, since Love breeds such Offence.

Oth. Nay stay ——— thou shouldst be honest ———

Iag. I should be wise, for Honesty's a Fool,
And loses what it works for.

Oth.

Iag.

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Oth. By the World,
I think my Wife is honest, and think she is not ;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not ;
I'll have some Proof. Her Name, that was as fresh
As *Dian's* Village, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own Face. If there be Cords or Knives,
Poison, or Fire, or suffocating Streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfy'd.

Iag. I see, Sir, you are eaten up with Passion ;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfy'd.

Oth. Would ! nay, and will.

Iag. And may, but how, how satisfy'd, my Lord ?
Would you be Supervisor, grossly gape on,
Behold her topt ?

Oth. Death and Damnation, oh !

Iag. It were a tedious Difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that Prospect ; damn 'em then,
If ever mortal Eyes do see them boulder
More than their own. What then, how then ?
What shall I say ? where's Satisfaction ?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goats, as hot as Monkies,
As salt as Wolves in Pride, and Fools as gross
As Ignorance made drunk. But yet I say,
If Imputation and strong Circumstances,
Which lead directly to the Door of Truth,
Will give you Satisfaction, you might ha't.

Oth. Give me a living Reason, she's disloyal.

Iag. I do not like the Office ;
But sith I'm enter'd in this Cause so far,
Prickt to't by foolish Honesty and Love,
I will go on : I lay with *Cassio* lately, [sleep—
And being troubled with a raging Tooth, I could not
There are a kind of Men so loose of Soul,
That in their Sleep will mutter their Affairs ;
One of this kind is *Cassio* :
In sleep I heard him say, sweet *Desdemona*,
Let us be wary, let us hide our Love ?
And then Sir, would he gripe and wring my Hand,
O sweet Creature ! and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluckt up Kisses by the Roots,
That grew upon my Lips ; then lay his Leg

Over

Over my Thigh. and sigh'd and kissed ; and then
Cry, cursed Fate! that gave thee to the Moor.

Oth. O monstrous, monstrous!

Iag. This was but a Dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foreign Conclusion ;
'Tis a shrewd Doubt, tho it be but a Dream.

Iag. and this may help to thicken other Proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to Pieces.

Iag. Nay, but be wise ; yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a Handkerchief,
Spotted with Strawberries, in your Wife's Hand ?

Oth. I gave her such a one, 'was my first Gift.

Iag. I know not that ; but such a Handkerchief
I'm sure it was your Wife's, did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his Beard with.

Oth. If't be that——

Iag. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her with the other Proofs.

Oth. O that the Slave had forty thousand Lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my Revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true——Look here *Iago*,
All my fond Love, thus do I blow to Heaven ; tis gone.
Arise black Vengeance from thy hollow Cell !
Yield up, O Love, thy Crown, and hearted Throne,
To tyrannous Hate ! Swell Bosom with thy Fraught,
For 'tis of Aspicks Tongues.

Iag. Yet be content.

Oth. O Blood ! *Iago*, Blood !

Iag. Patience I say ; your Mind perhaps may change.

Oth. Never, *Iago*.

Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
Whose icy Current and compulsive Course
Ne'er feels retiring Ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick* and the *Hlelespont* :
Even so my bloody Thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble Love,
Till that a capable and wide Revenge
Swallow them up. Now by yon marble Heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred Vow, [He kneels.
I here ingage my Words.

Iag. Do not rise yet :

Witness

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Witness ye ever-burning Lights above !
 You Elements that clip us round about !
 Witness that here, *Iago* doth give up
 The Execution of his Wit, Hand, Heart,
 To wrong'd *Othello's* Service : let him command,
 Not to obey, shall be in me remorse,
 What bloody Work soever.

Oth. I greet thy Love,
 Not with vain Thanks, but with Acceptance bounteous,
 And will upon the instant put thee to't :
 Within these three Days let me hear thee say,
 That *Cassio's* not alive.

Iag. My Friend is dead :
 'Tis done at your Request, but let her live.

Oth. Damn her, leud Minks : O damn her, damn her !
 Come go with me apart, I will withdraw,
 To furnish me with some swift Means of Death
 For the fair Devil : now art thou my Lieutenant.

Iag. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and the Clown.

Des. Do you know, Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio*
 lies ?

Cl. I dare not say he lyes any where.

Des. Why, Man ?

Cl. He is a Soldier, and for one to say a Soldier lyes,
 is stabbing.

Des. Go to, where lodges he ?

Cl. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where
 I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this ?

Cl. I know not where he lodges ; and for me to de-
 vise a Lodging, and say he lies here, or he lies there,
 were to lye in mine own Throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out, and be edified by report ?

Cl. I will catechize the World for him, that is, make
 Questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither, tell him I have
 mov'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Cl. To do this is within the Compass of Man's Wit,
 and therefore I'll attempt the doing of it. [*Exit.*

Des. Where should I lose the Handkerchief, *Emilia* ?

Em. I know not, Madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my Purse

Full

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Full of Crusadoes : and but my noble Moor
Is true of Mind, and made of no such Baseness
As jealous Creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Em. Is he not jealous ?

Des. Who he ? I think the Sun where he was born,
Drew all such Humours from him.

Enter Othello.

Em. Look where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now,
Till *Cassio* be call'd to him : how is it with you, my Lord ?

Oth. Well, my good Lady : O hardness to dissemble !
How do you *Desdemona* ?

Des. Well my good Lord.

Oth. Give me thy Hand ; this Hand is moist, my Lady.

Des. It yet has felt no Age, nor know no Sorrow,

Oth. This argues Fruitfulness and liberal Heart ;
Hot, hot, and moist—this Hand of yours requires
A sequester from Liberty, Fasting and Prayer,
Much Castigation, Exercise devout :
For here's a young and sweating Devil here,
That commonly rebels : 'tis a good Hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may indeed say so :
For 'twas that Hand that gave away my Heart.

Oth. A liberal Hand : the Hearts of old gave Hands ;
But our new Heraldry is Hands, not Hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this ; come now your Promise.

Oth. What Promise, Chuck ?

Des. I have sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry Rheum offends me,
Lend me thy Handkerchief.

Des. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ?

Des. Not indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a Fault : that Handkerchief
Did an *Egyptian* to my Mother give ;
She was a Charmer, and cou'd almost read
The Thoughts of People. She told her while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, subdue my Father
Inirely to her Love ; but if she lost it,

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Or made a Gift of it, my Father's Eye
Should hold her loathed, and his Spirit hunt
After new Fancies. She dying gave it me,
And bid me, when my Fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't,
Make it a Darling like your precious Eye;
To lose it, or give it away, were such Perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true, there's Magick in the Web of it,
A Sibyl that had number'd in the World,
'The Sun to course two hundred Compasses,
In her prophetick Fury, sowed the Work:
The Worms were hallowed that did breed the Silk,
And it was dyed in Mummy, which the skillful
Conserv'd of Maidens Hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable therefore look't to't well.

Des. Then would to Heaven that I had never seen it.

Oth. Ha, wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? Speak, is't out o' th' way?

Des. Bless us---

Oth. Say you.

Des. It is not lost, but what and if it were?

Oth. Ha.

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it.

Des. Why so I can, Sir, but I will not now:
This is a Trick, to put me from my Suit,
Pray you let *Cassio* be receiv'd again. (gives---

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchief----my Mind mis-

Des. Come, you'll never meet a more sufficient Man.

Oth. The Handkerchief---

Des. A Man, that all his time,
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your Love,
Shar'd his Dangers with you.

Oth. The Handkerchief---

Des. In sooth you are to blame.

Oth. Away.

Em. Is not this Man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure there's some Wonder in this Handkerchief:

I'm

[Exit.

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I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.

Em. 'Tis not a Year or two shews us a Man:
They are but Stomachs, and we all but Food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they're full
They belch us: look you, *Cassio* and my Husband.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iag. There is no other way, 'tis she must do it;
And to the Happiness, go and importune her.

Des. How now good *Cassio*, what's the News with you?

Cas. Madam, my former Suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous Means, I may gain
Exist, and be a Member of his Love,
Whom I, with all the Office of my Heart,
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd:
If my Offence be of such mortal kind,
That not my Service past, nor present Sorrows,
Nor purpos'd Merit in Fururity,
Can ransom me into his Love again;
But to know so, must be my Benefit;
So shall I cloth me in a forc'd Content,
And shut myself up in some other Course,
To Fortune's Alms.

Des. Alas! thrice gentle *Cassio*,
My Advocation is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord; nor should I know him.
Were he in Favour, as in Humour alter'd,
So held me every Spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his Displeasure
For my free Speech. You must a while be patient,
What I can do I will; and more I will,
Than for my self I dare: let that Suffice you.

Iga. Is my Lord angry?

Em. He went hence but now.
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iag. Can he be angry? I have seen the Cannon,
When it hath blown his Ranks into the Air,
And like the Devil from his very Arm
Puff his own Brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*]

Des. I prithee do so: something sure of State,
Either from *Venice*, or some unhatch'd Practice,

Made

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Made here demonstrable in *Cyprus* to him,
Hath puddled his clear Spirit ; and in such Cases
Mens Natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho' great ones are their Object.

'Tis even so ; for let our Finger ake,
And it endues our other healthful Members
With a Sense of pain. Nay, we must think,
Men are not Gods,
Nor of them look for such Observance always
As fits the Bridal. Beshrew me much, *Emilia*,
I was (unhandsome Warriour as I am)
Arraigning his Unkindness with my Soul ;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the Witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Em. Pray Heaven it be State-Matter, as you think,
And no Conception, nor no jealous Toy
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

Em. But jealous Souls will not be answered so ;
They are not ever jealous for a Cause,
But jealous for they are jealous : 'tis a Monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that Monster from *Othello's* Mind.

Em. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will go seek him. *Cassio*, walk here about ;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your Suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost. [*Ex. Des. and Em.*]

Cas. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you Friend *Cassio*.

Cas. What makes you from home ?
How is it with you, my most fair *Bianca* ?
Indeed, sweet Love, I was coming to your House.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Cassio* ;
What ! keep a Week away ? seven Days and Nights ?
Eightscore eight Hours ? and Lovers absent Hours,
More tedious than the Dial, eightscore times ?
O weary reckoning !

Cas. Pardon me, *Bianca*,
I have this while with leaden Thoughts been prest,
But I shall in a more convenient time
Strike off this Score of Absence : sweet *Bianca*,
Take me this work out.

[*Giving her Desdemona's Handkerchief.*]

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Biar. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?
This is some Token from a newer Friend:
Of thy felt Absence, now I feel the Cause:
Is't come to this? well, well.

Cas. Go to, Woman,
Throw your vile Guessees in the Devil's Teeth,
From whence you have them; you are jealous now,
That this is from some Mistress, some Remembrance:
No, in good troth, *Bianca*.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not neither, I found it in my Chamber;
I like the Work well: e'er it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'd have it copied;
Take it and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you, wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wish
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me:
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you;
For I attend here, but I'll see you soon.

Em. 'Tis very good, I must be circumstanc'd. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Enter Iago and Othello.

Iag. **W**ILL you think so?

Oth. Think so, *Iago*!

Iag. What, to kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd Kiss.

Iag. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean any harm.
It is Hypocrisy against the Devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The Devil their Virtue tempts, and they tempt Heaven.

Iag. If they do nothing 'tis a venial Slip:
But if I give my Wife a Handkerchief----

Oth. What then?

Iag. Why then, 'tis hers, my Lord; and being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any Man. *Oth.*

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Oth. She is Protectress of her Honour too ;
May she give that ?

Iag. Her Honour is an Essence that's not seen,
They have it very oft, that have it not :
But for the Handkerchief ———

Oth. By Heaven I would most gladly have forgot it ;
Thou saidst (O it comes o'er my Memory,
As does the Raven o'er the infected House,
Boding to all) he had my Handkerchief.

Iag. Ay, what of that ?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iag. What if I had said I had seen him do you wrong ?
Or heard him say, as Knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their own importunate Suit,
Or voluntary Dotage of some Mistress,
Convinced or supply'd them, cannot chuse
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing ?

Iag. He hath, my Lord, but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll answer.

Oth. What hath he said ?

Iag. Why that he did ——— I know not what he did.

Oth. What ?

Iag. Lie ———

Oth. With her ?

Iag. With her ? on her, what you will.

Oth. Lie with her ! lie on her ! lie with her ! that's
falsome : Handkerchief — Confession — Handker-
chief — I tremble at it — Nature would not invest
herself in such shadowing, without some Instruction : It
is not Words that shake me thus — pish — Noses,
Ears, and Lips — Is't possible ! — confess ! —
Handkerchief ! O Devil ——— [*Falls in a Trance.*]

Iag. Work on,

My Medicine works ! Thus credulous Fools are caught ;
and many worthy and chaste Dames, even thus (all
guiltless) meet Reproach : What ho ! my Lord, my
Lord I say, *Othello*. How now, *Cassio* ?

Enter Cassio.

Cas. What's the matter ?

Iag. My Lord is fallen into an Epilepsy,
This is the second Fit, he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the Temples.

Iag.

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Iag. No, forbear :

The Lethargy must have his quiet Course ;
If not, he foams at Mouth, and by-and-by
Breaks out to savage Madnes : look he stirs.
Do you withdraw your self a little while,
He will recover strait ; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you. [*Ex. Cassio.*]
How is it General, have you not hurt your Head ?

Oth. Dost thou mock me ?

Iag. I mock you not by Heaven ;
Would you would bear your fortunes like a Man.

Oth. A horned Man's a Monster, and a Beast.

Iag. There's many a Beast then in a populous City,
And many a civil Monster.

Oth. Did he confess it ?

Iag. Good Sir, be a Man :
Think every bearded Fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper Beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar. Your case is better :
O 'tis the Spite of Hell, the Fiend's arch Mock,
To lip a Wanton in a secure Couch,
And to suppose her chaste No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O thou art wise ; 'tis certain.

Iag. Stand you a-while apart,
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
While you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief,
(A Passion most unfitting such a Man)
Cassio came hither : I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuses on your Extasy ;
Bad him anon return, and here speak with me ;
The which he promis'd. Do but incave your self,
And mark the Fleers, the Gibes, and notable Scorns,
That dwell in every region of his Face.
For I will make him tell the Tale a-new ;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your Wife.
I say, but mark his Gesture. Marry patience,
Or I shall say, you're all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a Man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, *Iago*,
I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
But dost thou hear, most bloody.

Iag.

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Iag. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all: will you withdraw?

[*Oth. withdraws.*]

Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*;
A Huswife, that by selling her Desires,
Buys her self bread and cloth: it is a Creature,
That doats on *Cassio*; as 'tis the Strumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one:
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile *Othello* shall go mad;
And his unbookish Jealousy must construe
Poor *Cassio*'s Smiles, Gestures, and light behaviour
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, Lieutenant?

Cas. The worser that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iag. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this Suit lay in *Bianca*'s Power, *Speaking lower.*
How quickly should you speed.

Cas. Alas poor Caitif!

Oth. Look how he laughs already.

Iag. I never knew a Woman love Man so.

Cas. Alas poor Rogue, I think indeed she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out,

Iag. Do you hear, *Cassio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it o'er:

Go to, well said, well said.

Iag. She gives it out that you shall marry her.

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do you triumph, *Roman*, do you triumph?

Cas. I marry her! What! a Customer?

Prithee bear some Charity to my Wit,

Do not think it so unwholsom: ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so; they laugh that win.

Iag. Why, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

Cas. *Prithee* say true.

Iag. I am a very Villain else.

Oth. Have you scor'd me? well.

Cas. This is the Monkey's own giving out; she is
persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and
flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth.

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Oth. *Iago* beckons me, now he begins the story.

Caf. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place: I was t'other day talking on the Sea-bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my Neck——

Oth. Crying O dear *Cassio*, as 'twere, his Gesture imports it.

Caf. So hangs and lolls, and weeps upon me; so shakes and pulls me, ha, ha, ha——

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Chamber: O I see that Nose of yours, but not that Dog I shall throw't to.

Caf. Well, I must leave her Company.

Iag. Before me; look where she comes

Enter Bianca.

Caf. 'Tis such another Fitchew; marry a perfum'd one! What do you mean by this haunting me?

Bia Let the Devil and his Dam haunt you: what did you mean by that same Handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine Fool to take it; I must take out the Work? a likely piece of work, that you should find it in your Chamber, and not know who left it there. This is some Minx's token, and I must take out the Work? there, give it your Hobby-horse; wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no Work on't.

Caf. How now, my sweet *Bianca*? how now, how now?

Oth. By Heaven that should be my Handkerchief.

Bia. If you'll come to supper to night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepared for.

[*Exit.*]

* *Iag.* After her, after her.

Caf. I must, she'll rail i' th' street else.

Iag. Will you sup there?

Caf. Yes, I intend so.

Iag. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you.

Caf. Prithee come, will you?

Iag. Go to, say no more.

[*Exit Cassio.*]

Oth. How shall I murder him, *Iago*?

Iag. Did you perceive, how he laugh'd at his Vice?

Oth. O *Iago*.

Iag. And did you see the Handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iag.

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Iag. Yours by this Hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish Woman your Wife---she gave it him, and he has given it his Whore.

Oth. I would have him nine Years a killing: a fine Woman! a fair Woman! a sweet Woman!

Iag. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to night, for she shall not live: no, my Heart is turn'd to Stone: I strike it, and it hurts my Hand. O the World has not a sweeter Creature; she might lie by an Emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iag. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is---So delicate with her Needle---an admirable Musician. O she will sing the Savageness out of a Bear: of so high and plentiful Wit and Invention!

Iag. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. A thousand, a thousand times: and then of so gentle condition!--

Iag. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay that's certain: but yet the pity of it. *Iago*---oh the pity.

Iag. If you are so fond over her Iniquity, give her Patent to Offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes---Cuckold me!

Iag. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Iag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get thee some Poison, *Iago*, this night: I'll not expostulate with her, lest her Body and her Beauty unprovide my Mind again: this Night, *Iago*.

Iag. Do it not with Poison, strangle her in her Bed, even in the Bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good; the Justice of it pleases; very good.

Iag. And for *Cassio*, let me be his Undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good: (A Trumpet. What Trumpet is that same?

Iag. Something from *Venice* sure: 'tis *Lodovico*: This comes from the Duke; see, your Wife is with him.

Lod. Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my Heart, Sir.

Lod.

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Lod. The Duke and Senators of *Venice* greet you.
(*Gives him a Letter.*)

Oth. I kiss the Instrument of their Pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good Cousin *Lodovico*?

Iag. I am very glad to see you, Seignior:---

Welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thank you; how does Lieutenant, *Cassio*?

Iag. Lives, Sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my Lord
An unkind Breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord.

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will---

Lod. He did not call, he's busy in the Paper.

Is there Division 'twixt my Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them, for the Love I bear to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and Brimstone!

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the Letter mov'd him.

For, as I think they do command him home,

Deputing *Cassio* in his Government.

Des. Trust me, I'm glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet *Othello*?

Oth. Devil!

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be belived in *Venice*,

Tho' I should swear I saw't, 'tis very much,

Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O Devil, Devil!

If that the Earth could teem with Woman's Tears,

Each Drop she falls would prove a Crocodile:

Out of my Sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you. (Going.)

Lod. Truly an obedient Lady:

I do beseech your Lordship call her back.

Oth. Mistress.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her, Sir? *Lod.*

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Lod. Who I, my Lord?

Orb. I! you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep;
And she's obedient; as you say obedient,
Very obedient——proceed you in your Tears——
Concerning this, Sir: O well-painted Passion——
I am commanded home:——get you away,
I'll send for you anon.—— Sir, I obey the Mandate,
And will return to *Venice*:—hence, avant! [*Exit Des.*
Cassio shall have my Place; and, Sir, to night
I do intreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus*!—Goats and Monkeys!

[*Exit.*

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full Senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? This the Nature,
Which Passion could not shake? whose solid Virtue
The Shot of Accident, nor Dart of Chance
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iag. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his Wits safe; is he not of light Brain?

Iag. He's what he is; I may not breathe my Censure.
What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to Heaven he were.

Lod. What, strike his Wife!

Iag. Faith, that was not so well: yet would I know
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use;

Or did the Letters work upon his Blood,
And new create this Fault?

Iag. Alas, Alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own Courses will denote him so,
That I may save my Speech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in him. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Othello and Emelia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then.

Em. Nor never hear'd, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen *Cassio* and her together.

Em. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each Syllable that Breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper? *Em.*

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Em. Never, my Lord.

Oth. Nor fend you out o' th' way?

Em. Never.

Oth. To fetch her Fan, her Mask, her Gloves, nor nothing.

Em. Never, my Lord.

Oth. That's strange!

Em. I durst, my Lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my Soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your Thought, it doth abuse your Bosom.
If any Wretch have put this in your Head,
Let Heaven require it with the Serpent's Curse;
For if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There's no Man happy, the purest of their Wives
Is foul as Slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither, go.

[*Ex. Emil.*]

She says enough, yet she's a simple Bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle Whore,
A closet-lock and key of villainous Secrets:
And yet she'll kneel and pray, I've seen her do't.

Enter Desdemona, and Emilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray Chuck come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your Eyes--look in my Face.

Des. What horrible Fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your Function, Mistress
Leave Procreants alone, and shut the Door,
Cough, or cry hem, if any Body come,
Your Mystery, your Mystery; nay dispatch.

Des. Upon my Knee, what does your Speech import?
I understand a Fury in your Words;
But not your Words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your Wife, my Lord, your true and loyal Wife.

Oth. Come, swear it; dam'n thyself,
Left being like one of Heaven, the Devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee. Therefore be doubly damn'd;
Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as Hell.

Des. To whom, my Lord? with whom? how am I
false!

Oth. Ah *Desdemona*, away, away, away. [*Des-*

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Des. Alas the heavy Day ! why do you weep ?
Am I the Motive of these Tears, my Lord ?
If haply you my Father do suspect
An Instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your Blame on me ; if you have lost him,
Why I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd Heaven
To try me with Affliction, had he rain'd
All kinds of Sores, and Shames on my bare Head,
Steep'd me in Poverty to the very Lips,
Given to captivity me and my Hopes ;
I should have found in some place of my Soul
A drop of Patience. But alas, to make me
A fixed Figure for the Hand of Scorn,
To point his slow unmoving Finger at——
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there, where I have garner'd up my Heart
Where either I must live, or bear no Life,
The Fountain from which my Current runs,
Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence ;
Or speak it as a Cistern, for foul Toads
To knot and gender in. Turn thy Complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lip'd Cherubin ;
I here look grim as Hell.

Des. I hope my noble Lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O ay, as Summer Flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing.
O thou weed, who art so lovely fair,
And smel'st so sweet, that the Sense akes at thee——
Would thou hadst ne'er been born !

Des. Alas, what ignorant Sin have I committed ?

Oth. Was this fair Paper, this most goodly Book,
Made to write Whore upon ? What committed ?
Committed ? O thou publick Commoner !
I should make very Forges of my Cheeks,
That would to Cinders burn up Modesty,
Did I but speak thy Deeds. What committed ?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the Moon winks ;
The bawdy Wind that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hallow Mine of Earth,
And will not hear it--What committed !——Impudent
Strumpet !

Des. By Heaven you do me wrong.

Oth.

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Oth. Are not you a Strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this Vessel for my Lord,
From any other foul un'awful touch,
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a Whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. O Heaven forgive us.

Oth. I cry you Mercy then.

I took you for that cunning Whore of *Venice*
That married with *Othello*—You Mistress,

Enter Emilia.

That have the Office opposite to St. *Peter*,
And keep the Gate of Hell; you, you! ay you!
We ha' done our Course—here's Money for your pains:
I pray you turn the Key, and keep our Counsel. (*Exit.*)

Em. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceive?

How do you, Madam? how do you, my good Lady?

Des. Faith half asleep.

Em. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?

Des. With whom?

Em. Why, with my Lord, Madam.

Des. Who is thy Lord?

Em. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Des. I ha' none; do not talk to me *Emilia*.

I cannot weep; nor Answer have I none,
But what should go by Water. Pray to night
Lay on my Bed my Wedding-sheets, remember,
And call thy Husband hither.

Em. Here's a Change indeed! [*Exit.*]

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so; very meet:
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st Opinion on my least misuse?

Enter Iago and Emilia.

Iag. What is your Pleasure, Madam?

How is't with you?

Des. I cannot tell; those that do teach your Babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy Tasks;
He might ha' chid me so: for in good Faith,
I am a Child to chiding.

Iag. What's the matter, Lady?

Em. Alas, *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown

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Thrown such Despite and heavy Terms upon her,
The true Heart cannot bear it.

Des. Am I that Name, *Iago*?

Iag. What Name, fair Lady:

Des. Such as she said, my Lord did say I was.

Em. He call'd her Whore; a Beggar in his Drink
Could not have laid such Terms upon his Callet.

Iag. Why did he so:

Des. I do not know, I'm sure I am none such.

Iag. Do not weep, do not weep; alas the Day!

Em. Has she forsook so many noble Matches!
Her Father? and her Country? and her Friends,
To be call'd Whore! would it not make one weep!

Des. It is my wretched Fortune,

Iag. Beshrew him for it: how comes this Trick upon
him!

Des. Nay, Heaven doth know.

Em. I will be hang'd if some eternal Villain,
Some busy and insinuating Rogue,
Some cogging and cozening Slave to get some Office,
Have not devis'd this Slander: I'll be hang'd else.

Iag. Fie, there is no such Man: it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, Heaven pardon him.

Em. A Halter pardon, and Hell gnaw his Bones:
Why should he call her Whore: who keeps her Company:
What place: what time: what form: what likelihood:
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous Knave,
Some base notorious Knave, some scurvy Fellow.
O Heaven, that such Companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest Hand a Whip,
To lash the Rascal naked thro' the World,
Even from the East to th' West.

Iag. Speak within Door.

Em. O fy upon them some such Squire he was,
That turn'd your Wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iag. You are a Fool, go to.

Des. Alas, *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my Lord again:
Good Friend, go to him; by this Light of Heaven
I know not how I lost him,
Here I kneel:

(*Kneeling.*)

If e'er my Will did trespass 'gainst his Love,

Or

Or in Discourse, or Thought, or actual Deed;
Or that mine Eyes, mine Ears, or any Sense,
Delighted them on any other Form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will (tho' he do shake me off
To beggarly Divorcement) love him dearly;
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much,
And his Unkindness may defeat my Life,
But never taint my Love: I cannot say Whore,
It doth abhor me, now I speak the Word;
To do the Act, that might th' addition earn,
Not all the World's Males of Vanity could make me.

Iag. I pray you be content, 'tis but his Humour;
The Business of the State does him Offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other.

Iag. 'Tis but so I warrant:

Hark how these Instruments summon to supper. [Trumpet.
The Messenger of Venice stays the Meat;
Go in and weep not; all things shall be well.

[Ex. Des. and Emil.

How now Rodorigo?

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iag. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost sell me with some Device,
Iago; and rather as it seems to me now, keep'st me from
all Conveniency, than suppliest me with the least Advan-
tage of Hope: I will indeed no longer endure it, nor
am I yet persuaded to put up in Peace, what already I
have foolishly suffered.

Iag. Will you hear me, Rodorigo?

Rod. I have heard too much,
For your Words and Performances
Are no kin together.

Iag. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but Truth. I have wasted myself
out of my Means; the Jewels you have had from me,
to deliver to *Desdemona*, would half have corrupted a
Votarist: you have told me she has receiv'd 'em, and
return'd me Expectations, and Comforts of sudden Re-
spect and Acquaintance, but I find none.

D

Iag.

Iag. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well, go to! I cannot go to Man, nor 'tis not very well; I say 'tis very scurvy, and begin to find my self fobb'd in it.

Iag. Very well.

Rod. I say it is not very well; I will make my self known to *Desdemona*: if she will return me my Jewels, I'll give over my Suit, and repent my unlawful Sollicitation; if not, assure your self, I'll seek Satisfaction of you.

Iag. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing, but what I protest Intendment of doing.

Iag. Why now I see there's Mettle in thee; and even from this Instant, do I build on thee a better Opinion than ever before. Give me thy Hand, *Rodrigo*: Thou hast taken against me a most just Exception, but I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy Affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iag. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd; and your Suspicion is not without Wit and Judgment. But, *Rodrigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater Reason to believe now than ever, (I mean, Purpose, Courage and Valour) this Night shew it. If thou the next Night following enjoy not *Desdemona*, take me from this World with Treachery, and devise Engines for my Life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within Reason and Com-

Iag. Sir, there is special Commission come from *Venice*,

To depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* Place.

Rod. Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* Return again to *Venice*.

Iag. O no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him

The fair *Desdemona*, unless his abode be linger'd Here by some Accident: Wherein none can be so determinate,

As the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing of him?

Iag. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello's* place;

Knocking out his Brains.

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Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iag. Ay, if you dare do your self a Profit and a Right. He sups to Night with a Harlot; and thither will I go to him.—He knows not yet of his honourable Fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your Pleasure. I will be near to second your Attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a Necessity in his Death, that you shall think your self bound to put it on him. It is now high Supper-time; and the Night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iag. And you shall be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Lodovico, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you Sir, trouble your self no further.

Oth. O pardon, 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night, I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcomes.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? ——— O *Desdemona.*

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed o'th Instant, I will be return'd forthwith; dismiss your Attendant there; look't be done.

[*Ex Lod. and Oth.*

Des. I will, my Lord.

Em. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent;
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismiss you,

Em. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore good *Emilia*,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.

Em. Would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I, my Love doth so approve him
That even his Stubbornness, his Checks, his Frowns,
(Prithee unpin me) have Grace and Favour in them.

Em. I have laid those Sheets you bad me on the Bed.

Des. All's one: good Father! how foolish are our
Minds?

If I do die before thee, prithee shroud me
In one of these same Sheets.

Em. Come, come; you talk.

Des. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in Love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her; she had a Song of Willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it exprest her Fortune,
And she died singing it. That Song to night
Will not go from my Mind;
I've much a do,

But to go hang my Head all at one side, and sing it like
poor *Barbara*. Prithee dispatch.

Em. Shall I go fetch your Night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.

This *Lodovico* is a proper Man.

Em. A very handsome Man.

Des. He speaks well,

Em. I know a Lady in *Venice* would have walk'd bare-
foot to *Palestine* for a Touch of his nether-Lip.

Desdemona sings.

*The poor Soul sat singing by a Sycamore Tree,
sing all a green Willow;*

*Her Hand on her Bosom, her Head on her Knee,
sing willow, willow, willow.*

*The fresh Streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moan;
sing willow, willow, willow.*

*Her salt Tears fell from her, and softned the Stones;
sing willow, &c.*

Willow, willow.

(Lay by these)

(Prithee hie thee, he'll come anon)

Sing all a green willow must be my Garland.

Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve.

(Nay, that's not next: hark, who is't that knocks?)

Em. 'Tis the Wind.

(then?)

Des. I call'd my Love false Love; but what said he
sing willow, willow, willow.

If I court more Women, you'll couch with more Men.
So, get thee gone, good night; mine Eyes do itch,
Does that bode weeping?

Em. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said to: O these Men!
Dost thou in Conscience think (tell me *Emilia*)

That

That there be Women do abuse their Husbands
In such gross kind ?

Em. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a Deed for all the World ?

Em. Why, would not you ?

Des. No, by this heavenly Light.

Em. Nor I neither, by this heavenly Light,
I might do it as well in the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a Deed for all the World ?

Em. The World is a huge thing ; it is a great Price
for a small Vice.

Des. In troth I think thou wouldst not.

Em. In troth I think I should, and undo't when I
had done ; marry I would not do such a thing for a
Joint-ring, or for Measures of Lawn, nor for Gowns,
Petticoats, or Caps, nor any petty exhibition : but for
all the whole World ; why who would not make her
Husband a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch ? I should
venture Purgatory for it.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a Wrong
For the whole World.

Em. Why the Wrong is but a Wrong i'th' World ;
and having the World for your Labour, 'tis a Wrong
in your own World, and you might quickly make it
right.

Des. I do not think there is any such Woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen ; and as many to th' vantage, as
would store the World they play'd for.

But I do think it is their Husbands Fau'ts,
If Wives do fall ; say that they slack their Duties,

And pour out Treasures into foreign Laps ;

Or else break out in peevish Jealousies,

Throwing restraint on us ; or say they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite ;

Why we have Galls, and tho' we have some Grace,

Yet have we some Revenge. Let Husbands know

Their Wives have Sense like them ; they see and smell

And have their Palates both for sweet and sour,

As Husbands have. What is that they do,

When they change us for others ? is it Sport ?

I think it is ; and doth Affection breed it ?

I think it doth : Is't Frailty that thus errs ?

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It is so too; and have not we Affections?
Desires for Sport; and Frailty as Men have?
Then let 'em use us well, else let them know,
The Ills we do, their Ills instruct us to.

Des. Good night; good night; Heaven me such uses
send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend. [*Exeunt*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Iago and Rodorigo.

Iag. **H**ERE stand behind this Bulk, strait will he
come:

Wear thy good Rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mares us: think of that,
And fix most firm thy Resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iag. Here at thy hand; be bold and take thy Sword.

Rod. I have no great Devotion to the Deed;
Yet he hath given me satisfying Reasons;
'Tis but a Man gone: forth my Sword; he dies.

Iag. [*aside.*] I have rubb'd this young Gnat almost to
the Senle,

And he grows angry: now whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my Gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a Restitution large,
Of Gold and Jewels that I bobb'd from him,
As Gifts to *Desdemona*.

It must not be. If *Cassio* do remain,
He has a daily Beauty is Life,
That makes me ugly: and besides the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in Peril:
No, he must die. Be't so, I hear him coming.

Enter

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gent, 'tis he: Villian, thou diest.

[He runs at Cassio, and wounds him,

Cas. That Thrust had been mine Enemy indeed,
But that my Coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make Proof of thine.

Rod. O, I am slain.

[Fight and both fall.

Cas. I am maim'd for ever; help ho, murder, mur-

Enter Othello above at a Window.

[der.

Oth. The Voice of Cassio, Iago keeps his Word.

Rod. O Villain that I am!

Oth. 'Tis even so.

Cas. O help ho! light, a Surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he! O brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy Friend's Wrong,
Thou teachest me — Minion, your Dear lies dead,
And your Fate hies apace. Strumpet, I come:
From off my Heart, those Charms thine Eyes are blotted
Thy Bed Luit-stain'd, shall with Luit's Blood be spotted.

[Exit.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

[Murder.

Cas. What ho, no Watch? no Passage? Murder,

Gra. 'Tis some Mischance, the Voice is very direful.

Cas. O help!

Lod. Hark.

Rod. O wretched Villain!

Lod. Two or three-Groans. It is a heavy Night;
These may be Counterfeits: let's think't unsafe
To come into the Cry without more help.

Rod. No body come: then shall I bleed to Death.

Enter Iago in his Shirt.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his Shirt, with Lights and
Weapons.

Iag. Who's there? Whose noise is this that cries out
Murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iag. Do not you hear a Cry?

Cas. Here, here: for Heaven's sake help me.

Iag. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed, a very valiant Fellow.

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Iag. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Caf. Iago O I am spoil'd, undone by Villains!
Give me some help.

Iag. O me, Lieutenant, what Villains have done this?

Caf. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iag. O treacherous Villains!

What are you there? come in and give some help.

Rod. O help me there.

Caf. That's one of 'em.

Iag. O murderous Slave, O Villain! [*Stabs him.*]

Rod. O damn'd *Iago*, O inhuman Dog! _____

Iag. Kill Men i'th' dark! where be these bloody
Thieves?

How silent is this Town? Ho, Murder, Murder!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove, praise us.

Iag. Seignior *Lodovico*?

Lod. He, Sir.

Iag. I cry you Mercy: here's *Cassio*, hurt by Villains.

Gra. Cassio?

Iag. How is it Brother?

Caf. My Leg is cut in two.

Iag. Marry Heaven forbid.

Light Gentlemen, I'll bind it with my Shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter ho? who is't that cried?

Iag. Who is't that cried?

Bian. O my dear *Cassio*, my sweet *Cassio*, O *Cassio*,
Cassio, Cassio.

Iag. O notable Strumpet. *Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

Caf. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek
you.

Iag. Lend me a Garter. So _____ ho for a Chair
to bear him easy hence.

Bian. Alas he faints, O *Cassio, Cassio, Cassio*!

Iag. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash
To be a party in this Injury: patience a while, good
Cassio:

Come, come, lend me a Light:

Know

Know we this Face, or no?

Alas my Friend, and my dear Countryman

Roderigo? no: yes sure; yea, 'tis *Roderigo*.

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Iag. Even he, Sir, did you know him?

Gra. Know him? Ay.

Iag. Senior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle Pardon:
These bloody Accidents must excuse my Manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iag. How do you, *Cassio*? O, a Chair, a Chair.

Gra. *Roderigo*?

Iag. He, he, 'tis he: O that's well said, the Chair.
Some good Man bear him carefully from hence,
I'll fetch the General's Surgeon: for you, Mistrefs;
Save you your Labour. He that lies slain here, *Cassio*;
Was my dear Friend: what Malice was betwixt you?

Cas. None in the World; nor do I know the Man.

Iag. What look you pale? O bear him out o'th' Air;
Stay you good Gentlemen? look you pale, Mistrefs?
Do you perceive the Gasts of her Eye?
Nay, it you stare, we shall hear more anon.
Behold her well I pray you; look upon her,
Do you see Gentlemen; nay, Guiltiness
Will speak, tho' Tongues were out of use.

Enter Emilia.

Em. Alas what is the matter? what is the matter:
Husband?

Iag. *Cassio* hath here been set on in the dark
By *Roderigo*, and Fellows that are scapt;
He's almost slain, and *Roderigo* dead.

Em. Alas good Gentlemen! alas good *Cassio*!

Iag. This is the Fruit of Whoring; pray *Emilia*,
Go know of *Cassio* where he slept to night.
What, do you shake at this?

Bia. He slept at my House, but I therefore shake not;

Iag. O did he so? I charge you go with me.

Em. O fy upon thee, Strumpet.

Bia. I am no Strumpet, but of Life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Em. As I? fy upon thee.

Iag. Kind Gentlemen, let's see poor *Cassio* dress;

D. 5.

Come.

Come Mistress, you must tell's another Tale,
Emilia, run you to the Citadel,
 And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt:
 Will you go on afore? This is the Night
 That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Othello with a Light, and Desdemona in her Bed.

Oth. It is the Cause, it is the Cause, my Soul,
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste Stars:
 It is the Cause. Yet I'll not shed her Blood,
 Nor scar that whiter Skin of hers than Snow,
 And smooth as monumental Alabaster:
 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more Men —
 Put out the Light, and then put out *the* Light:
 If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,
 I can again thy former Light restore,
 Should I repent: but once put *thy* Light:
 Thou cunning Pattern of excelling Nature,
 I know not where is that *Promethean* Heat
 That can thy Light relumine. When I have pluckt thy
 I cannot give it vital Growth again, (Rôle,
 It must needs wither: I'll smell thee on the Tree; [*Kisses*
 Oh balmy Breath, that dost almost persuade (her.
 Justice to break her Sword. One more; one more:
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after — one more — that's the last:
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal! I must weep,
 But they are cruel Tears: this Sorrow's heavenly
 It strikes where it does love — she wakes.

Des. Who's there? *Othello*?

Oth. Ay, *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Have you prayed to Night, *Desdemona*?

Des. Ay, my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any Crime,
 Unreconcil'd as yet to Heaven and Grace,
 Solicit for it strait.

Des. Alas my Lord, what do you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by;
 I would not kill thy unprepared Spirit:
 No, Heavens forefend, I would not kill thy Soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth.

Oth. Ah, I do.

Des. Then Heaven have Mercy on me.

Oth. Amen, with all my Heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I fear you: for y^rare fatal then
When your Eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I know not.
Since Guilt I know not: yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy Sins.

Des. They're Loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ah, and for that thou diest.

Des. That Death's unnatural, that kills for loving,
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether Lip?
Some bloody Passion shakes your very Frame;
These are Portents: but yet I hope, I hope
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so, what's the matter?

Oth. That Handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave
thee,

Thou gavest *Cassio*.

Des. No, by my Life and Soul:
Send for the Man and ask him.

Oth. Sweet-Soul, take heed, take heed of Perjury,
Thou art on thy Death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Presently:

Therefore confess thee freely of thy Sin,
For to deny each Article with Oath
Cannot remove, nor choak the strong Conception
That I do groan withal: thou art to die.

Des. O Heaven have Mercy on me.

Oth. I say Amen.

Des. And have you Mercy too.

I never did offend you in my Life; ne'er lov'd *Cassio*,
But with such general Warrantry of Heaven,
As I might love. I never gave him Token.

Oth. By Heaven I saw my Handkerchief in's Hand.
O perjur'd Woman! thou dost stone my Heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do.
A Murder, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchief.

Des.

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Des. He found it then,
I never gave it him, send for him hither;
Let him confess a Truth.

Oth. He has confess'd.

Des. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.

Des. How, unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his Mouth is stopp'd;
Honest *Iago* hath ta'en order for't,

D.J. O my Fair interprets. What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his Hairs been Lives,

My great Revenge had Stomach for 'em all.

Des. Alas he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out Strumpet! weepst thou for him to my Face?

Des. O banish me my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down Strumpet.

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive.

Des. But half an Hour——

Oth. Being done there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one Prayer.

[*He stifles her.*

Oth. 'Tis too late.

[*Emilia calls within.*

Em. My Lord, my Lord! what ho! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. What Noise is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruel, am yet merciful,

I would not have thee linger in thy Pain. So, so.

Em. What ho! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Em. O my good Lord, I'd speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes, 'tis *Emilia*—by and by—she's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of *Cassio's* Death;

The Noise was high. Hah, no more moving?

Still as the Grave. Shall she come in? wer't good?

I think she stirs again—no—what's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my Wife;

My Wife! my Wife! what Wife? I have no Wife.

O insupportable! O heavy Hour.

Methinks it should be now a huge Eclipse

Of Sun and Moon, and that the affrighted Globe

Should yawn at Alteration.

Em.

Othello, the Moor of Venice. 85

Em. I do beseech you. I may speak with you, O good my Lord—

Oth. I had forgot thee : O come in *Emilia*.
Soft, by and by ; let me the Curtains draw.
Where art thou ? what's the matter with thee now ?

Enter Emilia.

Em. O my good Lord, yonder's foul Murder done.

Oth. What now ?

Em. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very Error of the Moon,
She comes more near the Earth than she was wont,
And makes Men mad.

Em. *Cassio*, my Lord, has kill'd a young *Venetian*,
Call'd *Roderigo*.

Oth. *Roderigo* kill'd, and *Cassio* kill'd ?

Em. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd ! then Murder's out of tune,
And sweet Revenge grows harsh.

Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd !

Em. Alas, what Cry is that ?

Oth. That, what ?

Em. Out and alas, that was my Lady's Voice.
Help, help, oh, help ! O Lady speak again,
Sweet *Desdemona*, O sweet Mistress, speak.

Des. A guiltless Death I die.

Em. O who has done this Deed ?

Des. No body, I my self, farewell ;
Commend me to my kind Lord, O farewell, [*She dies.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd ?

Em. Alas, who knows ?

Oth. You heard her say her self, it was not I.

Em. She said so, I must needs report a Truth.

Oth. She's like a Lyar gone to burning Hell ;
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Em. O, the more Angel she,
And you the blacker Devil.

Oth. She turn'd to Folly, and she was a Whore ;

Em. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a Devil.

Oth. She was false as Water.

Em. Thou art rash as Fire,

To say that she was false : O she was heavenly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did top her, ask thy Husband else.

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O I were damn'd beneath all Depth in Hell,
But that I did proceed upon just Grounds
To this Extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.

Em. My Husband?

Oth. Thy Husband.

Em. That she was false to Wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with *Cassio*: had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another World,
Of one entire and perfect Chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Em. My Husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest Man he is, and hates the Slime
That sticks on filthy Deeds.

Em. My Husband?

Oth. What needs this Iteration? Woman, I say thy
Husband.

Em. Oh Mistress! Villany hath made Mocks with Love:
My Husband say she was false?

Oth. He Woman; I say thy Husband; dost under-
stand the Word?

My Friend, thy Husband, honest, honest *Iago*.

Em. If he say so, may his pernicious Soul
Rot half a Grain a Day: he lyeth to th' Heart.
She was too fond of her most filthy Bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Em. Do thy worst:

This Deed of thine is no more worthy Heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Em. Thou hast not half the Power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt: O Gull, O Dolt!
As ignorant as Dirt; thou hast done a Deed——
I care not for thy Sword, I'll make thee known,
Tho' I lost twenty Lives——help, help, O! help!
The Moor has kill'd my Mistress, Murder, Murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? how now General?

Em. O, are you come, *Iago*? you have done well,
That Men must lay their Murders on your Neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Em. Disprove this Villain, if thou be'st a Man:

He says thou toldst him that his Wife was false :
I know thou didst not, thou art not such a Villain,
Speak, for my Heart is full.

Iag. I told him what I thought ; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Em. But did you ever tell him she was false ?

Iag. I did.

Em. You told a Lye ; an odious damned Lye ;
Upon my Soule a Lye, a wicked Lye.
She false with *Cassio* ? did you say with *Cassio* ?

Iag. With *Cassio*, Mistress ; go to, charm your Tongue.

Em. I will not charm my Tongue, I'm bound to speak :
My Mistress lies here murder'd in her Bed.

All. O Heavens forefend !

Em. And your Reports have set the Murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not Masters, it is true indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange Truth.

Men. O monstrous Act !

Em. Villany, Villany, Villany !

I think upon't—I think—I smelt Villany ;
I thought so then ; I'll kill my self for Grief,
O Villainy, Villany !

Iag. What, are you mad ? I charge you get you home.

Em. Good Gentlemen, let me have leave to speak ;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now :

Perhaps, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.

[*Falls on the Bed.*]

Em. Nay, lay thee down, and roar :
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest Innocent
That e'er did lift up Eye.

Oth. O she was foul !

I scarce did know you, Uncle ; there lies your Niece,
Whose Breath indeed these Hands have newly stopt ;
I know this Act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor *Desdemona* ! I'm glad thy Father's dead :
Thy match was mortal to him ; and pure Grief
Shore his old Thread in twain : did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate Turn ;
Yea, curse his better Angel from his Side,
And fall to Reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful, but yet *Iago* knows,
That she with *Cassio* hath the Act of Shame

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A thousand times committed; *Cassio* confest it:
And she did gratify his amorous Works
With that Recognisance and Pledge of Love.
Which I first gave; I saw it in his Hand;
It was an Handkerchief, an antique Token
My Father gave my Mother.

Om. O Heaven, O heavenly Powers!

Iag. Come, hold your peace.

Em. 'Twill out, 'twill out — I peace! no,
I'll speak as liberal as the Air:
Let Heaven, and Man, and Devil's, let them all,
All, all cry Shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iag. Be wise, and get you home.

Em. I will not. [*Iago offers to stab his Wife.*]

Gra. Fy, your Sword upon a Woman?

Em. O thou dull Moor! that Handkerchief thou
speak st of,

I found by Fortune, and did give my Husband;
For often with a solemn Earnestness
(More than indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)
He beg'd of me to steal it.

Iag. Villanous Whore!

Em. She give it *Cassio*? Alas! I found it,
And I did give't my Husband,

Iag. Filth, thou lyest.

Em. By Heaven I do not Gentlemen:
O murderous Coxcomb! what should such a Fool
Do with so good a Wife?

[*Iago breaks thro', and wounds his Wife, then runs out.*]

Oth. Are there no Stones in Heaven,
But what serve for the Thunder? precious Villain!

Gra. The Woman falls; sure he has liath kill'd his Wife.

Em. Ay, ay; O lay me by my Mistress' Side.

Gra. He's gone, but his Wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain; take this Weapon,
Which I recover'd have here from the Moor:
Come, guard the Door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same Villain,
For 'tis a damned Slave. [*Exeunt Mon. and Gra.*]

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny Whipster gets my Sword.
But why should Honour out-live Honesty?

Let

Othello, the Moor of Venice.

89

Let it go all.

Em. What did thy Song bode, Lady?

Hark, can'st thou hear me? I will play the Swan,
And die in Musick; *Willow, Willow, Willow.*

Moor, she was chaste, she lov'd thee, cruel Moor:

So come my Soul to bliss, as I speak true;

So speaking as I think, alas, I die. [*She dies.*]

Oth. I have another Weapon in this Chamber,

It was a Sword of *Spain*, the *Ebro's* Temper;

O here it is: Uncle, I must come forth. [*Gra. within.*]

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;

Thou hast no Weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me;

Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a Weapon,

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a Soldier's Thigh. I've seen the Day,

That with this little Arm, and this good Sword,

I have made my way thro' more Impediments

Than twenty times your Stop. But O vain Boast!

Who can controul his Fate? 'tis not so now.

Be not afraid, tho' you do see me weapon'd;

Here is my Journey's End, here is my Butt,

The very Sea-mark of my utmost Sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost Fear:

Man, but a Rush against *Othello's* Breast,

And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?

How dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd Wench!

Pale as thy Smock! When we shall meet at Compt,

This Look of thine will hurl my Soul from Heaven,

And Fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girl?

Even like thy Chastity. O cursed Slave!

Whip me, you Devils,

From the Possession of this heavenly Sight;

Blow me about in Winds, roast me in Sulphur,

Wash me in steep-down Gulphs of liquid Fire:

O *Desdemona*! *Desdemona*! dead, dead! O, O.

Enter Lodovico, Cassio led in wounded, Montano, and
Iago Prisoner with Officers.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate Man?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*: here I am.

Lod.

Iod. Where is that Viper? bring the Villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his Feet: but that's a Fable,
If that thou be'st a Devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Iago.*]

Iod. Wrench his Sword from him.

Iag. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither, I'd have thee live;
For in my Sense 'tis happiness to die.

Iod. O thou *Othello*, that wert once so good,
Fall in the Practice of a cursed Slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why any thing;
An honourable Murderer, if you will:
For nought did I in Hate, but all in Honour.

Iod. This Wretch hath part confess'd his Villany:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* Death?

Oth. Ay,

Cas. Dear General, I never gave you Cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your Pardon:
Will you, I pray demand that demy Devil,
Why he hath thus insnar'd my Soul and Body?

Iag. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;
From this time forth I never will speak Word.

Iod. What, not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your Lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Iod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befalln,
Which, as I think, you know not: here's a Letter
Found in the Pocket of the slain *Rodorigo*;
And here another; one of them imports
The Death of *Cassio* to be undertook by *Rodorigo*.

Oth. O Villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Iod. Now here's another discontented Paper,
Found in the Pocket too; and this, it seems,
Rodorigo meant to have sent this damned Villain;
But that belike *Iago*, in the interim
Came in, and satisfy'd him.

Oth. O thou pernicious Caitiff!
How came you, *Cassio*, by that Handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my Chamber;

And he himself confess it but even now,
That there he dropt it, for a special Purpose,
Which wrought to his Desire.

Oth. O Fool, Fool, Fool!

Cas. There is besides in *Roderigo's* Letter,
How he upbraids *Iago*, that he made him
Brave me upon the Watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; and even now he spake,
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this Room, and go with us;
Your Power and your Command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this Slave,
If there be any cunning Cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,
Till that the Nature of your Fault be known
To the *Venetian* State. Come bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a Word or two before you go.
I've done the State some Service, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these unlucky Deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in Malice. Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous; but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose Hand,
Like the base *Indian*, threw a Pearl away,
Richer than all his Tribe; of one whose Eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting Mood,
Drop Tears as fast as the *Arabian* Trees
Their medicinal Gums. Set you down this,
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a Malignant and a Turband Turk
Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State,
I took by th' Throat the circumcised Dog,
And smote him thus. [Stabs himself.]

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All that is spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss thee ere I kill'd thee, no way but this,
Killing my self, to die upon a Kiss. [He dies.]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no Weapon;
For

For he was of great Heart.

Lod. O Spartan Dog,

More fell than Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea,

Look on the tragick Loading of this Bed ;

This is the Work ; the Object poisons Sight ———

Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the House,

And seize upon the Fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed to you—To you, Lord Governor,

Remains the Censure of this hellish Villain.

The Time, the Place, the Torture ; O enforce it.

My self shall strait abroad, and to the State,

This heavy Act, with heavy Heart relate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.



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The FIRST PART of

HENRY IV.

WITH THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

HENRY, Sirnamed *HOTSPUR*.

By *SHAKESPEAR*.



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MDCCLXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Fourth,
Henry, Prince of Wales, } Sons to the King.
John, Prince of Lancaster,
Worcester,
Northumberland,
Hot-spur,
Mortimer,
Archbishop of York, } Enemies to the King.
Dowglas,
Cwen Glendower,
Sir Richard Vernon,
Sir Mitchell,
Westmorland, } of the King's Party.
Sir Walter Blunt,
Sir John Falstaff.
Poins, } Companions of Falstaff.
Gads-hill,
Peto,
Bardolph,

Lady Percy, Wife to Hot-spur.

Lady Mortimer, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to
Mortimer.

Hostess.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers,
Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, ENGLAND.



THE



The FIRST PART of
H E N R Y IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, LONDON.

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, and others.

KING HENRY.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with Care,
Find we a Time for frightened Peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded Accents of new
Broils

To be commenc'd in Stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty Entrance of this Soil
Shall damp her Lips with her own Children's Blood :
No more shall trenching War channel her Fields,
Nor bruise her Flowrets with the armed Hoofs
Of hostile Paces. Those oppos'd Eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heav'n,
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine Shock
And furious Close of Civil Butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beseeming Ranks
March all one Way, and be no more oppo'd
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies :

The First Part of

The Edge of War, like an ill-sheathed Knife,
 No more shall cut his Master. Therefore, Friends,
 As far as to the Sepulchre of Christ,
 (Whose Soldier now, under whose Blessed Cross
 We are impressed, and engag'd to fight)
 Forthwith a Power of *English* shall we levy;
 Whose Arms were moulded in their Mother's Womb,
 To chase these *Pagans*, in those holy Fields,
 Over whose Acres walk'd those blessed Feet
 Which, fourteen hundred Years ago, were nail'd
 For our Advantage on the bitter Cross,
 But this our Purpose is a Twelvemonth old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
 Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear,
 Of you my gentle Cousin *Westmorland*,
 What yesternight our Council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear Expedience.

West. My Liege, this Haste was hot in question,
 And many Limits of the Charge set down
 But yesternight; when all athwart there came
 A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy News;
 Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
 Leading the Men of *Herefordshire* to fight
 Against th' irregular and wild *Glendower*,
 Was by the rude Hands of that *Welshman* taken;
 A thousand of his People butchered,
 Upon whose dead Corpse there was such Misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless Transformation,
 By those *Welshwomen* done, as may not be
 Without much Shame, be told or spoken of.

K. Henry. It seems then that the Tidings of this Broil
 Brake off our Business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other-like, my gracious Lord;
 Far more uneven and unwelcome News
 Came from the North, and thus it did report
 On Holy-rood Day, the gallant *Hotspur* there
 Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*
 That ever valiant and approved *Scot*,
 At *Holmedon* spent a sad and bloody Hour.
 As by Discharge of their Artillery
 And shape of likelihood, the News was told;
 For he that brought it, in the very Heat

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King HENRY IV.

And Pride of their Contention, did take Horse,
Uncertain of the Issue any way.

K. Henry. Hear is a dear and true industrious Friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,
Stain'd with the Variation of each Soil,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours :
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome News,
The Earl of *Dowglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their own Blood did Sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedon's* Plains. Of Prisoners, *Hotspur* took
Mordake the Earl of *Fife*, and eldest Son
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earls of *Arbol*,
Of *Mury*, *Angus*, and *Mentieth*,
And is not this an honourable Spoil ?
A gallant Prize ? ha, Cousin, is it not ?

West. In faith, a Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st
me sin,

In Envy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the Father of so blest a Son :

A Son, who is the Theme of Honour's Tongue :

Amongst a Grove, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortune's Minion, and her Pride :

Whilst I by looking on the Praise of him,

See Riot and Dishonour stain the Brow

Of my young *Harry*. O could it be prov'd

That some Night-tripping Fairy had exchang'd

In Cradle Clothes, our Children where they lay,

And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet* ;

Then would I have this *Harry*, and he mine.

But let him from my Thoughts. What think you Cou-
sin,

Of this young *Percy's* Pride ? the Prisoners

Which he in this Adventure hath surpriz'd,

To his own Use he keeps, and send me Word

I shall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.

West. This is his Uncle's teaching, this is *Worcester*,

Malevolent to you in all Aspects ;

Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up

The Crest of Youth against your Dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this ;

And for this Cause a while we must neglect
Our holy Purpose to *Jerusalem*.

Cousin, on *Wednesday* next, our Council we
Will hold at *Windsor*, so inform the Lords :

But come yourself with Speed to us again ;

For more is to be said, and to be done,

Than out of Anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my Liege

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. Now *Hal*, what Time of Day is it, Lad ?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking old
Sack, and unbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping
upon Benches in the Afternoon, that thou hast forgotten
to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know.
What a Devil hast thou to do with the Time of the
Day ? Unless Hours were Cups of Sack, and Minutes
Capons, and Clocks the Tongues of Bawds, and Dials
the Signs of Leaping-Houses, and the blessed Sun him-
self a fair hot Wench in flame-colour'd Taffata. I see
no Reason why thou should'st be so superfluous, to de-
mand the Time of the Day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me now, *Hal*. For we
that take Purfes, go by the Moon and Seven Stars, and
not by *Phæbus*, he, that wandering Knight so fair. And
I pray thee, sweet Wag, when thou art King —— as
God save thy Grace, (Majesty I should say, for Grace
thou wilt have none.) ——

P. Henry. What ! none ?

Fal. No, by my Troth not so much as will serve to be
Prolouge to an Egg and Butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then ? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wag, when thou art King,
let, not us that are 'Squires of the Night's Body, be call'd
Thieves of the Day's Beauty. Let us be *Diana's* Fore-
sters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moon ;
and let Men say, we be Men of good Government, being
governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste Mistrels
the Moon, under whose Countenance we —— steal.

P. Henry. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too ; for
the Fortune of us that are the Moon's Men, doth ebb
and

King HENRY IV.

7

and flow like the Sea, being govern'd as the Sea is, by the Moon. As for Proof, now : A Purse of Gold most resolutely snatch'd on *Monday* Night, and most dissolutely spent on *Tuesday* Morning ; got with swearing, *laid by* ; and spent with crying, *bring in* : Now in as low an Ebb as the Foot of the Ladder ; and by and by in as high a Flow as the Tide of the Gallows.

Fal. By the Lord thou say'st true, Lad ; and is not mine Hostess of the Tavern a most sweet Wench ?

P. Henry. As the Honey of *Hibla*, my old Lad of the Castle ; and is not a Buff-jerkin a most sweet Robe of Durance ?

Fal. How now, how now mad Wag what, in thy Quips and thy Quiddities ; What a Plague have I to do with a Buff-jerkin ?

P. Henry. Why, what a Pox have I to do with thy Hostess of the Tavern ?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a Reckoning many a Time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy Part ?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy Due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea and elsewhere, so far as my Coin would stretch, and where it would not I have us'd my Credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it not here apparent, that you art Heir Apparent — But I pr'ythee sweet Wag, shall there be Gallows standing in *England* when thou art King ? And Resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty Curb of old Father Antick, the Law ? Do not thou when thou art a King, hang a Thief.

P. Henry. No ; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I ? O rare ! I'll be a brave Judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgest false already : I mean thou shall have the hanging of Thieves, and so become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well ; and in some sort it jumps with my Humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of Suits ?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of Suits, whereof the Hangman hath no lean Wardrobe. 'Sblood I am as melancholy as a Gib-Cat, or a Lugg'd Bear.

P. Henry. Or an old Lion, or a Lover's Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolnshire* Bagpipe.

P. Henry. What say'st thou to a Hare or the Melancholy of *Moor-ditch*?

Fal. Thou hast the most unfavoury Similes, and art indeed the most comparative, rascaldest, sweet young Prince——But *Hal*, I prithee trouble me no more with Vanity; I would to God thou and I knew where a Commodity of good Names were to be bought: An old lord of the Council rated me the other Day in the Street about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, and in the Street too.

P. Henry. Thou didst well, for no Man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable Iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much Harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing, and now I am, if a Man should speak truly, little better than one of the Wicked. I must give over this Life, and I will give it over by the Lord; an I do not, I am a Villain. I'll be damn'd for never a King's Son in Christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a Purse To-morrow, *Jack*?

Fal. Where thou wilt, Lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me a Villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I see a good Amendment of Life in thee, from praying to Purse-taking.

Fal. Why *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation *Hal*. 'Tis no Sin for a Man to labour in his Vocation.

SCENE III.

Enter Poins.

Poins. Now shall we know if *Gads-hill* have set a Match. O, if Men were to be saved by Merit, what Hole in Hell were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent Villain, that ever cry'd, stand, to a true Man.

P. Henry. Good Morrow, *Ned*.

Poins. Good Morrow, sweet *Hal*. What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir *John Sack* and Sugar? *Jack*! how agree the Devil and thou about thy Soul, that thou soldest him on *Good-Friday* last, for a Cup of *Madera*, and a cold Capon's Leg?

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Sir *John* stands to his Word, the Devil shall have his Bargain, for he was never yet a Breaker of Proverbs ; *He will give the Devil his Due.*

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy Word with the Devil.

P. Henry. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the Devil.

Poins. But my Lads, my Lads, To-morrow Morning, by Four o'Clock early at *Gads-hill*, there are Pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fat Purfes. I have Vizards for you all, you have Horses for yourselves : *Gads-hill* lies to Night in *Rocheſter*, I have beſpoke Supper To-morrow in *East-cheap* ; we may do it as ſecure as ſleep : If you will go, I will ſtuff your Purfes full of Crowns ; if you will not, tarry at Home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at Home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, Chops ?

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one ?

P. Henry. Who ? I rob ? I a Thief ? not I, by my Faith.

Fal. There's neither Honesty, Manhood, nor good Fellowship in thee ; thou can'ſt not of the Blood-Royal, if thou dar'ſt not cry, ſtand, for Ten Shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my Days I'll be a Madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at Home.

Fal. By the Lord I'll be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I prythee leave the Prince and me alone, I will lay him down ſuch Reaſons for this Adventure, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, may'ſt thou have the Spirit of Perſuaſion, and he the Ears of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt may move, and what he hears may be believed ; that the true rince may, for Recreation's Sake, prove a falſe Thief ; for the poor Abuses of the Time want Countenance. Farewell, you ſhall find me in *East-cheap*.

P. Henry. Farewel the latter Spring. Farewel all-hallowen Summer.

[Exit. *Fal.*

Poins. Now

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey Lord, ride with us To-morrow. I have a Jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaff, Harvey, Rossil, and Gads-hill,* shall rob these Men that we have already way-laid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the Booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this Head from my Shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a Place of Meeting, wherein it is at our Pleasure to fail; and then will they Adventure upon the Exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay, but 'tis like they will know us by our Horses, by our Habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut, our Horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the Wood; our Vizards we will change after we leave them; and Sirrah, I have Cases of Buckram for the Nonce, to immask our noted outward Garments.

P. Henry. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred Cowards as ever turn'd Pack; and for the Third, if he fight longer than he sees Reason, I'll forswear Arms. The Virtue of this Jest will be, the incomprehensible Lies that this same fat Rogue will tell us when we meet at Supper; how Thirty at least he fought with, what Words, what Blows, what Extremities he endured; and in the Reproof of this, lies the Jest,

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee, provide us all Things necessary, and meet me To-morrow Night in *East-cheap*, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewel, my Lord.

[*Exit Poins.*]

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd Humour of your Idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious Clouds
To smother up his Beauty from the World;
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly Mists

Of Vapours that did seem to strangle him.
 If all the Year were playing Holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
 But when they seldom come, they wisht-for come,
 And nothing pleaseth but rare Accidents,
 So when this loose Behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the Debt I never promised ;
 By how much better than my Word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify Mens Hopes ;
 And, like bright Metal on a sullen Ground,
 My Reformation glittering o'er my Fault
 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more Eyes,
 Than that which hath no Soil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make Offence a Skill,
 Redeeming Time, when Men think least I will. [*Exit*]

SCENE IV.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Henry. My Blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these Indignities ;
 And you have found me ; for accordingly
 You tread upon my Patience : But be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty, and to be feared, than my Condition,
 Which hath been as smooth as Oyl, soft as young Down,
 And therefore lost that Title of Respect,
 Which the proud Soul ne'er pays, but to the Proud.

Wor. Our House, my Sovereign Liege, little deserves
 The Scourge of Greatness to be used on it,
 And that same Greatness too, which our own Hands
 Have help'd to make so portly.

North. My good Lord——

K. Henry. Worcester get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger and Disobedience in thine Eye.
 O Sir, your Presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And Majesty, might never yet endure
 The moody Frontier of a servant Brow.
 You have good Leave to leave us. When we need
 Your Use and Counsel, we shall send for you.

[*Exit Worcester.*]

You were about to speak.

North. Yes, my good Lord.

Those Prisoners in your Highness's Name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Were, as he says, not with such Strength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majesty.
Whoever through Envy or Misprision,
Was guilty of this Fault, not my Son.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.
But I remember, when the Fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage and extream Toil.
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my Sword;
" Came there a certain Lord, neat, trimly dress'd :
" Fresh as a Bridegroom, and his Chin new-reap'd
" Shew'd like a stubble Land at Harvest Home.
" He was perfum'd like a Milliner,
" And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumb, he held
" A pouncet Box, which ever and anon
" He gave his Nose; and took't away again;
" Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
" Took it in Snuff——And still he smil'd and talk'd;
" And as the Soldiers bare dead Bodies by,
" He call'd them untaught Knaves, unmannerly,
" To bring a sloyenly, unhandsome Coarse
" Betwixt the Wind, and his Nobility.
" With many Holiday and Lady Terms
" He question'd me : among the rest, demanded
" My Prisoners, in your Majesty's Behalf,
" I, then all-smarting with my Wounds being cold,
" To be so pester'd with a Popinjay,
" Out of my Grief, and my Impatience,
" Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
" He should or should not; for he made me mad,
" To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
" And talk so like a Waiting-gentlewoman,
" Of Gums, and Drums, and Wounds; (God save the
Mark!)
" And telling me, the soveraignest Thing on Earth
" Was Pharmacity for an inward Bruise;
" And that it was great pity, so it was,
" This villainous Salt-petre should be digg'd
" Out of the Bowels of the harmless Earth,
" Which many a good, tall Fellow had destroy'd

" So cowardly : And but for these vile Guns,
 " He would himself have been a Soldier.
 This bald, unjointed Chat of his, my Lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
 And I beseech you, let not this Report
 Come current for an Accusation,
 Betwixt my Love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The Circumstance consider'd, good my Lord,
 Whatever *Harry Percy* then had said,
 To such a Person, and in such a Place,
 At such a Time, with all the rest re-told,
 May reasonably die and never rise
 To do him wrong, or any Way impeach
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why yet he doth deny his Prisoners,
 But with Proviso and Exception,
 That we at our own Charge shall ransom straight
 His Brother-in-law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
 Who, on my Soul, hath wilfully betrayed
 The Lives of those, that he did lead to fight,
 Against the great Magician, damn'd *Glendower* ;
 Whose Daughter, as we hear, the Earl of *March*
 Hath lately marry'd. Shall our Coffers then
 Be empty'd, to redeem a Traitor Home ?
 Shall we buy Treason, and bargain with Fears,
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?
 No ; on the barren Mountains let him starve ;
 For I shall never hold that Man my Friend,
 Whose Tongue shall ask me for one Penny cost
 To ransom Home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer* ?
 He never did fall off, my Sovereign Liege,
 But by the Chance of War ; to prove that true,
 Needs no more but one Tongue, for all those Wounds,
 Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When on the gentle *Severn's* sedge Bank,
 In single Opposition Hand to Hand,
 He did confound the best part of an Hour
 In changing hardiment with great *Glendower* :
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
 Upon Agreement, of swift *Severn's* Flood ;
 Who then affrighted with their bloody Looks,

Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
 And hid his crisp'd Head in the hollow Bank,
 Blood-stain'd with these valiant Combatants,
 Never did base and rotten Policy
 Colour her working with such deadly Wounds;
 Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*
 Receive so many and all willingly.
 Then let him not be slander'd with Revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, *Percy*, thou beliest him;
 He never did encounter with *Glendower*;
 He durst as well have met the Devil alone,
 As *Owen Glendower* for an Enemy.
 Art not asham'd? but Sirrah, from this Hour
 Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*.
 Send me your Prisoners with the speediest Means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you. Lord *Northumberland*,
 We licence your Departure with your Son.
 Send us your Prisoners or you'll hear of it.

[Exit *K. Henry*.

Hot. And if the Devil come and roar for them,
 I will not send them. I will after strait,
 And tell him so; for I will ease my Heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my Head.

North. What, drunk with Choler? stay and pause
 a-while,
 Here comes your Uncle.

Enter *Worcester*.

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer*?
 Yes I will speak of him, and let my Soul
 Want Mercy, if I do not join with him.
 In his Behalf, I'll empty all these Veins,
 And shed my dear Blood Drop by Drop in Dust,
 But I will lift the downfall'n *Mortimer*
 As high i'th' Air as this unthankful King,
 As this ingrate and cankred *Bolingbroke*.

North. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew
 mad.

[To *Worcester*.

Wor. Who strook this Heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my Prisoners:
 And when I urg'd the Ransom once again
 Of my Wife's Brother, then his Cheek look'd pale,

And

And on my Face he turn'd an Eye of Death,
Trembling ev'n at the Name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him ; was he not proclaim'd,
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of Blood ?

North. He was : I heard the Proclamation ;
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose Wrongs in us God pardon) did set forth
Upon his *Irish* Expedition ;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose Death, we in the World's wide
Mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you ; did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my Brother *Mortimer*
Heir to the Crown ?

North. He did ; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren Mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you set the Crown
Upon the Head of this forgetful Man,
And for his Sake wear the detested Blot
Of murd'rous Subordinations ? shall it be,
That you a World of Curses undergo,
Being the Agents or base second Means,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather ?
O pardon me, that I descend so low,
To shew the Line and the Predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle King.
Shall it for Shame be spoken in these Days,
Or fill up Chronicles in Time to come,
That Men of your Nobility and Power
Engag'd them both in an unjust Behalf ;
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done,)
To put down *Richard*, that sweet lovely Rose,
And plant this Thorn, this Canker *Bolingbroke* ?
And shall it in more Shame be further spoken,
That you are fooll'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these Shames ye underwent ?
No ; yet Time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd Honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good Thoughts of the World again.

Revenge

Revenge the jeering and disdain'd Contempt
Of this proud King, who studies Day and Night
To answer all the Debt he owes unto you,
E'n with the Bloody Payments of your Deaths:
Therefore I say ———

Wor. Peace, Cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclasp a Secret Book,
And to your quick conveying Discontents,
I'll read you Matter, deep and dangerous,
As full of Peril and advent'rous Spirit,
As to o'er-walk a Current roaring loud,
On the unstedfast footing of a Spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good-night, or sink or swim :
Send Danger from the East unto the West,
So Honour cross it from the North to South ;
And let them grapple. O ! the Blood more stirs
To rouse a Lion, than to start a Hare.

North. Imagination of some great Exploit
Drives him beyond the Bounds of Patience

Hot. By Heav'n, methinks it were an easy Leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the Pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the Bottom of the Deep,
Where Fathom-line could never touch the Ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the Locks ;
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without co-rival, all her Dignities,
But out upon this half-fac'd Fellowship !

Wor. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the Form of what he should attend.
Good Cousin, give me Audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you Mercy.

Wor. Those same noble *Scots*
That are your Prisoners ———

Hot. I'll keep them all.
By Heav'n, he shall not have a *Scot* of them :
No, if a *Scot* would save his Soul, he shall not,
I'll keep them by this Haud.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no Ear unto my Purposes,
Those Prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. I will ; that's flat :
He said, he would not ransom *Mortimer* :

Forbad

Forbad my Tongue to speak of *Mortimer* :
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his Ear I'll holla, *Mortimer* !
Nay, I will have a Starling taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his Anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, Cousin, a Word.

Hot. All Studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to to gall and pinch this *Bolingbroke* :
And that same Sword-and-buckler-Prince of *Wales*,
(But that I think his Father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some Mischance,)
I'd have him poisoned with a Pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewel, my Kinsman : I will talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why what a Wasp-tongu'd and impatient Fool
Art thou, to break into this Woman's Mood,
Tying thine Ear to no Tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt and scourg'd with
Rods,

Nettled, and stung with Pismires, when I hear
Of this vile Politician *Bolingbroke* :

In *Richard's* Time——what do ye call the Place ?——

A Plague upon't——it is in *Glostershire*——

'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his Uncle kept——

His Uncle *York*——where I first bowed my Knee

Unto this King of Smiles, this *Bolingbroke* :

When you and he came back from *Ravensbrug*.

North. At *Barkley* Castle.

Hot. You say true :

Why what a deal of gaudy Courtesy

This fawning Greyhound then did proffer me !

Look, when his *Infant Fortune* came to Age,——

And gentle *Harry Percy*——and kind Cousin——

The Devil take such Cozeners——God forgive me——

Good Uncle tell your Tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again,

We'll stay your Leisure.

Hot. I have done i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your *Scottish* Prisoners.

Deliver them without their Ransom strait,

And make the *Douglas's* Son your only mean

For Powers in *Scotland*? which for divers Reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the Bosom creep
Of that same noble Prelate, well-belov'd,
Th' Archbishop.

Hot. *York*, is't not?

Wor. True, who bears hard
His Brother's Death at *Bristol*, the Lord *Scroop*.
I speak not this in Estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the Face
Of that Occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; on my Life it will do well.

North. Before the Game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hot. It cannot chuse but be a noble Plot,
And then the Power of *Scotland*, and of *York*
To join with *Mortimer*; ha!

Wor. So they shall:

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little Reason bids us speed
To save our Heads, by raising of a Head:
Forbear ourselves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our Debt,
And think we deem ourselves unsatisfy'd
Till he hath found a Time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us Strangers to his Looks of Love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him:

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this
Than I by Letters shall direct your Course;
When Time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to *Glendower*, and Lord *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Douglas*, and our Powers at once.
(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,
To bear our Fortunes in our own strong Arms,
Which now we hold at much Uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good Brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle adieu: O let the Hours be short,
Till Fields, and Blows, and Groans applaud our Sport.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

An INN.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

1 *Carrier.* **H**EIGH, ho, an't be not Four by the Day I'll be hang'd. *Charles's Wain* is over the new Chimney, and yet our Horse not pack'd, What, Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee *Tom*, beat *Cutts'* Saddle, put a few Flocks in the Point: The poor Jade is wrung in the Withers, out of all cefs.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and Beans are as wet and rotten here as a Dog, and that is the next way to give poor Jades the Bots: This House is turn'd upside down, since *Robin Ostler* dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor Fellow never joy'd since the Price of Oats rose, it was the Death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this be the most villainous House in all *London Road* for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1 *Car.* Like a Tench? By th' Mass there's ne'er a King in Christendom could be better bit, than I have been since the first Cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a Jourden, and then we leak in your Chimney: And your Chamber-Lye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1 *Car.* What, Ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two Razes of Ginger, to be deliver'd as far as *Charing-Cross*.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody, the Turkies in my Panniers are quite starv'd. What Ostler? A Plague on thee; hast thou never an Eye in thy Head? Canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a Deed as Drink, to break the Pate
of

The First Part of

of thee, I am a very Villain. Come and be hang'd, haſt no Faith in thee ?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good-morrow, Carriers. What's o'Clock ?

Car. I think it be Two o'Clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thy Lanthorn, to ſee my Gelding in the Stable.

1 Car. Nay, ſoft I pray ye, I know a Trick worth two of that i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thine.

2 Car. Ay, when ? Can't tell ? Lend me thy Lanthorn quoth a ! Marry I'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Gads. Sirrah, Carrier, what Time do you mean to come to London ?

2 Car. Time enough to go to Bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come, Neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the Gentlemen, they will along with Company, for they have great Charge.

[Exe. Carriers.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What ho, Chamberlain ?

Chamb. At hand, quoth Pick-purſe.

Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the Chamberlain ; for thou varieſt no more from picking of Purſes, than giving Direction doth from Labouring. Thou lay'ſt the Plot how.

Cham. Good-morrow Maſter *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you Yeſternight. There's a *Franklin* in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold ; I heard him tell it to one of his Company laſt Night at Supper ; a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of Charge too, God knows what : They are up already, and call for Eggs and Butter. They will away preſently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with † *St. Nicholas* Clarks, I'll give thee this Neck.

Chamb. No, I'll none of it : I pr'ythee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worſhipp'ſt *St. Nicholas*, as truly as a Man of Falſhood may.

† *A cant Word for the Devil, Old Nick.*

Gads.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, I'll make a fat Pair of Gallows. For if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no Starveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of, the which, for Sport-sake, are content to do the Profession some Grace; that would, if Matters should be look'd into, for their own Credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no Foot-land-rakers, no long-staff Six-penny-strikers, none of those mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd-malt-worms; but with Nobility and Tranquillity; Burgo-masters, and great * One-eyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray; and yet I lye, for they Pray continually unto their Saint the Common-wealth; or rather, not Pray to her, but Prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their Boots.

Chamb. What, the Common-wealth their Boots? Will she hold out Water in foul Way?

Gads. She will, she will; Justice hath liquor'd her. We steal, as in a Castle, cock-sure; we have the Receipt of Fern-feed, we walk invisible.

Chamb. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholden to the Night, than the Fern-feed, for your walking Invisible.

Gads. Give me thy Hand: Thou shalt have a Share in our Purchase, as I am a true Man.

Chamb. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false Thief.

Gads. Go to, *Homo* is a common Name to all Men. Bid the Ostler bring my Gelding out of the Stable. Farewel, ye muddy Knave.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.

The Highway.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins and Peto.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed *Falstaff's* Horse, and he frets like a gumm'd Velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

* *Perhaps, Oneraries, Trustees or Commissioners. Or cunning Men that look sharp, and aim well, Metaph.*

Enter

*The First Part of**Enter Falstaff.**Fal. Pains, Pains, and be hang'd, Pains!**P. Henry. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascal, what a Bawling dost thou keep?**Fal. What, Pains? Hal.**P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the Top of the Hill, I'll go seek him.*

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that Thief's Company: The Rascal hath remov'd my Horse, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four Foot by the Square farther afoot, I shall break my Wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair Death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that Rogue. I have forsworn his Company hourly any time this two and twenty Year, and yet I am bewitched with the Rogue's Company. If the Rascal have not given me Medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd, it could not be else; I have drunk Medicines. Pains! Hal! a Plague upon you both. Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a Foot further. An 'twere not as good a Deed as to drink, to turn True-man, and leave these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that ever chew'd with a Tooth. Eight Yards of uneven Ground, is threescore and ten Miles afoot with me: And the stony-hearted Villains know it well enough. A Plague upon't, when Thieves cannot be true to one another. [They whistle.] Whew, a Plague upon you all. Give me my Horse; you Rogues, give me my Horse, and be hang'd.

*P. Henry. Peace ye fat Guts, lie down, lay thine Ear close to the Ground, and list if thou canst hear the Tread of Travellers.**Fal. Have you any Leavers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own Flesh so far afoot again, for all the Coin in thy Father's Exchequer.**What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?**P. Henry. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.**Fal. I prythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my Horse, good King's Son.**P. Henry. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?**Fal. Go hang thyself in thy own Heir-apparent Garters; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this; an I have not Ballads*

Ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy Tunes, let a Cup of Sack be my Poison; when a Jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill and Bardolph

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my Will.

Poins. O 'tis our Setter, I know his Voice:

Bardolph, what News?

Bard. Case ye, case ye: On with your Vizards; there's Money of the King's coming down the Hill, 'tis going to the King's Exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you Rogue, 'tis going to the King's Tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. You four shall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned Poins* and I will walk lower; if they 'scape from your Encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds, will they not rob us?

P. Henry. What a Coward, Sir *John Paunch*?

Fal. Indeed I am not *John* of Gaunt, your Grand-father; but yet no Coward, *Hal*.

P. Henry. Well, we'll leave that to the Proof:

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy Horse stands behind the Hedge, when thou need'st him, there shalt thou find him; farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hang'd.

P. Henry. *Ned*, where are our Disguises?

Poins. Here hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy Man be his dole say I; every Man to his Business.

SCENE IV.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, Neighbour; the Boy shall lead our Horses down the Hill; we'll walk a Foot a while, and ease our Legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal.

Fal. Strike; down with them. Cut the Villains Throats; ah! whorson Caterpillars; bacon-fed Knaves, they hate us Youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied Knaves, are you undone? no, ye fat Chuffs, I would your Store were here. On Bacons, on! what ye Knaves? young Men must live; you are Grand Jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye i' faith.

[Here they rob and bind them: Exeunt.]

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. The Thieves have bound the true Men: Now could thou and I rob the Thieves and go merrily to London, it would be an Argument for a Week, Laughter for a Month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come my Masters, let us Share, and then to Horse before Day; and the Prince and *Poins* be not two arrant Cowards, there's no Equity stirring. There's no more Valour in that *Poins*, than in a wild Duck.

P. Henry. Your Money.

Poins. Villains.

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them.]

They all run away, and Falstaff, after a Blow or two, runs away too, leaving the Booty behind them.

P. Henry. Got with much Ease. Now merrily to Horse:

The Thieves are scatter'd and possess'd with Fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his Fellow for an Officer.

Away, good Ned. Now *Falstaff* sweats to Death, And Lards the lean Earth as he walks along: Were't not for Laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the Rogue roar'd! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

Lord Percy's House.

Enter Hot-spur solus, reading a Letter.

BUT for mine own Part my Lord I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the Love I bear your House. He could be contented to be there, why is he not then?

In

in respect of the Love he bears our House: He shews in this, he loves his own Barn better than he loves our House. Let me see some more. *The Purpose you undertake is dangerous.* Why that's certain, 'tis dangerous to take a Cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you my Lord Fool, cut off this Nettle, Danger, we pluck this Flower, safely. *The Purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertain, the Time itself unforted, and your whole Plot too light, for the Counterpoize of so great an Opposition.* Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly Hind, and you lie. What a Lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our Plot is a good Plot as ever was laid? our Friends true and constant? a good Plot, good Friends, and full of Expectation; an excellent Plot, very good Friends. What a frosty-spirited Rogue is this? Why, my Lord of York commends the Plot, and the general Course of the Action. By this Hand, if I were now by this Rascal, I could brain him with his Lady's Fan. Is there not my Father, my Uncle, and myself, Lord Edmond Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not beside, the Douglas? have I not all their Letters, to meet me in Arms by the Ninth of the next Month? are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascal is this? an Infidel. Ha! you shall see now in very Sincerity of Fear and cold Heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our Proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to Buffets, for moving such a Dish of skim'd Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King. We are prepared, I will set forward To-night.

SCENE VI.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two Hours.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone? For what Offence have I this Fortnight been A banish'd Woman from my Harry's Bed? Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy Stomach, Pleasure, and thy golden Sleep?

B

Why

Why dost thou bend thy Eyes upon the Earth ?
 And start so often when thou sitt'st alone ?
 Why hast thou lost the fresh Blood in thy Cheeks ?
 And given my Treasures and my Rights of thee,
 To thicke'd musing, and curst Melancholy !
 In thy faint Slumbers I by thee have watcht,
 And heard the murmur Tales of Iron Wars :
 Speak Terms of Manage to thy bounding Steed ;
 Cry, Courage ! to the Field ! and thou hast talk'd
 Of Sallies, and Retires ; of Trenches, Tents,
 Of Palisadoes, Frontiers, Parapets ;
 Of Basilisks, of Cannon, Culverin,
 Of Prisoners Ransom, and of Soldiers slain,
 And all the Current of a heady Fight.
 Thy Spirit within thee hath been so at War,
 And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy Sleep,
 That Beads of Sweat have stood upon thy Brow,
 Like Bubbles in a late disturbed Stream :
 And in thy Face strange Motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when Men restrain their Breath,
 On some great sudden Haste. O what Portents are
 these ?

Some heavy Business hath my Lord in Hand,
 And I must know it ; else he loves me not.

Hot. What ho, is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone ?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my Lord, an Hour ago.

Hot. Hath *Buttler* brought those Horses from the Sheriff ?

Serv. One Horse, my Lord, he brought ev'n now.

Hot. What Horse ? a Roan, a crop Ear, is it not ?

Serv. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roan shall be my Throne.

Well, I'll back him strait, O *Esperance* !

Bid *Buttler* lead him forth into the Park.

Lady. But hear you, my Lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my Lady ?

Lady. What is it carry's you away ?

Hot. Why, my Horse, my Love, my Horse.

Lady. Out you mad-headed Ape ! A Weazel hath not
 Such a deal of Spleen as you are tost with,
 In Faith I'll know your Business, that I will.

I fear

I fear my Brother *Mortimer* doth stir
About his Title, and hath sent for you
To line his Enterprize, but if you go——

Hot.——So far afoot, I shall be weary, Love.

Lady. Come, come, you *Paraquito*, answer me
Directly to this Question, I shall ask.

I'll break thy Little-Finger, *Harry*,
If thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot. Away, away, you Trifler; Love? I love thee
not,

I care not for thee, *Kate*; this is no World
To play with Girls, and to tilt with Lips.
We must have bloody Noses, and crack'd Crowns,
And pass them current too——Gods me! my Horse.
What sayst thou *Kate*! what wouldst thou have with
me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not indeed?
Well, do not then. For since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am on Horse-back, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*,
I must not have you henceforth question me,
Whither I go; nor reason where about.
Whither I must, I must; and to conclude,
This Evening must I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wise, but yet no further wise
Than *Harry Percy's* Wife. Constant you are,
But yet a Woman; and for Secrecy,
No Lady closer. For I will believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,
And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

Lady. How so far?

Hot. Not an Inch further. But hark you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither shall you go too:
To-day will I set forth, To-morrow you,
Will this content you, *Kate*?

Lady. It must of Force.

Exeunt

The First Part of
SCENE VII.

The Tavern in East-cheap.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. Ned, prithee come out of that fat Room, and lend me thy Hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, *Hal*?

P. Henry. With three or four Loggerheads, amongst three or fourscore Hogheads. I have sounded the very bass String of Humility. Sirrah, I am sworn Brother to a leash of Drawers, and can call them by their Christen Names, as *Tom, Dick, and Francis*. They take it already upon their Confidence that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of Courtesy; telling me flatly I am no proud *Jack*, like *Jack Falstaff*, but a *Corinthian*, a Lad of mettle, a good Boy: And when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good Lads in *East-cheap*. They call drinking deep, dying Scarlet: and when you break in your watring, they cry, Hem! and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a Proficient in one Quarter of an Hour, that I can drink with a Tinker in his own Language during my Life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much Honour, that thou wert not with me in this Action; but sweet *Ned*, (to sweeten which Name of *Ned*, I give thee this Pennyworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my Hand by an under Skinker, one that never spake other *Englisb* in his Life, than *Eight Shillings and Six Pence*, and *You are welcome Sir*: With this shrill Addition, *Anon Sir, anon Sir, score a Pint of Bastard in the half Moon*, or so.) But *Ned*, to drive away Time till *Falstaff* come, I prithee do thou stand in some bye Room, while I question my puny Drawer, to what End he gave me the Sugar? and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a Precedent.

Poins. Francis.

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis.

SCENE

King HENRY IV.

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SCENE VIII.

Enter Francis the Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon Sir ; look down into the Pomgranet, *Ralph.*

P. Henry. Come hither, *Francis.*

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, *Francis?*

Fran. Forsooth, five Years, and as much as to——

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Five Years ; by's-lady, a long Lease for the clinking of Pewter. But *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant as to play the Coward with thy Indenture, and shew a fair Pair of Heels and run from it ?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I'll be sworn upon all the Books in *England*, I could find in my Heart——

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, *Francis?*

Fran. Let me see, about *Michaelmas* next I shall be——

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, Sir ; pray you stay a little, my Lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a Penny-worth, was't not ?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand Pound ; ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, *Francis?* no, *Francis*, but To-morrow *Francis* ; or *Francis*, on *Thursday* ; or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt. But *Francis.*

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this Leathern-Jerkin, Chrystal-Button, Not-pated, Agat-Ring, Puke-Stocking, Cad-dice-Garter, smooth Tongue, *Spanish-Pouch.*

Fran. O Lord, Sir, who do you mean ?

P. Henry. Why then your brown Bastard is your only Drink ; for look you, *Francis*, your white Canvas Doublet will fully. In *Barbary*, Sir, it cannot come to so much.

The First Part of

Fran. What Sir ?

Poins. *Francis.*

P. Henry. Away you Rogue, dost thou not hear them call ?

[Here they both call, the Drawer stands amazed not knowing which Way to go.]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling ; Look to the Guests within. My Lord, old Sir *John*, with half a Dozen more are at the Door ; shall I let them in ?

P. Henry. Let them alone awhile, and then open the Door. *Poins.*

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, *Falstaff* and the rest of the Thieves are at the Door ; shall we be merry ?

Poins. As merry as Crickets, my Lad. But hark ye what cunning Match have you made with this Jest of the Drawer ? come, what's the Issue ?

P. Henry. I am now of all Humours' that have shew'd themselves Humours, since the old Days of goodman *Adam*, to the pupil Age of this present Twelve o'Clock at Mid-night. What's o'Clock, *Francis* ?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. That ever this Fellow should have fewer Words than a Parrot, and yet the Son of a Woman. His Industry is up Stairs and down Stairs ; his Eloquence the Parcel of a Reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy's* Mind, the Hot-spur of the North ; he that kills me some six or seven Dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his Hands and says to his Wife, Fie upon this quiet Life, I want Work. O my sweet *Harry*, says she, how many hast thou killed to-day ? Give my roan Horse a Drench, says he, and answers, some fourteen, an Hour after ; a Trifle, a Trifle. I prithee call in *Falstaff*, I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawn shall play *Dame Mortimer* his Wife. *Rivo*, says the Drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

SCENE IV.

Enter Falstaff.

Poins. Welcome *Jack*, where hast thou been ?

Fal.

Fal. A plague of all Cowards, I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and *Amen*. Give me a Cup of Sack, Boy—— Ere I lead this Life long, I'll sow neither Socks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all Cowards. Give me a Cup of Sack, Rogue. Is there no Virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*]

P. Henry. Didst thou never see *Titan* kiss a Dish of Butter? pitiful hearted * *Titan*, that melted at the sweet Tale of the Sun? If thou didst, then behold that Compound.

Fal. You, Rogue here's Lime in this Sack too; there is nothing but Roguery to be found in villainous Man; yet a Coward is worse than a Cup of Sack with Lime in it. A villainous Coward —— Go thy ways old *Jack*, die when thou wilt; if Manhood, good Manhood be not forgot upon the Face of the Earth, then am I a shotten Herring: There live not three good Men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is Fat, and grows old, God help the while, a bad World I say. I would I were a Weaver, I could sing Psalms, and all manner of Songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

P. Henry. How now *Woolfack*, what matter you?

Fal. A King's Son? If do do not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a Dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a Flock of wild Geese, I'll never wear Hair on my Face more. You Prince of *Wales*?

P. Henry. Why you whorson round Man! what's the Matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and Poins there?

P. Henry. Ye fat Paunch, an ye call me Coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I'll call the Coward; but I would give a thousand Pound I could run as fast as thou can'st. You are strait enough in the Shoulders, you care not who sees your Back: Call you that backing of your Friends? A plague upon such Backing; give me them that will face me —— Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunk to Day.

P. Henry. O Villain, thy Lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

B 4

Fal.

* or rather, Butter that melted, &c.

Fal. All's one for that.

[*He drinks.*]

A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

P. Henry. What's the Matter?

Fal. What's the Matter ! here be four of us, have ta'en a thousand Pound this Morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, *Jack*? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What a hundred Men?

Fal. I am a Rogue if I were not at half Sword with a Dozen of them two Hours together. I have escap'd by Miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through. my Sword hack'd like a Hand-saw, *ecece signum.* I never dealt better since I was a Man; all would not do. A plague of all Cowards——let them speak; if they speak more or less than Truth, they are Villains and the Sons of Darknes.

P. Henry. Speak Sirs, how was it?

* *Gads.* We four set upon some Dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my Lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You Rogue they were bound, every Man of them, or I am a Jew else, an *Ebrew Jew.*

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh Men set upon us.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all? but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of Rascals: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poins. Pray Heav'n, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have pay'd, two Rogues in Buckram Suits. I tell thee what, *Hal*, If I tell thee a Lie, spit in my Face, call me Horse; thou know'st my old

* In the old Edition *Rossel* speaks here, and not *Gadshill*.

old ward ; here I lay, and thus I bore my Point ; four Rogues in Buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, *Hal*, I told the four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me ? I made no more ado, but took all their seven Points in my Target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven ! Why there were but four even now.

Fal. In Buckram.

Poins. Ay, four in Buckram Suits.

Fal. Seven, by these Hilts, or I am a Villain else.

P. Henry. Prythee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, *Hal* ?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack*.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listning to : these nine in Buckram, that I told thereof —

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their Points being broken —

Poins. Down fell his Hose.

Fal. Began to give me Ground ; but I follow'd them close, came in Foot and Hand ; and with a Thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous ! eleven Buckram Men grown out of two !

Fal. But as the Devil would have it, three mis-begotten Knaves in *Kendal* Green, came at my Back, and let drive at me, (for it was so dark, *Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.)

P. Henry. These Lies are like the Father that begets them, gross as a Mountain, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd Guts, thou knotty-pated Fool, thou whorson obscene greasie Tallow-catch —

Fal. What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the Truth the Truth ?

P. Henry. Why, how could'st thou know these Men in *Kendal* Green, when it was so dark, thou could'st not see thy Hand ? Come tell us your Reason : what say'st thou to this ?

Poins. Come; your Reason, *Jack*, your Reason.

Fal. What, upon Compulsion? No; were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on Compulsion. Give you a Reason on Compulsion! If Reasons were as plenty as Black-berries. I would give no Man a Reason upon Compulsion: I?

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this Sin. This fanguine Coward, this Bed-prester, this Horseback-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh.

Fal. Away you Starveling, you Elf-skin, you dry'd Neats-tongue, Bull's Pizzel, you Stock-fish: O for Breath to utter! What is like thee? You Taylor's Yard, you Sheath, you Bow-case, you vile standing Tuck.

P. Henry. Well, breathe awhile, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base Comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark *Jack*.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four, you bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: Mark now how a plain Tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a Word, outfac'd you from your Prize, and have it, yea, and can shew it you here in the House. And, *Falstaff*, you carry'd your Guts away as nimbly, with as quick Dexterity, and roar'd for Mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard Bull-Calf. What a Slave art thou, to hack thy Sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in Fight. What Trick? what Devise? what starting Hole, can'st thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent Shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, *Jack*: What Trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why hear ye, my Masters; was it for me to kill the Heir Apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*; but beware Instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great Matter. I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my Life; I for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But, by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you have the Money. Hostess, clap to the Doors; watch to Night, pray.

Tomorrow.

Tomorrow. Gallants, Lads, Boys, Hearts of Gold, all the Titles of good Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a Play *extempore*?

P. Henry. Content, and the Argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal, Ah, no more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me:

SCENE X.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! my Lord the Prince!

P. Henry. How now, my Lady the Hostess, what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my Lord, there is a Nobleman of the Court at Door would speak with you, he says, he comes from your Father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a Royal Man, and send him back again to my Mother.

Fal. What manner of Man is he?

Host. An old Man.

Fal. What doth Gravity out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I give him his Answer?

P. Henry. Prythee do, Jack.

Fal. Faith and I'll send him packing. *[Exit]*

P. Henry. Now Sirs, by'r-lady you fought fair; so did you Peto, so did you Bawdolph; you are Lions too, you ran away upon Instinct; you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest; how came Falstaff's Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said, he would swear Truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in Fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Ay, and to tickle our Noses with Spear-grass, to make them bleed, and then beslobber our Garments with it, and swear it was the Blood of true Men. I did that. I did not these seven Years before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous Devices.

P. Henry. O Villain, thou stolest a Cup of Sack eighteen Years ago, and wert taken in the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd *extempore*; thou hadst Fire and

Sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest away ; what Instinct hadst thou for it ?

Bard. My Lord, do you see these Meteors ? Do you behold these Exhalations ?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend ?

P. Henry. Hot Livers, and cold Purfes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes Bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't ago, *Jack*, since thou saw'st thy own Knee ?

Fal. My own Knee ? When I was about thy Years, *Hal*, I was not an Eagle's Talon in the Waist, I could have crept into any Alderman's Thumb-ring ; a plague of Sighing and Grief, it blows a Man up like a Bladder. There's villainous News abroad ; here was Sir *John Braby* from your Father ; you must go to the Court in the Morning. That same mad Fellow of the North, *Percy* ; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and swore the Devil his true Liegeman upon the Cross of a *Welsh-Hook* : what a plague call you him —

Poins. O, *Glendower*.

Fal. *Owen, Owen* ; the same, and his Son-in-law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly *Scot* of *Scots*, *Dowglas*, that runs a Horseback up a Hill perpendicular —

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with a Pistol kills a Sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the Sparrow.

Fal. Well, that Rascal hath good Mettle in him, he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a Rascal art thou then, to praise him for so running ?

Fal. A Horseback, ye Cuckow, but a-foot he will not budge a-foot.

P. Henry. Yes, *Jack*. upon Instinct.

Fal.

Fal. I grant ye, upon Instinct : well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand Blue-Caps more. *Worcester* is stoln away by Night : Thy Father's Beard is turn'd white with the News : you may buy Land now as cheap as stinking Mackerel.

P. Henry. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sun, and this civil Buffeting hold, we shall buy Maidenheads as they buy Hob-Nails, by the Hundred.

Fal. By the Mâs, Lad, thou say'st true, it is like we shall have good Trading that way. But tell me, *Hal*, art not thou horrible afraid ? Thou being Heir Apparent, could the World pick thee out three such Enemies again as that Fiend *Dowglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Devil *Glendower* ? Art thou not horribly afraid ? Doth not thy Blood thrill at it ?

P. Henry. Not a whit i'faith, I lack some of thy Instinct.

Fal. Well thou wilt be horribly chid To-morrow, when thou com'st to thy Father : If thou do love me, practise an Answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my Father, and examine me upon the Particulars of my Life.

Fal. Shall I ? Content : This Chair shall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crown.

P. Henry. Thy State is taken for a Joint-Stool, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crown for a pitiful bald Crown.

Fal. Well, an the Fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved — Give me a Cup of Sack to make mine Eyes look Red, that it may be thought I have wept ; for I must speak in Passion, and I will do it in King *Cambuses'* Vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is my Leg.

Fal. And here is my Speech — Stand aside Nobility —

Hof. This is excellent Sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling Tears are vain.

Hof. O the Father ! How he holds his Countenance ?

Fal. For God's Sake Lords, convey my trustful Queen, For Tears do stop the Flood-Gates of her Eyes.

Hof.

Hof. O rare, he doth it as like one of those harlotry Players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good Pint-Pot, Peace good Tickle-Brain.—

“ *Harry*, I do not only marvel, where thou spendest thy
 “ Time ; but also, how thou art accompany’d : For
 “ though the Camomile, the more it is trodden on, the
 “ faster it grows : Yet Youth, the more it is wasted,
 “ the sooner it wears. Thou art my Son ; I have partly
 “ thy Mother’s Word, partly my Opinion ; but chiefly,
 “ a Villainous Trick of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging
 “ of thy Nether Lip, that doth warrant me. If then
 “ thou be Son to me, here lyeth the Point ; why, being
 “ Son to me, art thou so pointed at ? Shall the Blessed
 “ Son of Heav’n prove a † Micher, and eat Black-Ber-
 “ ries ? A Question not to be ask’d. Shall the Son of
 “ *England* prove a Thief, and take Purfes ? A Question
 “ to be ask’d. There is a Thing, *Harry*, which thou
 “ hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our
 “ Land, by the Name of Pitch : This Pitch, as antient
 “ Writers do report, doth defile ; so doth the Company
 “ thou keep’st ; for *Harry*, now do I not speak to thee
 “ in Drink, but in Tears ; not in Pleasure, but in Pas-
 “ sions ; not in Words only, but in Woes also ; and yet
 “ there is a virtuous Man, whom I have often noted in
 “ thy Company, but I know not his Name.

P. Hen. What manner of Man, an it like your Majesty.

“ *Fal.* A goodly portly Man i’faith, and a corpulent ;
 “ of a chearful Look, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble
 “ Carriage ; and as I think, his Age some fifty, or, by’r-
 “ lady, inclining to Threecore ; and now I remember
 “ me, his Name is *Falstaff* ; if that Man should be lewd-
 “ ly given, he deceives me ; for *Harry*, I see Virtue in
 “ his Looks. If then the Tree may be known by the
 “ Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I
 “ speak it, there is Virtue in that *Falstaff* ; him keep
 “ with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty
 “ Varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this Month ?

P. Henry. Dost thou speak like a King ; do thou stand for me, and I’ll play my Father.

† *A Micher, i. e. a Truant ; to Mich, is to lurk out of sight : A Hedge-Creeper.*

Fal. Depose me. If thou do'st it half so gravely, so majestically, both in Word and Matter, hang me up by the Heels for a Rabbet-sucker, or a Poulterer's Hare..

P. Henry. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand; judge, my Masters.

P. Henry. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from *East-cheap*.

P. Henry. The Complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my Lord, they are false. — Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

“ *P. Henry.* Swarest thou, ungracious Boy? Hence-
 “ forth ne'er look on me; thou art violently carry'd a-
 “ way from Grace; there's a Devil haunts thee, in the
 “ Likeness of a fat old Man: A Tun of Man is thy
 “ Companion. Why dost thou converse with that Trunk
 “ of Humours, that Boulting-Hutch of Beastliness, that
 “ swoln Parcel of Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sack,
 “ that stuff Clock-Bag of Guts, that roasted *Manning-tree*
 “ Ox with the Pudding in his Belly, that reverend Vice,
 “ that grey Iniquity, that Father Ruffian, that Vanity
 “ in Years? Wherein is he good, but to taste Sack and
 “ drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a
 “ Capon and Eat it? Wherein Cuaning, but in Craft?
 “ wherein Crafty but in Villainy? Wherein Villainous,
 “ but in all Things? Wherein Worthy but in Nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you:
 Whom means your Grace?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable mis-leader of
 Youth, *Falstaff*, that old white-earded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the Man I know.

P. Henry. I know thou dost.

“ *Fal.* But to say, I know more harm in him than in
 “ myself, were to say more than I know. That he is
 “ Old the more's the Pity, his white Hairs do Witness it
 “ but that he is, (saving your Reverence,) a Whoremaster
 “ that I utterly deny. If Sack and Sugar be a Fault, God
 “ help the Wicked: If to be old and merry, be a Sin, then
 “ many an old Host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat,
 “ be to be hated, then *Pharaoh's* lean Kine are to be lov'd.
 “ No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish
 “ *Poins*; but for sweet *Jack Falstaff*, kind *Jack Falstaff*,
 “ true *Jack Falstaff*, valiant *Jack Falstaff*, and therefore
 “ more

The First Part of

" more valiant, being as he is, old *Jack Falstaff*; banish not him thy *Harry's* Company : Banish plump *Jack*, and banish all the World.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff with a most monstrous Watch, is at the Door.

Fal. Out you Rouge, Play out the Play : I have much to say in the Behalf of that *Falstaff*.

Enter the Hostess.

Host. O, my Lord, my Lord !

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the Devil rides upon a Fiddlestick ; what's the matter ?

Host. The Sheriff and all the Watch are at the Door ? they are come to search the House ; shall I let them in ?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal* ? never call a true Piece of Gold a Counterfeit ; thou art essentially Mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural Coward, without Instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major* ; if you will deny the Sheriff, so ; if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another Man, a Plague on my bringing up ; I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a Halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go hide thee behind the Arras, the rest walk above. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had ; but their Date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, &c.]

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff.

S C E N E XII.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

P. Henry. Now Master Sheriff, what is your Will with me ?

Sher. First, pardon me my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath follow'd certain Men unto this House.

P. Henry. What Men ?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord, A gross fat Man.

Car.

Car. As fat as Butter,

P. Henry. The Man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I myself at this Time have imploy'd him ;
And, Sheriff, I engage my Word to thee,
That I will by To-morrow Dinner Time.
Send him to answer thee, or any Man,
For any Thing he shall be charg'd withal :
And so let me intreat you leave the House.

Sher. I will, my Lord ; there are two Gentlemen
Have in this Robbery lost three Hundred Marks.

P. Henry. It may be so ; if he have robb'd these Men,
He shall be answerable, and so farewell.

Sher. Good Night, my noble Lord.

P. Henry. I think it is good Morrow, is it not ?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be Two o'Clock.

[Exit.]

P. Henry. This oily Rascal is known as well as *Paul's* ;
go call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff? fast asleep behind the Arras, and snort-
ing like a Horse.

P. Henry. Hark, how hard he fetches his Breath ;
search his Pockets.

[He searches his Pockets, and finds certain Papers.]

P. Henry. What hast thou found ?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

P. Henry. Lets see, what be they ? read them.

Peto. Item, a Capon, 2 s. 2 d.

Item, Sawce, 4 d.

Item, Sack, two Gallons, 5 s. 8 d.

Item, Anchovies and Sack after Supper, 2 s. 6 d.

Item, Bread, a Halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monstrous, but one Halfpenny-worth of
Bread, to this intolerable deal of Sack ? What there is
else, keep close, we'll read it at more Advantage ; there
let him sleep till Day. I'll to the Court in the Morning ;
we must all to the Wars, and thy Place shall be honoura-
ble. I'll procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and
I know it will kill him to march so far as twelvescore
Foot. The Money shall be paid back again with Ad-
vantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning ; and so
good Morrow, *Peto.*

Peto. Good Morrow, good my Lord.

Exeunt.

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

W A L E S.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

Mort. **T**H E S E Promises are fair, the Parties sure,
And our Induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?

And Uncle Worcester——A Plague upon it [Exeunt,
I have forgot the Map.

Glend. No, here it is;

Sit Cousin Percy, sit good Cousin Hotspur:

For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster

Doth speak of you, his Cheeks look pale, and with
A rising Sigh, he wisheth you in Heaven.

Hot. And you in Hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I blame him not; at my Nativity
The Front of Heaven was full of fiery Shapes,
Of burning Cressets; know that at my Birth,
The Frame and the Foundation of the Earth
Shook like a Coward.

Hot. So it wou'd have done
at the same Season, if your Mother's Cat
Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. I say then the Earth was not of my Mind;
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.

Glend. The Heavens were all on Fire, the Earth did
tremble.

Hot.

Hot. O, then the Earth shook to see the Heavens on Fire,
And not in fear of your Nativity.
Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange Eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Cholick pinch'd and vext,
By the imprisoning of unruly Wind
Within her Womb; which for Enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam Earth, and topples down
High Tow'rs and moss-grown Steeples. At you Birth,
Our grandam Earth, with this Distemperature,
In Passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many Men
I do not bear these Crossings; give me Leave
To tell you once again, that at my Birth
The Front of Heaven was full of fiery Shapes,
The Goats ran from the Mountains, and the Herds
Were strangely clam'rous in the frighted Fields:
These Signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the Courses of my Life do shew,
I am not in the Roll of common Men.
Where is he living, clipt in with the Sea
That chides the Banks of *England, Wales, or Scotland,*
Who calls me Pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but Woman's Son,
Can trace me in the tedious Ways of Art,
Or hold me Pace in deep Experiments.

Hot. I think there is no Man speaks better *Welsh.*
I'll to Dinner——

Mort. Peace, Cousin *Percy*, you'll make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any Man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee to command the Devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee Coz. to shame the Devil.
By telling Truth. *Tell Truth, and shame the Devil.*
If thou have Pow'r to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I've Pow'r to shame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell Truth, and shame the Devil.

Mort. Come, come!
No more of this unprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three Times hath *Henry Bolingbroke* made Head
Against my Pow'r; thrice from the Banks of *Wye*;
And

And sandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I sent
Him bootless Home, and Weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without Boots, and in foul Weather too!
How 'scapes he Agues, in the Devil's Name?

Glend. Come, here's the Map; shall we divide our
Right.

According to our threefold Order ta'en?

Mort. Th' Arch-deacon hath divided it
Into three Limits, very equally:
England from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,
By South and East, is to my Part assigned:
All Westward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* Shore,
And all the fertile Land within that Bound,
To *Owen Glendower*, and dear Coz. to you
The Remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*.
And our Indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A Business that this Night may execute)
To-morrow, Cousin *Percy*, you and I
And my Lord Lord of *Worcester*, will set forth,
To meet your Father, and the *Scottish* Power,
And is appointed us at *Strewsbury*.

My Father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his Help these fourteen Days:
Within that Space, you may have drawn together
Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter Time shall send me to you, Lords:
And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whence you must steal and take no Leave,
For there will be a world of Water shed,
Upon the parting of your Wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my Moiety, North from *Burton* here,
In Quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this River comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
A huge half Moon, a monstrous Cantle out.
I'll have the Current in this Place damm'd up:
And here the Smug and Silver *Trent* shall run
In a new Channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with so rich a deep Indent,
To rob me of so rich a Bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort.

Mort. But mark, he bears his Course, and runs me up
With like Advantage on the other Side,
Gelding the opposed Continent as much,
As on the other Side it takes from you.

Wor. Yes but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North-side win this Cape of Land,
And then he runs strait and even.

Hot. I'll have it so, a little Charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in *Welsh*.

Glend. I can speak *English*, Lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the *English* Court :
Where being young, I framed to the Harp
Many an *English* Ditty, lovely well,
And gave the Tongue a helpful Ornament ;
A Virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, I'm glad of it with all my Heart.
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry, Mew,
Than one of these said Metre-ballad-mongers ;
I'd rather hear a brazen Candlestick tun'd,
Or a dry Wheel Grate on the Axle-tree,
And that would nothing set my Teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing Poetry ;
'Tis like the forced Gate of a shuffling Nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have *Trent* turn'd.

Hot. I do not care ; I'll give thrice so much Land
To any well-deserving Friend ;
But in the way of Bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth Part of a Hair.
Are the Indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

Glend. The Moon shines fair, you may away by Night :
(I'll haste with the * Writer) and withal,
Break with your Wives of your Departure hence :
I am afraid my Daughter will run mad,
So much she doth love her Mortimer.

[Exit.]

* He means the Writer of the Articles.

SCENE II.

Mort. Fie, Cousin *Percy*, how you cross my Father?

Hot. I cannot chuse; sometime he angers me,
 † With telling of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
 Of dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;
 And of a Dragon, and a finless Fish,
 A clipt-wing'd Griffin, and a moulting Raven;
 A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat;
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble Stuff,
 As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
 He held me the last Night at least nine Hours,
 In reck'ning up the several Devils Names,
 That were his Lackeys: I cry'd hum, and well,
 But mark'd him not a Word. O, he's as tedious
 As a tir'd Horse, or as a railing Wife:
 Worse than a smoaky House. I'd rather live
 With Cheese and Garlick, in a Windmill far;
 Than feed on Cates, and have him talk to me,
 In any Summer-House in Christendom.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman;
 Exceedingly well read, and profited
 In strange Concealments; valiant as a Lion;
 And wond'rous affable; as bountiful
 As Mines of *India*: Shall I tell you, Cousin,
 He holds your Temper in a high Respect,
 And curbs himself, even of his natural Scope,
 When you do cross his Humour; 'Faith he does.
 I warrant you, that Mair is not alive
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,
 Without the Taste of Danger and Reproof.
 But do not use it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilful Blame,
 And since your coming here have done enough
 To put him quite besides his Patience:
 You must needs learn, Lord, to amend this Fault;
 Though sometimes it shews Greatness, Courage, Blood,

to save W. two ditiw And

how judges you birds

† This alludes to an old Prophecy which is said to have
 induced O. Glendower to take Arms against R. Henry. See
 Hall's Chron. fol. 20.

And that's the dearest Grace it renders you ;
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,
Defect of Manners, want of Government,
Pride, Haughtiness, Opinion and Disdain:
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth Men's Hearts, and leaves behind a Stain
Upon the Beauty of all Parts besides,
Beguiling them of Commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd : good Manners be your
speed ;
Here come our Wives, and let us take our Leave.

SCENE III.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly Spight that angers me.
My Wife can speak no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

Glend. My Daughter weeps, she will not part with you,
She'll be a Soldier too, she'll to the Wars.

Mort. Good Father, tell her, she and my Aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your Conduct speedily,

*[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers
him in the same.]*

Glend. She's desp'rate here ; a peevish self-will'd Har-
lotry.

That no Persuasion can do good upon.

[The Lady speaks in Welsh.]

Mort. I understand thy Looks that pretty *Welsh*,
Which thou pour'st down from those two swelling Hea-
vens,

I am too perfect in : and but for Shame,
In such a parly should I answer thee.

[The Lady again in Welsh.]

Mort. I understand thy Kisses ; and thou mine,
And that's a feeble Disputation :
But I will never be a Truant, Love,
Till I have learn'd thy Language ; for the Tongue
Makes *Welsh* as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair Queen in a Summer's Bower,
With ravishing Division to her Lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.

[The Lady speaks again in Welsh.]

Mort. O, I am Ignorance itself in this.

Glend.

Glend. She bids you,
 All on the wanton rushes lay you down,
 And rest your gentle Head upon her Lap,
 And she will sing a Song that pleaseth you,
 And on your Eye-lids crown the God of Sleep,
 Charming your Blood with pleasing Heaviness ;
 Making such Difference betwixt Wake and Sleep,
 As is the Difference betwixt Day and Night,
 The Hour before the heav'nly harness'd Team
 Begins his golden Progress in the East.

Mort. With all my Heart I'll sit and hear her sing :
 By that time will our Book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so ;
 And those Musicians that shall play to you,
 Hang in the Air a thousand Leagues from hence ;
 Yet strait they shall be here, sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down :
 come, quick, quick, that I may lay my Head in thy Lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy Goose. [*The Musick plays.*]

Hot. Now I perceive the Devil understands *Welsh*, and
 'tis no marvel he is so humourous : by'r-lady he's a good
 Musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but musical, for you
 are altogether govern'd by Humours : lie still ye Thief,
 and hear the Lady sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in *Irish*.

Lady. Would'st have thy Head broken ?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a Woman's Fault,

Lady. Now God help thee.

Hot. To the *Welsh* Lady's Bed.

Lady. What's that ?

Hot. Peace, she sings. [*Here the Lady sings a Welsh Song.*]
 Come, I'll have your Song too.

Lady. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth ! you swear like a Com-
 fit-maker's Wife, not you, in good sooth ; and as true as I
 Love ; and, - as God shall mend me ; and, as sure as Day :
 and givest such sarcenet Surety for thy Oaths, as if thou
 never walkest further than *Finsbury*.

Swear me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art.

A good mouth filling Oath, and leave insooth,
And such protest of Pepper-ginger-bread,
To velvet Guards, and Sunday Citizens.
Come sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next Way to turn Taylor, or be *Robin-Red-Breast* teacher: If the Indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two Hours: And so come in when ye will. [Exit.]

Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on Fire to go.
By this, our Book is drawn: We will but seal,
And then to Horse immediately.

Mort. With all my Heart. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

W I N D S O R.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lords and others.

K. Henry. LORDS, give us Leave; the Prince of
Wales and I

Must have some private Conference: But be near,
For we shall presently have need of you. —

[Exeunt Lords.]

I know not whether God will have it so,
That in his secret Doom, out of my Blood
He breeds Revengement and a Scourge for me:
But thou dost in thy Passages of Life
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot Vengeance and the rod of Heav'n,
To punish my mis-treading. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low Desires,
Such poor, such base, such lew'd, such mean Attempts,
Such barren Pleasures, rude Society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the Greatness of thy Blood,
And hold their Level with thy princely Heart?

P. Henry. So please your Majesty, I wish I could
Quit all Offences, with as clear Excuse,
As well, as I am doubtless I can purge
My self of many I am charg'd withal.
Yet such Extenuation let me beg,

C

My

As in Reproof of many Tales devis'd,
Which oft the Ear of Greatness needs must hear,
By smiling Pick-thanks and base News-mongers;
I may for some Things true, (wherein my Youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular)
Find Pardon, on my true Submission.

K. Henry. Heav'n pardon thee: yet let we wonder.

Harry.

At thy Affections which do hold a Wing
Quite from the Flight of all thy Ancestors.
Thy Place in Council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd?
And art almost an Alien to the Hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my Blood.
The Hope and Expectation of thy Time
Is ruin'd, and the Soul of every Man
Prophetically does fore-think thy Fall.

- Had I so lavish of my Presence been,
- So common-hackney'd in the Eyes of Men,
- So stale and cheap to vulgar Company;
- Opinion, that did help me to the Crown,
- Had still kept loyal to Possession,
- And left me in reputeless Banishment,
- A Fellow of no Mark nor Likelihood.
- By being seldom seen, I could not stir
- But like a Commet I was wonder'd at!
- That Men would tell their Children, this is he.
- Others would say, where? which is *Bolingbrooke*?
- And then I stole all Courtesy from Heav'n,
- And dress'd my self in such Humility,
- That I did pluck Allegiance from Mens Hearts,
- Loud Shouts and Salutations from their Mouths,
- Even in the Presence of the crowned King.
- Thus I did keep my Person fresh and new,
- My Presence like a Robe pontifical,
- Ne'er seen but wonder'd at, and so my State,
- Seldom but sumptuous, shew'd like a Feast,
- And won, by Rareness, such Solemnity.
- The skipping King, he ambled up, and down
- With shallow Jesters, and rash bavin Wits,
- Soon kindled, and soon burnt; carded his State,
- Mingled his Loyalty with carping Fools,

• Had

' Had his great Name profaned with their Scorns,
 ' And gave his Countenance, against his Name,
 ' To laugh at gybing Boys, and stand the Push
 ' Of every beardless vain comparative:
 ' Grew a Companion to the common Streets,
 ' Encoff'd himself to Popularity:
 ' That being daily swallow'd by Men's Eyes,
 ' They surfeited with Honey, and began
 ' To loath the Taste of Sweetness, whereof little
 ' More than a little, is by much too much.
 ' So when he had Occasion to be seen,
 ' He was but as the Cuckow is in *June*,
 ' Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such Eyes.
 ' As sick and blunted with Community,
 ' Afford no extraordinary Gaze;
 ' Such as is bent on sun-like Majesty,
 ' When it shines seldom in admiring Eyes:
 ' But rather drowz'd, and hung their Eye-lids down,
 ' Slept in his Face, and render'd such Aspect
 ' As cloudy Men use to their Adversaries,
 ' Being with his Presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.'
 And in that very Line, *Harry*, stand'st thou;
 For thou hast lost thy Princely Privilege
 With vile Participation. Not an Eye,
 But is a-weary of thy common Sight,
 Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
 Which now doth what I would not have it do,
 Make blind it self with foolish Tenderneſs,
P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
 Be more my self.

K. Henry. For all the World,
 As thou art at this Hour, was *Richard* t'en
 Was I from *France* set Foot at *Ravensbrug*,
 And even as I was then, is *Percy* now.
 Now by my Scepter, and my Soul to Boot,
 He hath more worthy Interest to the State,
 Than thou, the Shadow of Succession!
 For of no Right, nor Colour like to Right,
 He doth fill Fields with Harness in the Realm,
 Turns Head against the Lions armed Jaws;
 And being no more in Debt to Years than thou,
 Leads ancient Lords and reverend Bishops on,

To b'oody Battles, and to brusing Arms.
 What never-dying Honour hath he got.
 Against renowned *Douglas*, whose high Deeds,
 Whose hot Incursions, and great Name in Arms,
 Holds from all Soldiers chief Majority,
 And military Title capital,
 Through all the Kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
 Thrice hath this *Hot-spur Mars* in swathing Cloaths,
 This infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,
 Discomfited great *Douglas*, ta'en him once,
 Enlarg'd him; and made a Friend of him,
 To fill the Mouth of deep Defiance up,
 And shake the Peace and Safety of our Throne,
 And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
 Th' Archbishop's Grace of *York*, *Douglas* and *Mortimer*,
 Capitulate against us, and are up.
 But wherefore do I tell this News to thee?
 Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my Foes,
 Which art my near'st and dearest Enemy?
 'Thou that art like enough' through vassal Fear,
 Base Inclination, and the Start of Spleen,
 To fight against me under *Percy's* Pay,
 To dog his Heels, and curt'sy at his Frowns,
 To shew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
 And Heav'n forgive them, that so much have sway'd
 Your Majesty's good Thoughts away from me.
 I will redeem all this on *Percy's* Head,
 And in the closing of some glorious Day,
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your Son:
 When I will wear a Garment all of Blood,
 And stain my Favours in a bloody Mask,
 Which washt away, shall scowre my Shame with it.
 And that shall be the Day, when'er it lights,
 That this same Child of Honour and Renown,
 This gallant *Hot-spur*, this all praised Knight
 And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet.
 For every Honour sitting on his Helm,
 Would they were Multitudes, and on my Head
 My Shames redoubled! for the Time will come,
 That I shall make this northern Youth exchange
 His glorious Deeds for my Indignities.

Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
 T' engross upon glorious Deeds on my Behalf:
 And I will call him to so strict Account,
 That he shall render every Glory up.
 Yes, even the slightest Worship of his Time,
 Or I will tear the Reck'ning from his Heart.
 This, in the Name of Heav'n, I promise here:
 The which, if I perform, and do survive,
 I do beseech your Majesty, may save
 The long-grown Wounds of my intemperance;
 If not, the End of Life cancels all Bonds,
 And I will die a Hundred thousand Deaths,
 Ere break the smallest Parcel of this Vow.

K. Henry. A Hundred thousand Rebels die in this!
 Thou shalt have Charge, and sovereign Trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good *Blunt*? thy Looks are full of Speed.

Blunt. So is the Business that I come to speak of;
 Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath sent Word,
 That *Douglas* and the English Rebels met
 Th' eleventh of this Month, at *Shrewsbury*:
 A mighty and a fearful Head they are,
 If promises be kept on every Hand,
 As ever offer'd foul Play in a State.

K. Henry. The Earl of *Westmorland* set forth to Day:
 With him my Son, Lord *John* of *Lancaster*,
 For this Advertisement is five Days old.
 On *Wednesday* next, *Harry*, thou shalt set forward;
 On *Thursday*, we our selves will march: Our Meeting
 Is at *Bridgnorth*; and *Harry*, you shall march:
 Through *Glostershire*: by which Account
 Our Business valued; some twelve Days hence
 Our general Forces at *Bridgnorth* shall meet.
 Our Hands are full of Business: Let's away,
 Advantage feeds them fat while we delay. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V.

Tavern in East-cheap.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. *Bardolph*, am I not fall'n away vilely, since this
 last Action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle?
 why,

why my Skin hangs about me like an old Lady's loose Gown. I am wither'd like an old Apple *John*. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some Liking. I shall be out of Heart shortly, and then I shall have no Strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the Inside of a Church is made of, I am a Peppercorn, a Brewer's Horse, the Inside of a Church! Company, villainous Company hath been the Spoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, You are so fretful you cannot live long.

Fal. Why there is it; come sing me a bawdy Song, to make me merry: I was as virtuously given, as a Gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; dined not above seven Times a Week; went to a Bawdy-house not above once in a Quarter of an Hour; paid Money that I borrowed, three or four Times; liv'd well, and in good Compass; and now I live out of all Order, out of all Compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir *John*, that you must needs be out of all Compass, out of all reasonable Compass, Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy Face, and I'll amend my Life. Thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the Lanthorn in the Poop, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, My Face does you do Harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good Use of it as many a Man doth of a Death's Head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy Face, but I think upon Hell Fire, and *Dives* that liv'd in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning. If thou were any Way given to Virtue, I would swear by thy Face; my Oath should be, by this Fire; but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the Light in thy Face, the Son of utter Darknes. When thou rann'st up *Gads-bill* in the Night to catch my Horse, if I did not think thou had'st been an *ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O thou art a perpetual Triumph, an everlasting Bonfire light; thou hast saved me a thousand Marks in Links and Torches, walking with thee in the Night, betwixt Tavern and Tavern; but the Sack that thou hast drunk me, would have brought me Lights as good cheap

cheap, at the dearest Chandler's in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with Fire, any Time this Two and thirty Years, Heaven reward me for it.

Bard. 'SBlood, I would my Face were in your Belly.

Fal. God-a-Mercy, so should I be sure to be Heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket!

Host. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John*? do you think I keep Thieves in my House? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant: The Tight of a Hair was never lost in my House before.

Fal. Ye lye, Hostess, *Bardolph* was shav'd and lost many a Hair; and I'll be sworn my Pocket was pick'd; go to, you are a Woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee; I was never call'd so in mine own House before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir *John*; You do not know me, Sir *John*; I know you, Sir *John*; you owe me Money, Sir *John*, and now you pick a Quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy Dowlas: I have given them away to Baker's Wives, and they have made Boulters of them.

Host. Now as I am a true Woman, *Holland* of eight Shillings an Ell: You owe Money here besides, Sir *John*, for your Diet, and By-drinkings, and Money lent you, Four and twenty Pounds.

Fal. He had his Part of it, let him pay.

Host. He! alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his Face, what call you rich? let him coin his Nose, let him coin his Cheeks: I'll not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Yonker of me? shall I not take mine Ease in mine Inn, but I shall have my Pocket pick'd? I have lost a Seal-ring of my Grandfather's, worth forty Mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the Ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a *Jack*, a Sneak-cup; and

if he were here, I would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would say so,

SCENE VI.

Enter Prince Henry marching, and Falstaff meets him, playing on his Trunchson like a Ffe.

Fal. How now, Lad, is the Wind in that Door? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate* fashion.

Host. My Lord, I pray you hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Mistress *Quickly*? how does thy Husband, I love him well, he is an honest Man.

Host. God, my Lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, *Jack*?

Fal. The other Night I fell asleep here behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pick'd: This House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they pick Pockets.

Henry. What didst thou lose, *Jack*?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal*? three or four Bonds of forty Pounds a piece, and a Seal-ring of my Grandfather's.

P. Henry. A Trifle, some eight-penny Matter.

Host. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: And, my Lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a Foul-mouth'd Man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither Faith, Truth, or Womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more Faith in thee than in a stew'd Preen; no more truth in thee Than in a drawn Fox; and for Womanhood, Maid *Marian* may be the Deputy's Wife of the Ward to thee, Go you Thing, go.

Host. Say, what Thing? what Thing?

Fal. What Thing? why a Thing to thank God on.

Host. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou should's know it: I am an honest Man's Wife; and setting

ting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a Knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aside, thou art a Beast to say otherwise.

Hof. Say, what Beast, thou Knave thou?

Fal. What Beast? why an Otter?

P. Henry. An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why? She's neither Fish nor Flesh; a Man knows not where to have her.

Hof. Thou art an unjust Man in saying so: Thou or any Man know where to have me; thou Knave thou.

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, Hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly.

Hof. So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other Day, you ow'd him a thousand Pound?

P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand Pound?

Fal. A thousand Pound, *Hal*? A Million; thy love is worth a Million: Thou ow'st me thy Love.

Hof. Nay, my Lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and said he would Cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.

P. Henry. I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy Word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'st, as thou art but a Man I dare; but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lion's Whe'p.

P. Henry. And why not as the Lion.

Fal. The King himself is to be fear'd as the Lion; dost thou think I'll fear thee, as I fear thy Father? Nay, if I do, let my Girdle break.

Henry. O, if it should, how would thy Guts fall about thy Knees! But, Sirrah, there's no room for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this Bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with Guts and Midriff. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy Pocket! Why Whorson, impudent, imboist Rascal, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tavern Reckonings, Memorandums of Bawdy-houses, one poor Penny-worth of Sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy Pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am am a villain: and yet you will stand to it, you will not Pocket up Wrongs. Art thou not asham'd?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? thou know'st in the State of Innocency, *Adam* fell: And what should poor *Jack Falstaff* do, in the Days of Villainy? Thou seest, I have more Flesh than another Man, and therefore more Frailty. You confess then you pickt my Pocket?

P. Henry. It appears so by thee Story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go make ready Breakfast, love thy Husband, look to thy Servants, and cherish thy Guests: Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest Reason: Thou seest, I am pacify'd still. Nay, pr'ythee be gone.

[*Exit Hostess.*]

Now, *Hal*, to the News at Court for the Robbery, Lad: How is that answer'd?

P. Henry. O my sweet Beef, I must still be good Angel to thee. The Mony is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that Paying back; 'tis a double Labour.

P. Henry. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any Thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first Thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd Hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

P. Henry. I have procur'd thee, *Jack*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had been of Horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine Thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the virtuous, I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. *Bardolph.*

Bard. My Lord.

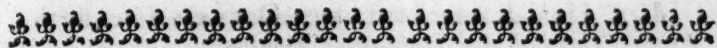
P. Henry. Go bear this Letter to Lord *John* of Lancaster, to my Brother *John*. This to my Lord of *Westmorland*, go *Percy*, to horse; for thou and I have thirty Miles to ride yet ere Dinner Time. *Jack*, met me to-morrow in the *Temple-Hall* at two a Clock in the Afternoon, there shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive Mony and Order for their Furniture.

The Land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,
And either he, or we, must lower lie.

Fal.

Fal. Rare Words ! brave World ? Hostess my Breakfast, come :

Oh, I could wish this Tavern were my Drum ! [*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

At SHREWSBURY.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, and Dowglas.

HOT-SPUR.

WELL sayd, my noble *Scot* ; if speaking Truth
In this fine Age, were not thought Flattery,
Such Attribution should the *Dowglas* have,
As not a Soldier of this Season's Stamp
Should go so gen'ral currant through the World.
By Heav'n, I cannot flatter : I defy
The Tongues of Soothers. But a braver Place
In my Heart's Love hath no Man than your self.
Nay, task me to my Word ; approve me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honour :
No Man so potent breathes upon the Ground,
But I will berad him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do, and 'tis well — What Letters hast thou
here — I can but thank you.

Mess. These come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him ? Why comes he not himself.

Mess.

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord, he's grievous Sick,

Hot. Heav'ns ! How has he the leisure to be Sick
In such a juggling Time ? Who leads his Power :
Under whose Government come they along ?

Mess. His Letters bear his Mind, not I his Mind.

Wor. I pr^thee tell me, doth he keep his Bed ?

Mess. He did, my Lord; four Days ere I set forth
At the Time of my Departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Physician.

Wor. I would the State of Time had first been Whole,
Ere he by Sicknes had been visited ;
His Health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now ? Droop now ; This Sicknes doth In-
fect

The very Life-blood of our Enterprize ;
'Tis catching hither, even to our Camp.
He writes me here, that inward Sicknes ———
And that his Friends by Deputation
Could not soon be drawn : Nor thought he meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a Trust
On any Soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold Advertisement,
That with our small Conjunction we should on,
'To see how Fort. ne is dispos'd to us :
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possesst
Of all our Purposes. What say you to it ?

Wor. Your Fathers Sicknes is a Maim to us.

Hot. A perilous Gash, a very Limb lopt off :
And yet, in Faith 'tis not his present Want
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good,
To set the exact Wealth of all our States
All at one cast ? To set so rich a * Main
On the nice Hazard of one doubtful Hour,
It were not good ; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the Soul of Hope,
The very Lift, the very utmost Bound
Of all our Fortunes.

Dow. Faith, and so we should ;
Where now remains a sweet Reversion.

* Mine

We

We now may boldly spend upon the Hope
Of what is to come in :

A comfort of Retirement lives in this.

Hot. A Rendezvous, at Home to fly unto,
If that the Devil and Mischance look big
Vpon the Maidenhead of our Affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had been here :
The Quality and † Hair of our Attempt
Brooks no Division, it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That Wisdom, Loyalty, and meer Dislike
Of our Proceedings, kept the Earl from hence;
And think how such an Apprehension
May turn the Tide of fearful Faction,
And breed a kind of Question in our Cause :
For well you know we of th' * offending Side,
Must keep aloof from strict Arbitrement,
And stop all Sight-holes, every Loop from whence
The Eye of Reason may pry in upon us :
Tis Absence of your Father draws a Curtain,
That shews the Ignorant a Kind of Fear
Before not dreamt upon.

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of this Absence make this Use :
It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion,
A larger † glare to your great Enterprize,
Than if the Earl were here : For Men must think,
If we without his help can make a Head,
To push against the Kingdom, with his Help,
We shall o'erturn it Topside-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our Joints are whole.

Dow. As Heart can think; there is not such a Word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this || Term of Fear.

S C N E II.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My Cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soul.

Ver. Pray God my News be worth a welcome, Lord.
The

† *Heir.* * *Offering.* † *Dare.* || *Dream.*

The Earl of *Westerland*, sev'n Thousand strong,
Is marching hither, with Prince *John of Lancaster*.

Hot. No Harm ; what more ?

Ver. And further I have learn'd,
The King himself in Person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedly,
With strong and mighty Preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too : Where is his Son ?
The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of *Wales*,
And his Comrades ; that daft the World aside
And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnisht, all in Arms,
All plum'd like *Estridges*, that with the Wind
* Baited like Eagles, having lately bath'd :
Glittering in golden Coats like Images,
As full of Spirit as the Month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the Sun at *Midsummer*,
Wanton as youthful Goats, wild as young Bulls.
I saw young *Harry* with his Beaver on,
His † Cuisses on his Thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the Ground like feather'd *Mercury* ;
And vaulted with such Ease into his Seat,
As if an Angel dropt down from the Clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegasus*,
And ‡ witch the World with noble Horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more ; Worse than the Sun in *March*,
This Praise doth nourish Agues ; let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their Trim,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoaky War,
All Hot, and Bleeding will we offer them.
The mailed *Mars* shall on his Altar sit
Up to the Ears in Blood. I am on Fire,
To hear this rich Reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to bear me like a Thunder bolt,
Against the Bosom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry* shall, and Horse to Horse
Meet, and ne'er part, till One drop down a Coarse.
Oh, that *Glendower* were come !

Ver.

* Baited, i. e. flutter'd the Wings.

† Cuisses, *Fr.* Armour for the Thighs.

‡ witch, for bewitch, charm.

Ver. There is more News :

I learnt in *Worcester*, as I rode along,

He cannot draw his Pow'r this fourteen Days.

Dow. That's the worst Tidings that I hear of, yet.

Wor. Ay, by my Faith, that bears a frosty Sound.

Hot. What may the King's whole Battle reach unto ?

Ver. To thirty Thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,

The Pow'r of us may serve so great a Day.

Come, let us take a Muster speedily :

Dooms Day is near ; die all, die merrily.

Dow. Talk not of Dying, I am out of Fear
Of Death, or Death's Hand, for this one half Year.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. *Bardolph*, get thee before to *Coventry* : Fill me a
Bottle of Sack : Our Soldiers shall march through :
We'll to *Sutton-cop Hill* to-night.

Bard. Will you give me Mony, Captain ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy Labour ; and if it
make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the Coynage.
Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the Town's End.

Bard. I will Captain ; farewell. [*Exit.*]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my Soldiers, I am a fow'd
Gurnet : I have mis-us'd the King's Press damnably. ' I
• have got, in Exchange of an Hundred and fifty Soldiers,
• three Hundred and odd Pounds. I press me none but
• good Householders, Yeomen's Sons ; enquire me out con-
• tracted Batchelors, such as have been ask'd twice on the
• Banes : Such a Commodity of warm Slaves, as had as
• lieve hear the Devil, as a Drum ; such as fear the
• Report of a Culverin, worse than a Struck-fowl, or a
• hurt wild Duck. I press me none but such Toasts
• and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellies no higher
than

' than Pins Heads, and they have bought out their Ser-
 ' vices: and now my whole Charge consists of Ancients,
 ' Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Sla-
 ' ves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where
 ' the Glutton's Dog' licked his Sores; and such as iedeed
 ' were never Soldiers, but discarded unjust Servingmen,
 ' younger Sons to younger Brothers: revolted Tapiters,
 ' and Ostlers trade-fall'n, the Cankers of a calm World
 ' and long Peace; ten Times more dishonourably ragged,
 ' than an old-fac'd Ancient; and such have I to fill up
 ' the Rooms of them that have bought out their Servi-
 ' ces; that you would think I had a Hundred and fifty
 ' tatter'd Prodigals, lately come from Swine-keeping,
 ' from eating Darff and Husks. A mad Fellow met me
 ' on the Way, and told me, I had unloaded all the Gib-
 ' bets, and prest the dead Bodies. No Eye had seen
 ' such Scare-crow: I'll not march through *Coventry*
 ' w'th them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villains march
 ' wide betwixt the Legs, as if they had † Gyves on; for
 ' indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's
 ' but a Shirt and a half in all my Company; and the
 ' half Shirt is two Napkins tack'd together, and thrown
 ' over the Shoulders like a Herald's Coat without Sleeves;
 ' and the Shirt, to say the Truth, stoll'n from my Host
 ' of *St. Albans*; or the red nos'd Inn-keeper of *Daintry*.
 ' But that's all one, they'll find Linnen enough on every
 ' Hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, and Westmorland.

P. Henry. How now, blown *Jack*? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, *Hal*? How now, Mad Wag, what a De-
 vil do'st thou in *Warwickshire*? My good Lord of *West-*
morland, I cry you Mercy, I thought your Honour had
 already been at *Shrewsbury*.

West. Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than Time that I
 were there, and you too; but my Powers are there al-
 ready. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all;
 we must away all to-night,

Fal.

†*Shakles*.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steal Cream.

P. Henry. I think to steal Cream indeed, for thy Theft hath already made thee butter; but tell me, *Jack*, whose Fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

P. Henry. I did never see such pityful Rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to tofs: Food for Powder, Food for Powder; they'll fill a Pit, as well as better; tush Man, mortal Men, mortal Men.

West. Ay, but Sir *John* me thinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their Poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their Bareness. I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three Fingers on the Ribs, bare. But, Sirrah, make haste. *Percy* is already in the Field.

Fal. What is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir *John*: I fear we shall stay too-long.

Fal. Well.

The latter End of a Fray, and Beginning of a Feast;
Fits a dull Figther, and a keen Guest.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

At SHREWSBURY.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You give him then Advantage.

Ver. Not a Whit.

Hot. Why say you so? Looks he not for Supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good Cousin be advis'd, stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Dow. You do not counsell well;
You speak it out of Fear, and from cold Heart.

Ver.

Ver. Do me no Slander, *Douglas*: by my Life,
And I dare well maintain it with my Life,
If well-respected Honour bid me on,
I hold as little Counsel with weak Fear,
As you, my Lord, or any *Scot* that lives.
Let it be seen To-morrow in the Battle,
Which of us fears.

Dow. Yea, or To-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be: I wonder much,
Being Men of such great Leading as you are,
That you foresee not what Impediments
Drag back our Expedition; certain Horse
Of my Cousin *Vernon's* are not yet come up,
Your Uncle *Worcester's* Horse came but To-day,
And now their Pride and Mettle is asleep,
Their Courage with hard Labour tame and dull,
That not a Horse is half, half of himself.

Hot. So are the Horses of the Enemy
In gen'ral, Journey-bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of Rest.

Wor. The Number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The Trumpet sounds a parley.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious Offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me Hearing and Respect.

Hot. Welcome Sir *Walter Blunt*, and would to God,
You were of our Determination;
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great Deservings, and good Name,
Because you are not of our Quality;
But stand against us like an Enemy.

Blunt. And Heav'n defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit and true Rule
You stand against anointed Majesty.
But to my Charge.---The King hath sent to know
The Nature of your Grievs, and whereupon

Yon

Yon Conjure from the Breast of civil Peace
 Such bold Hostility, teaching his duteous Land
 Audacious Cruelty. If that the King
 Have any way your good Deserts forgot,
 Which he confesseth to be manifold,
 He bids you name your Griets; and with all speed
 You shall have your Desires, with Interest:
 And Pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
 Herein misled by your Suggestion.

Ht. The King is kind: And well we know, the
 King

Knows at what time to Promise, when to Pay.
 My Father and my Uncle, and myself,
 Did give him that same Royalty he wears:
 And when he was not Six and Twenty strong,
 Sick in the World's Regard, wretched and low,
 A poor unminded Out-law, sneaking home,
 My Father gave him Welcome to the Shore:
 And when we heard him swear, and vow to God,
 He came to be but Duke of *Lancaster*,
 To sue his Livery and beg his Peace,
 With Tears of Innocence, and Terms of Zeal;
 My Father, in kind Heart, and Pity mov'd,
 Swore him Assistance, and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realm
 Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,
 They more and less came in with Cap and Knee,
 Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
 Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,
 Laid Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oaths,
 Gave him their Heirs, as Pages * following him
 Even at the Heels in golden Multitudes.
 He presently, as Greatness knows itself,
 Steps me a little higher than his Vow
 Made to my Father, while his Blood was poor,
 Upon the naked Shore at *Ravenspur*:
 And now, Forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
 That lay too heavy on the Common-wealth;
 Cries out upon Abuses, seems to weep
 Over his Country's Wrongs; and by this Face,
 This seeming Brow of Justice, did he win

* follow'd.

The

The Hearts of all that he did angle for:
 Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
 Of all the Fav'rites that the absent King
 In Deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the *Irish* War.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the Point.

In short Time after, he depos'd the King,
 Soon after that depriv'd him of his Life:
 And in the Neck of that, task'd the whole State.
 To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman *Marchi*.
 (Who is, if every owner were right plac'd,
 Indeed his King) to be engag'd in *Wales*,
 There without Ransom, to lie forfeited:
 Disgrac'd me in my happy Victoires,
 Sought to intrap me by Intelligence,
 Rated my Uncle from the Council-board,
 In Rage dimis'd my Father from the Court,
 Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong;
 And in Conclusion drove us to seek out
 This Head of Safety; and with all to pry
 Into his Title too, the Which we find
 Too indireſt, for long Continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this Answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, Sir *Walter*; we'll withdraw a While;
 Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
 Some Surety for a safe Return again;
 And in the Morning early shall my Uncle
 Bring him our Purposes: And so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Love.

Hot. It may be so, we shall.

Blunt. Pray Heav'n you do.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter the Archbishop of York, and Sir Michell.

York. Hie, good Sir *Michell*, bear this sealed Brief
 With winged Haste to the Lord Mareſhal,
 This to my Cousin *Sercoop*, and all the rest
 To whom they are directed: If you knew
 How much they do import, you wou'd make Haste.

Sir

Sir Mich. My Lord, I guess their Tenor.

York. Like enough.

To-morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a Day
Wherein the Fortune of ten Thousand Men
Must bide the Touch. For, Sir at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truly given to understand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raised Power,
Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I fear, Sir *Michell*,
What with the Sickneſs of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe Pow'r was in the firſt Proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendower's* Abſence thence;
Who with them was † a † rated Sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-ru'd by Prophecies;
I fear the Pow'r of *Percy* is to weak
To wage an inſtant Tryal with the King.

Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, there's *Douglas*,
And Lord *Mortimer*.

York. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir Mich. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, *Harry Percy*,
And there's my Lord of *Worceſter*, and a Head
Of gallant Warriors, noble Gentlemen.

York. And ſo there is: But yet the King hath drawn
The ſpecial Head of all the Land together:
The Prince of *Wales*, Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*,
The noble *Weſtmoreland*, and Warlike *Blunt*;
And many more Corrivals, and dear Men
Of Eſtimation and command in Arms.

Sir Mich. Doubt not, my Lord, they ſhall be well
oppoſ'd.

York. I hope no leſs: Yet needful 'tis to fear.
And to prevent the worſt, Sir *Michell*, ſpeed,
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not e'er the King
Diſmiſs his Power, he means to viſit us;
For he hath heard of our Confederacy,
And 'tis but Wiſdom to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt go write again
To other Friends; and ſo farewell, Sir *Michell*.

[*Exeunt.*]

† rated firmly.

† a rated Sinew, ſo the firſt Edition, i. e. accounted
a ſtrong Aid.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

SHREWSBURY.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.

K. Hen. **H**OW bloodily the Sun begins to peer
Above yon busky Hill: The Day looks
At his Distemperature. (pale)

P. Hen. The Southern-wind
Doth play the Trumpet to his Purposes,
And by his hollow Whistling in the Leaves,
Foretels a Tempest, and a blustering Day.

K. Hen. Then with the Losers let it Sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that Win.
(*The Trumpet sounds.*)

Enter Worcester.

K. Hen. How now, my Lord of Wor'ster? 'tis not
well,
That you and I should meet upon such Terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our Trusts,
And made us doff our easie Robes of Peace,
To crush our old Limbs in ungente Steel:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish Knot of all-aborred War,
And move in that obedient Orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural Light;
And be no more an exhal'd Meter,
A prodigy of Fear, and a Portent
Of broached Mischief, to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content

To

To entertain the lag-end of my Life
With quiet Hours: for I do protest,
I have not fought the Day of this dislike:

K. Hen. You have not fought it, Sir? how comes
it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his Way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, † *Chevet*, Peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty, to turn your Looks,
Of Favour, from myself and all our House;
And yet I must remember you, my Lord,
We were the first and dearest of your Friends:
For you my Staff of Office did I break
In *Richard's* time, and posted Day and Night
To meet you on the Way, and kiss your Hand,
When yet you were in Place and in Account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I:
It was myself, my Brother, and his Son,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The Dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that Oath at *Doncaster*,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the State.
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The Seat of *Guant*, Dukedom of *Lancaster*.
To this, we swear our Aid: But in short Space
It rain'd down Fortune show'ring on your Head.
And such a Flood of Greatness fell on you,
What with our Help, what with the absent King,
What with the Injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming Suff'rances that you had born
And the contrarious Winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky *Irish* Wars,
That all in *England* did repute him dead:
And from this swarm of fair Advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the gen'ral Sway into your Hand;
Forgot your Oath to us at *Doncaster*;
And being fed by us, you us'd us so,
As that ungentle Gull, the Cuckow's Bird,
Useth the Sparrow; did oppress our Nest,
Grew by our Feeding to so great a Bulk,
That ev'n our Love durst not come near your Sight

For

† *Chevet*, *fr. a Bolster*.

For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble Wing,
 We were inforc'd for Safety's sake to fly
 Out of your Sight, and raise this present Head :
 Whereby we stand opposed by such Means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,
 By unkind Utage, dangerous Countenance,
 And violation of all Faith and Troth,
 Sworn to us in your younger Enterprize.

K. Hen. These Things indeed you have articulated,
 Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches,
 To face the Garment of Rebellion
 With some fine Colour, that may please the Eye
 Of fickle Changelings and poor Discontents ;
 Which gape and rub the Elbow at the News
 Of hurly-burly Innovation ?
 And never yet did Insurrection want
 Such Water colours, to impaint his Cause ;
 Nor moody Beggars, starving for a time
 Of Pell-mell Havock and Confusion.

P. Henry. In both our Armies, there is many a Soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this bold Encounter,
 If once they join in Trial. Tell your Nephew,
 The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the World
 In praise of *Harry Percy* : By my Hopes,
 (This present Enterprize set off his Head)
 I do not think a braver Gentleman,
 More active, Valiant, or more valiant Young,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter Age with noble deed.
 For my part, I may speak it to my Shame,
 I have a truant been to Chivalry,
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too.
 Yet this before my Father's Majesty,
 I am content that he shall take the odds
 Of his great Name and Estimation
 And will, to save the Blood on either side,
 Try Fortune with him, in a single Fight.

K. Hen. And, Prince of *Wales*, so dare we venture
 thee,
 Albeit, Considerations infinite
 Do make against it : No. good, *Wor'ster*, no,
 We love our People well ; even those we love

That

That are mislaid upon your Cousin's Part :
And will they take the Offer of our Grace ;
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every Man
Shall be my Friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your Cousin and return me Word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread Correction wait on us,
And they shall do their Office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with Reply ;
We Offer fair, take it advisedly. [Exit Worcester.]

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my Life.
The Douglas and the Hot-spur both together
Are conficant against the World in Arm.

K. Henry. Hence therefore, every Leader to his Charge.
For on their Answer will we set on them :
And God besfriend us, as our Cause is just. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Manent Prince Henry and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the Battle, and be-
stride me, so; 'tis a Point of Friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that
Friendship: Say thy Prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were Bed-time. Hal. and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou ow'st Heav'n a Death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him
before his Day. What need I be so forward with him
that calls not on me? well, 'tis no Matter, Honour
pricks me on. But how if Honour prick me off when
I come on? ' how then? can Honour set to a Leg?
' no, or an Arm? no, or take away the Grief of a Wound?
' no, Honour hath no Skill in Surgery then? no. What
' is Honour? a Word. What is that Word Honour? Air;
' a trim Reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wed-
' nesday, doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is
' it insensible then? yea, to the Dead. But will it not live
' with the Living? no. Why? Detraction will not suf-
' fer it, therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a meer
' Scutcheon, and so ends my Catechism. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Worcester and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind Offer of the King,

D

Ver.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are a l undone.

It is not possible, it canuot be,
 The King should keep his Word in loving us;
 He will suspect us still, and find a Time
 To punish this Offence in other Faults:
 Suspicion all our Lives, shall be stuck full of Eyes;
 For Treason is but trusted like the Fox,
 Who ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
 Will have a wild Trick of his Ancestors.
 Look how we can, or Sad or Merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our Looks;
 And we shall feed like Oxen at a Stall,
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer Death.
 My Nephew's Trespas may be well forgot,
 It hath th'excuse of Youth and Heat of Blood,
 And an adopted Name of Priviledge,
 A hair-brain'd *Hot-spur*, govern'd by a Spleen:
 All his Offences live upon my Head,
 And on his Father's. We did train him on,
 And his Corruption being ta'en from us,
 We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all.
 Therefore, good Cousin, let not *Harry* know
 In any Case, the Offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
 Here comes your Cousin.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Hot-spur and Dowglas.

Hot. My Uncle is return'd:
 Deliver up my Lord of *Westmorland*.
Uncle, What News?

Wor. The King will bid you battle presently.

Dow. Defy him by the Lord of *Westmorland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, go you then and tell him so.

Dow. Marry I shall, and very willingly. [*Exit Dowglas.*]

Wor. There is no seeming Mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our Grievances,
 Of his Oath-breaking; which he mended thus:
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn.

He

He calls us Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty Arms this hateful Name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arm, Gentlemen, to Arms; for I have thrown
A brave Defiance in King Henry's Teeth:
And *Westmorland* that was engag'd did bear it,
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of *Wales* stept forth before the King,
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to single Fight.

Hot. O, would the Quarrel lay upon our Heads,
And that no Man might draw short Breath To-day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his Talking? seem'd it in Contempt?

Ver. No by my Soul: I never in my Life
Did hear a Challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a Brother should a Brother, dare,
To gentle Exercise and Proof of Arms.
He gave you all the Duties of a Man,
Trim'd up your Praises with a Princely Tongue,
Spoke your Deservings like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better than his Praise:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing *Cital of himself, *Cital for *Taxation*.
And chid his Tyrant Youth with such a Grace,
As if he master'd there a double Spirit,
Of Teaching, and of Learning instantly.
There did he pause; but let me tell the World,
If he out-live the Envy of this Day,
England did never owe so sweet a Hope,
So much misconstrued in his Wantonness,

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his Follies; never did I hear
Of any Prince so wild a Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere Night
I will embrace him with a Soldier's Arm,
That he shall shrink under my Courtesy.
Arm, arm, with Speed, and Fellows, Soldiers, Friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the Gift of Tongue,
Can lift your Blood up with Persuasion.

De

SCENE

S C E N E V.

*Enter a Messenger.**Mess.* My Lord, here are Letters for you.*Hot.* I cannot read them now.

O Gentlemen, the Time o Life is short:
 To spend that Shortness basely were too long,
 Tho' Life did ride upon a Dial's Point,
 Still ending at th'Arrival of an Hour.
 And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
 If die; brave Death, when Princes die with as.
 Now for our Consciences, the Arms are fair,
 When the Intent for bearing them is just.

*Enter another Messenger.**Mess.* My Lord, prepare, the King comes on a-pace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my Tale,
 For I profess not talking: only this, only this,
 Let each Man do his best. And here draw I
 A Sword, whose Temper I intend to stain
 With the best Blood that I can meet withal,
 In the Adventure of this perilous Day.
 Now *Esperance!* Percy, and set on:
 Sound all the lofty Instruments of War;
 And by that Musick let us all embrace:
 For (Heaven to Earth) some of us never shall
 A second Time do such a Courtesy.

[They embrace, then exeunt. The Trumpets sound.]

S C E N E VI.

*The King entrencheth with his Power; Alarm to the Battle.**Then enter Dowglas and Sir Walter Blunt.**Blunt?* What is thy Name, that thus in Battle crost
 fess me?

What Honour dost thou seek upon my Head?

Dow. Know then, my Name is *Dowglas*.

And I do haunt thee in the Battle thus,
 Because some tell me that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* dear To-day hath bought
 Thy Likeness; for instead of thee, King *Harry*,

This

This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my Prisoner.

Blunt. I was no born to yield, thou haughty *Scot*,
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford's* Death.

Fight. *Blunt is slain: Then enter Hot-spur.*

Hot. O *Douglas*, hadst thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a *Scot*.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathless lies the
King.

Hot. Where?

Dow. Here.

Hot. This, *Douglas*? No: I know this Face full
well:

A galant Knight he was, his Name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Dow. Ah! Fool go with thy Soul whither it goes,
A borrow'd Title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coats.
I'll murder all his Wardrobe Piece by Piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away,
Our Soldiers stand full fairly for the Day, [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Alarm, enter Falstaff solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I
fear the Shot here: here's no Scoring, but upon the Pate.
Soft, who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt*? there's Honour
for you; here's no Vanity: I am as hot as molten Lead,
and as heavy too: Heav'n keep Lead out of me, I need
no more weight than mine own Bowels. I have led my
Rag omuffians where they are pepper'd; there's not three
of my Hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the
Town's End, to beg during Life. But who comes here

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me
thy Sword.

Many a Noble Man lies stark and stiff

Under the Hoofs of vaunting Enemies,
Whose Deaths are unreveng'd. Lend me thy Sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I pr'ythee give me Leave to breathe a while. Turk *Gregory* never did such Deeds in Arms, as I have done this Day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him sure.

P. Henry. He is incēd, and living to kill thee :
I pr'ythee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'st not my Sword : but take my Pistol if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me : What, is it in the Case ?

Fal. Ay *Hal*, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a City.

[*The Prince draws out a Bottle of Sack.*]

P. Henry. What, is it a Time to jest and dally now ?

[*Throws it at him, and exits.*]

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, I'll pierce him ; if he do come in my Way, so ; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a Carbonade of me. I like not such grinning Honour as Sir *Walter* hath : Give me Live, which if I can save, so ; if not, Honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an End. (Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

Alarum, Excursions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and the Earl of Westmorland.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, *Harry*, withdraw thy self, thou bleedest too much : Lord *John of Lancaster*, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my Lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I do beseech your Majesty make up,
Least your Retirement do amaze your Friends.

K. Henry. I will do so :

My Lord of *Westmorland*, lead him to his Tent.

West. Come my Lord, I'll lead you to your Tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my Lord ! I do not need your Help,

And Heav'n forbid a shallow Scratch should drive
The Prince of *Wales* from such a Field as this,
Where stain'd Nobility lies trodden on,
And Rebels Arms triumph in Massacres.

Lan. We breathe too long ; come Cousin *Westmorland*,
Our Duty this Way lies, for Heaven's Sake come.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. By Heav'n thou hast deceiv'd me, *Lancaster*,
I did not think thee Lord of such a Spirit:
Before I lov'd thee as a Brother, *John*;
But now, I do respect thee as my Soul.

K. Henry. I saw him hold Lord *Percy* at the Point,
With lustier Maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown Warrior.

P. Henry. Oh this Boy
Lends Mettle to us all.

[Exit.

Manent King Henry. Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? they grow like *Hydra's* Heads:
I am the *Dowglas* fatal to all those
That wear those Colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'st the Person of a King?

K. Henry. The King himself, who, *Dowglas*, grieves
at Heart

So many of his Shadows thou hast met,
And not the very King, I have two Boys
Seek *Percy* and thy self about the Field;
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily
I will assay thee: So defend thy self.

Dow. I fear thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in Faith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But Mine I'm sure thou art, who e'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[They fight: the King being in Danger,
Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Hold up thy Head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again: The Spirits
Of *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Arms:
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but means to pay.

[They fight, Dowglas flyeth.

Chearly, my Lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawfay* hath for Succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*: I'll to *Clifton* strait.

K. Henry. Stay, and breathe a While.
Thou hast redeem'd my lost Opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my Life,
In this fair Rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Henry. O Heav'n, they did me too much Injury,
That ever said I hearken'd for your Death.

If it were so, I might have let alone
 Th'insulting Hand of *Douglas* over you,
 Which would have been as speedy in your End.
 And all the pois'nous Potions in the World,
 And sav'd the treach'rous Labour of your Son.

K. Henry. Make up to *Clifton*, I'll to Sir *Nicholas*
Garwsey. [Exit.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Hot-spur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.

P. Henry. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my Name.

Hot. My Name is *Harry Percy*.

P. Henry. Then I see

A very valiant Rebel of that Name.

I am the Prince of *Wales*; and think not, *Percy*,

To share with me in Glory any more:

Two Stars keep not their Motion in one Sphere,

Nor can one *England* brook a double Reign,

Of *Harry Percy* and the Prince of *Wales*.

Hot. Nor shall it, *Harry*, for the Hour is come

To end the one of us; and would to Heaven

Thy name in Arms were now as great as mine.

P. Hen. I'll make it greater e'er I part from thee;

And all the budding Honours on thy Crest

I'll crop, to make a Garland for thy Head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy Vanities. [Fight.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, *Hal*; to it, *Hal*. Nay, you shall find
 no Boys play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaff, who falls down
 as if he were dead. The Prince kills Percy.*

Hot. Oh *Harry* thou hast robb'd me of my Youth:

I better brook the loss of brittle Life,

Than those proud Titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my Thoughts worse than my Sword my
 Flesh:

But Thoughts the Slave of Life, and Life time's Fool;

And Time, that takes survey of all the World,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesie,

But that the Earthy and cold hand of Death,

Lies

The first Part of 81

Lies on my Tongue: No, *Percy*, thou art Dust,
And Food for—— [*Diss.*]

P. Hen. Worms, brave *Percy*, Fare thee well!
Ill-weav'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this Body did contain a Spirit,
A Kingdom for it was to small a Bound:
But now two paces of the vilest Earth
Is room enough! This Earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a Gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of that Courtesy,
I should not make so great a show of Zeal,
But let thy Favours hide thy mangled Face,
And ev'n in thy Behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of Tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy Praise with thee to Heav'n,
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the Grave,
But not remember'd in thy Epitaph. [*He sees Falstaff.*]
-----What! Old Acquaintance! Could not all this Flesh
Keep in a little Life? Poor *Jack*, farewell.
I could have better spar'd a better Man.
O, I should have a heavy mis of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a Deer to day,
Tho' many a dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
'Till then, in Blood by noble *Percy* lie. (*Exit.*)

S C E N E X.

Falstaff rises.

Fal. Imbowell'd! If thou Imbowel me To-day, I'll
give you leave to Powder me, and Eat me To-morrow:
'Sblood, 'twas time to Counterfeit, or that hot Termagant
Scot had paid me *Scot* and *Lot* too. Counterfeit? I lye,
I am no Counterfeit; to die, is to be a Counterfeit, for he
is but the Counterfeit of a Man, who hath not the Life
of a Man: But to counterfeit dying, when a Man thereby
liveth, is to be no Counterfeit, but the true and perfect
Image of Life indeed. The better part, of Valour is
Discretion, in the which better part, I have saved my
Life. I am afraid of this Gun-powder *Percy*, tho' he
be

be dead. How if he should Counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better Counterfeit; therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but Eyes, and no Body sees me. Therefore, Sirrah, with a new Wound in your Thigh come you along with me. *(Takes Hot-spur on his Back.)*

SCENE XI.

Enter Prince Henry, and John of Lancaster.

P. Hen. Come Brother *John*, full bravely hast thou fesh't

Thy maiden Sword:

Lan. But soft, whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat Man was dead,

P. Hen. I did, I saw him dead,
And breathless on the Ground: Art thou alive,
Or is it Fancy plays upon our Eye-sight?
I pr'ythee speak, we will not trust our Eyes
Without our Ears: Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double Man; but if I am not *Jack Falstaff*, then am I a *Jack*: There is *Percy*, if your Father will do me any Honour, so; if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himself, I look either to be Earl or Duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, *Percy* I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the World is given to lying! I grant you I was down, and out of Breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an Instant, and fought a long Hour by *Shrewsbury* Clock: If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward Valour bear the Sin upon their own Heads. I'll take't on my Death, I gave him this Wound in the Thigh; If the Man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my Sword.

Lan. This is the strangest Tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother *John*.
Come, bring your Luggage nobly on you Back:
For my part, if a Lye may do thee grace,

I'll

I'll gild it with the happiest Terms I have.

(A Retreat is sounded.)

The Trumpets sound Retreat, the Day is ours :
Come Brother, lets to th' highest of the Field,
To see what Friends are living, who are dead. *(Exeunt.)*

Fal. I'll follow as they say, for Reward. He that
Rewards me, Heav'n Reward him. If I do grow great
I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave Sack, and
live cleanly, as a noble Man should do.

[Exit.]

S C E N E XII.

*The Trumpets sound: Enter King Henry, Prince of
Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmor-
land, with Worcester and Vernon Prisoners.*

K. Hen. Thus ever did Rebellion find Rebuke.
Ill-spirited *Wor'ster*, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and Terms of Love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our Offers contrary?
Misuse the Tenor of thy Kinsman's Trust?
Three Knights upon our Party slain To-day,
A noble Earl, and many a Creature else,
Had been alive this Hour,
If like a Christian thou had'st truly born
Betwixt our Armies true Intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this Fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear *Worcester* to Death, and *Vernon* too,
Other Offenders we will pause upon.

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.]

How goes the Field?

P. Henry. The gallant *Scot*, Lord *Dowglas*, when he
saw

The Fortune of the Day quite turn'd from him,
The noble *Percy* slain, and all his Men
Upon the Foot of Fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a Hill, he was so bruised
That the Pursuers took him. At my Tent

The

84 *The first Part of, &c.*

The *Douglas* is, and I beseech your Grace
I may dispose of him.

K. Henry. With all my Heart.

P. Henry. Then Brother *John* of *Lancaster*, to you
This honourable Bounty shall belong :
Go to the *Douglas*, and deliver him
Up to his Pleasure, ransomless and free :
His Valour shewn upon our Crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high Deeds,
Ev'n in the Bosom of our Adversaries.

Lan. I thank your Grace for this high Courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. Henry. Then this remains ; that we divide our
Power.

You Son *John*, and my Cousin *Westmorland*,
Tow'rds *York* shall bend you, with your dearest Speed,
To meet *Northumberland* and Prelate *Scroop*,
Who, as we hear, are busily in Arms.
Myself and my Son *Harry* will towards *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower* and the Earl of *Marche*.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his Sway,
Meeting the check of such another Day ;
And since this Business so far fair is done,
Let us not leave 'till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*

F I N I S.







TITUS
ANDRONICUS.

A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRES.

By SHAKESPEARE.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakespear's-Head*, in
Turn-again Lane, by the *Ditch-side*.
M DCCXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N:

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declar'd Emperor himself.*

Bassianus, *Brother to Saturninus, in Love with Lavinia.*

Titus Andronicus, *a Noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.*

Marcus,
Quintus, } *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*
Lucius,
Mutius,

Young Lucius, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

Alarbus,
Chiron, } *Sons to Tamora.*
Demetrius,

Aaron, *a Moor, Belov'd by Tamora.*

W O M E N.

Tamora, *Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.*

Lavinia, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *Rome, and the Country near it.*



Titus



Titus Andronicus.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE Rome.

*Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate.
Enter Saturninus and his Followers at one Door, and
Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with Drum
and Colours.*

SATURNINUS.



Oble Patricians, Patrons of my Right,
Defend the Justice of my Cause with Arms;
And Countrymen and loving Followers,
Plead my successive Title with your
Swords.

I was the first born Son of him that last
Wore the Imperial Diadem of Rome:
Then let my Father's Honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this Indigoity.

Bas. Romans, Friends, Followers.
Favourers of my Right;
If ever *Bassianus*, *Cæsar's* Son,
Were gracious in the Eyes of Royal Rome,
Keep then this Passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
Th'Imperial Seat, to Virtue consecrate,
To Justice, Continence, and Nobility:

But let Desert in pure Election shine ;
And, *Romans*, fight for Freedom in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crown.

Mar. Princes, that strive by Factions and by Friends,
Ambitionously for Rule and Empery !

Know that the People of *Rome*, for whom we stand
A special Party, have by common Voice,
In Election for the *Roman* Empery,
Chosen *Andronicus*, Sur-named *Pius*,
For many good and great Deserts to *Rome*,
A nobler Man, a braver Warrior,
Lives not this Day within our City Walls.

He by the Senate is accited home,
From weary Wars against the barbarous *Goths*,
That with his Sons (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yoked a Nation strong, train'd up in Arms.
Ten Years are spent since first he undertook
This Cause of *Rome*, and chastised with Arms
Our Enemies Pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant Sons
In Coffins from the Field.

And now at last, laden with Honour's Spoils,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,
Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in Arms.
Let us intreat, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would have now succeed,
And in th' Capitol and Senate's Right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength ;
Dismiss your Followers, and as Suitors should
Plead your Deserts in Peace and Humbleness.

Sat. How fair the Tribune speaks, to calm my Thoughts.

Bas. *Marcus Andronicus*, do I assure

In thy Uprightness and Integrity :
And so I Love and Honour thee and thine :
Thy noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sons,
And her (to whom our Thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious Lavinia, *Rome's* rich Ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving Friends ;
And to my Fortunes, and the People's Favour,
Commit my Cause in Balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exe. Soldiers.*

Sat.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

5

Sat. Friends that have been thus forward in my Right
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the Love and Favour of my Country,
Commit my Self, my Person, and the Cause:
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.

Open the Gates, and let me in,

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor Competitor.

[*They go up into the Senate House.*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: The good *Andronicus*,
Patron of Virtue, *Rome's* best Champion,
Successful in the Battles that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of *Rome*.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, and then enter Mutius and Marcus: After them, two Men bearing a Coffin cover'd with Black; then Quintus and Lucius,. After them Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the Queen of Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, and Demetrius with Aaron the Moor, Prisoners, Soldiers, and other Attendants, They set down the Coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, *Rome*,

Victorious in thy mourning Weeds!

Loe, as the Bark that hath discharg'd her Freight,

Returns with precious Lading to the Bay,

From whence at first she weigh'd her Anchorage,

Cometh *Andronicus* with Laurel Boughs,

To re-salute his Coun ry with his Tears;

Tears of true Joy for his return to *Rome*.

Thou great Defender of this Capitol,

Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.

Romans, of five and twenty Valiant Sons,

Half of the Number that King *Priam* had,

Behold the poor Remains ailve and dead!

These that survive, let *Rome* reward with Love;

These that I bring unto their latest Home,

With Burial among their Ancestors.

Here *Goths* have given me leave to sheath my Sword:

Titus unkind, and careless of thine own,

Why

Why suffer'st thou thy Sons unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful Shoar of *Styx*?
Make way to lay them by their Brethren.

(They open the Tomb.)

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in Peace, slain in your Country's Wars:
O sacred Receptacle of my Joys,
Sweet Cell of Virtue and Nobility,
How many Sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest Prisoner of the *Goths*,
That we may hew his Limbs, and on a Pile,
Ad manes Fratrum, Sacrifice his Flesh,
Before this Earthly Prison of their Bones,
That so the Shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with Prodigies on Earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest Son of this distressed Queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman Brethren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, true the Tears I shed,
A Mother's Tears in Passion for her Son:
And if thy Sons were ever dear to thee,
O think my Sons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*,
To beautify thy Triumphs, and return
Captive to thee, and to thy *Roman* Yoak?
But must my Sons be slaughter'd in the Streets,
For valiant doings in their Country's Cause?
O! If to fight for King and Common-weal,
Where Piety in thine, it is in these:

Andronicus, stain not thy Tomb with Blood.
Wilt thou draw near the Nature of the Gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet Mercy is Nobility's true Badge,
Thrice noble *Titus*, spare my first-born Son.

Tit. Patient yourself, Madam, and pardon me.
These are the Brethren, whom you *Goths* behold
Alive and dead, and for their Brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a Sacrifice;
To this your Son is mark't, and die he must,
To appease their groaning Shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a Fire strait.

And

And with our Swords upon a Pile of Wood,
 Let's hew his Limbs, 'till they be clean consum'd.
 [*Exeunt Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius with Alar.*]

Tam. O cruel irreligious Piety!

Chi. Was ever *Scythia* half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose me, *Scythia*, to ambitious *Rome*.

Alarbus go to rest, and we survive,
 To tremble under *Titus's* threatening Looks,
 Then, Madam, stand resolv'd, but hope withal,
 The self-same Gods that arm'd the Queen of *Troy*,
 With opportunity of sharp Revenge
 Upon the *Thracian* Tyrant in his Tent,
 May favour *Tamora*, the Queen of *Goths*,
 (When *Goths* were *Goths*; and *Tamora* was Queen)
 To quit her bloody Wrongs upon her Foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius.

Luc. See, Lord and Father, how we have perform'd
 Our *Roman* Rites, *Alarbus's* Limbs are lopt,
 And Intrails feed the sacrificing Fire,
 Whose Smoke, like Incense, doth perfume the Sky.
 Remaineth nought but to inter our Brethren,
 And with loud Larums welcome them to *Rome*.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
 Make this his latest farewell to their Souls.

[*Then sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tomb.*]
 In Peace and Honour rest you here, my Sons,
Rome's readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,
 Secure from worldly Chances and Mishaps:
 Here lurks no Treason, here no Envy swells,
 Here grow no damned Grudges, here no Storms,
 No Noise, but Silence and eternal Sleep:
 In Peace and Honour rest you here, my Sons.

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In Peace and Honour live Lord *Titus* long,
 My noble Lord and Father, live in Fame:
 Lo at this Tomb my tributary Tears
 I render for my Brethrens Obsequies:
 And at thy Feet I kneel, with Tears of Joy,
 Shed on the Earth, for they return to *Rome*.
 O bless me here with thy victorious Hand,
 Whose Fortune *Rome's* best Citizens applaud,

Tit.

Tit. Kind *Rome*,
 That hast thus lovingly reserv'd
 The Cordial of mine Age, to glad mine Heart,
Lavinia, live, out-live thy Father's Days ;
 And Fame's eternal Date for Virtues Praise.

Mar. Long live Lord *Titus*, my beloved Brother,
 Gracious Triumpher in the Eyes of *Rome*.

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune,
 Nob'e Brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome Nephews from successful Wars,
 You that survive, and you that sleep in Fame :
 Fair Lords, your Fortunes are alike in all,
 'That in your Country's Service drew your Swords.
 But safer Triumph is this Funeral Pomp
 That hath aspir'd to *Solon's* Happiness,
 And triumphs our Chance in Honour's Bed.
Titus Andronicus, the People of *Rome*,
 Whose Friend in Justice thou hast ever been,
 Send thee by me their Tribune, and their trust,
 This Parliament of white and spotless Hue,
 And name thee in Election for the Empire,
 With these our late deceased Emperor's Sons:
 Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
 And help to set a Head on headless *Rome*.

Tit. A better Head her glorious Body fits,
 Than his that shakes for Age and Feebleness :
 What should I don this Robe, and trouble you ?
 Be chose with Proclamations to Day,
 To-morrow yield up Rule, resign my Life,
 And set abroad the new Business for you all.
Rome, I have been thy Soldier forty Years,
 And led my Country's Strength successfully,
 And buried one and twenty valiant Sons,
 Knighted in Field, slain manfully in Arms,
 In Right and Service of their noble Country :
 Give me a Staff of Honour for mine Age,
 But not a Scepter to controul the World.
 Upright he held it, Lords, that held it last.

Mar. *Titus*, thou shalt obtain and ask the Empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, can'st thou tell ;

Tit. Patience, Prince *Saturninus*.

Sat.

Sat. Romans, do me right.

Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not
'Till *Saturninus* be *Rome's* Emperor :

Andronicus, would thou wert shipt to Hell,
Rather than rob me of the People's Hearts.

Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, Interrupter of the Good
That noble minded *Titus* means to thee.

Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
The Peoples Hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die :
My Faction, if thou strengthen with thy Friends,
I will most thankful be ; and Thanks to Men
Of noble Minds is honourable Meed.

Tit. People of *Rome*, and noble Tribunes here,
I ask your Voices, and your Suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus* ?

Mar. To gratify the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his safe Return to *Rome*,
The People will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this Suit I make,
That you create your Emperor's eldest Son,
Lord *Saturnine* ; whose Virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on *Rome*, as *Titan's* Rays on Earth,
And ripen Justice in this Common-weal :
Then if you will elect by my Advice,
Crown him, and say, long live our Emperor.

Mar. With Voices and Applause of every Sort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we create
Lord *Saturninus*, *Rome's* great Emperor ;
And say, long live our Emperor *Saturnine*.

[A long Flourish till they come down.]

Sat. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy Favours done,
To us in our Election this Day.

I give the Thanks in part of thy Deserts,
And will with Deeds requite thy Gentleness :
And for an Onset, *Titus*, to advance
Thy Name, and honourable Family,
Lavinia will I make my Emperess,
Rome's Royal Mistress, Mistress of my Heart.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

And in the sacred *Pantheon* her espouse :
Tell me *Andronicus*, doth this Motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy Lord, and in this Match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace :
And here in Sight of *Rome* to *Saturninus*,
King and Commander of our Common-weal,
The wide World's Emperor, do I consecrate
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners,
Presents well worthy *Rome's* imperial Lord.
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Ensigns humbled at thy Feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble *Titus*, Father of my Life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy Gifts,
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable Deserts,
Romans forget your Fealty to me.

Tit. Now, Madam, are you Prisoner to an Emperor,
To him that for your Honour and your State
Will use you nobly, and your Followers.

Sat. A goodly Lady, trust me, of the Hue, [*To Tamora.*
That I would chuse, were I to chuse a new :
Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy Countenance,
Though Chance of War hath wrought this Change of
Thou com'st not to be make a Scorn in *Rome* : [*Cheer,*
Princely shall be thy Usage every Way.
Rest on my Word, and let not Discontent
Daunt all your Hopes : Madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of *Goths*.
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my Lord, with true Nobility
Warrant these Words in Princely Courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet *Lavinia*. *Romans*, let us go.
Ransomeless here we set our Prisoners free,
Proclaim our Honours, Lords, with Trump and Drum.

Bas. Lord *Titus*, by your Leave this Maid is mine.

[*Seizing Lavinia.*

Tit. How, Sir? Are you in earnest then, my Lord?

Bas. Ay, noble *Titus*; and resolv'd withal,
To do my self this Reason and this Right.

[*The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb Shew.*

Mar. *Suum cuique*, is our Roman Justice:

This

This Prince in Justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if *Lucius* live.

Tit. Traitors, avant! where is the Emperor's Guard?
Treason, my Lord; *Lavinia* is surpriz'd.

Sot. Surpriz'd! by whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his Betroth'd from all the World away.

[Exit Bassianus with Lavinia]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my Sword I'll keep this Door safe.

Tit. Follow, my Lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My Lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What Villain, Boy, barr'st me my Way in Rome?

Mut. Help, *Lucius*, help. [He kills him.]

Luc. My Lord, you are unjust, and more than so
In wrongful Quarrel you have slain your Son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any Sons of mine.
My Sons would never so dishonour me.

Traitor, restore *Lavinia* to the Emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his Wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd Love.

Sat. No, *Titus*, no, the Emperor needs her not
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy Stock;
I'll trust by Lesuire him that mocks me once,
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty Sons,
Conefederates all, thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a Stale of
But *Saturnine*? Full well, *Andronicus*,
Agree these Deeds, with that proud Brag of thine,
That said'st, I beg the Empire at thy Hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful Words are these?

Sat. But go thy Ways, go give that changing Piece,
To him that flourish'd for her with his Sword;
A valiant Son-in-Law thou shalt enjoy:
One fit to bandy with thy lawless Sons,
To ruffle in the Commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These Words are Razors to my wounded Heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely *Tamora*, Queen of Goths,
That like the itately *Phaëbe* 'mongst her Nymphs,
Dost over-shine the gallant'st Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden Choice,
Behold I chuse thee, *Tamora*, for my Bride,

And

And will create thee Emperers of *Rome*.
 Speak, Queen of *Goths*, dost thou applaud my Choice?
 And here I swear by all the *Roman* Gods,
 Sith Priest and Holy-water are so near,
 And Tapers burn so bright, and every Thing
 In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,
 I will not re-solute the Streets of *Rome*,
 Or climb my Palace, 'till from forth this Place
 I lead espous'd my Bride along with me.

Tam. And here in sight of Heaven to *Rome* I swear,
 If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of *Goths*,
 She wil a Hand-maid be to his Desires,
 A loving Nurse, a Mother to his Youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair Queen,
 Pantheon Lords, accompany
 Your noble Emperor, and his lovely Bride,
 Sent by the Heavens for Prince *Saturnine*;
 Whose Wisdom hath her Fortune conquered,
 There shall we consummate our spoual Rites. [*Exeunt.*

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this Bride.
Tit., when wert thou wont to walk alone,
 Dishonour'd thus, and challeng'd of Wrongs?

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus.

Mar. O *Titus* see, O see what thou hast done!
 In a bad Quarrel slain a virtuous Son.

Tit. No, foolish Tribune, no: No Son of mine,
 Nor thou, nor these Confederates in the Deed,
 That hath dishonour'd all our Family,
 Unworthy Brother, and unworthy Sons.

Luc. But let us give him Burial as becomes,
 Give *Mutius* Burial with our Brethren.

Tit. Traitors away, he rests not in this Tomb;
 This Monument five hundred Years hath stood,
 Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
 Here none but Soldiers, and *Rome's* Servitors,
 Repose in Fame: None basely slain in Brawls.
 Bury him where you can, he comes not here,

Mar. My Lord, this is Impiety in you.
 My Nephew *Mutius's* Deeds do plead for him,
 He must be buried with his Brethren.

[*Titus's Sons* speaks.
Sons.

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? What Villain was it spake that Word:

[*Titus's Son speaks.*]

Quin. He that would vouch't in any Place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my Despight?

Mar. No, noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,

To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my Crest,
And with these Boys mine Honour thou hast wounded.

My Foes I do repute you every one,

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not himself, let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, 'till *Mutius* Bones be buried.

[*The Brother and the Sons kneel.*]

Mar. Brother, for in that Name doth Nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that Name doth Nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the Rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned *Titus*, more than half my Soul,

Luc. Dear Father, Soul and Substance of us all.

Mar. Suffer thy Brother *Marcus* to inter
His noble Nephew here in Virtue's Nest,
That died in Honour and *Lavinia's* Cause.

Thou art a *Roman*, be not barbarous:

The *Greeks* upon Advice did bury *Ajax*

That slew himself; And ev'n *Laertes* Son

Did graciously plead for his Funerals:

Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy Joy,

Be barr'd his Entrance here.

Tit. Rise, *Marcus*, rise ———

The dismall'st Day is this that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my Sons in *Rome*:

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the Tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy Bones, sweet *Mutius*, with thy Friends,
'Till we with Trophies do adorn thy Tomb.

[*They all kneel, and say.*]

No Man shed Tears for noble *Mutius*;

He lives in Fame, that died in Virtue's Cause.

Mar. My Lord, to step out of these sudden Dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of *Goths*

Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in *Rome*?

Tit. I know not, *Marcus*; but I know it is,

Whether

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Whether by Device or no, the Heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholden to the Man,
That brought her for this high good Turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

*Flourish. Enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, and
Demetrius with the Moor at one Door. At the other
Door Bassianus and Lavinia with others.*

Sat. So, *Bassianus*, you have plaid your Prize,
God give you Joy, Sir, of your gallant Bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my Lord; I say no more,
Nor wish no less, and so I take my Leave.

Sat. Traitor, if *Rome* have Law, or we have Power,
Thou and thy Faction shall repent this Rape.

Bas. Rape call you it, my Lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed Love, and now my Wife?
But let the Laws of *Rome* determine all.

Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir, you are very short with us,
But if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My Lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my Life,
Only thus much I give your Grace to know,
By all the Duties which I owe to *Rome*.

This noble Gentleman, Lord *Titus* here,
Is in Opinion and in Honour wrong'd,
That in the Rescue of *Lavinia*,
With his own Hand did slay his youngest Son,
In Zeal to you, and highly mov'd to Wrath,
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave;
Receive him then to Favour, *Saturnine*,
That hath express'd himself in all his Deeds,
A Father and a Friend to thee, and *Rome*.

Tit. Prince *Bassianus*, Leave to plead my Deeds,
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous Heav'ns be my Judge,
How have I lov'd and honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy Lord, if ever *Tamora*
Were gracious in those Princely Eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak, indifferently, for all;
And at my Suit (Sweet) pardon what is past.

Sat. What, Madam, be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without Revenge?

Tam.

Tam. Not so, my Lord; the Gods of *Rome* fore-fend,
 I should be Author to dishonour you,
 But, on mine Horour dare I undertake,
 For good Lord *Titus*' Innocence in all;
 Whose Fury not dissembled speaks his Grievs:
 Then at my Suit look graciously on him,
 Lose not so noble a Friend on vain Suppose.
 Nor with fow'r Looks afflict his gentle Heart. —
 My Lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last, [Aside.
 Dissemble all your Grievs and Discontents,
 You are but newly planted in your Throne
 Lest then the People and Patricians too,
 Upon a just Survey take *Titus*' Part,
 And so supplant us for Ingratitude,
 Which *Rome* reputes to be a heinous Sin.
 Yield at Intreats, and then let me alone;
 I'll find a Day to massacre them all,
 And rase their Faction, and their Family,
 The cruel Father, and his traiterous Sons,
 To whom I sued for my dear Son's Life:
 And make them know what 'tis to let a Queen
 Kneel in the Streets, and beg for Grace in Vain. —
 Come, come, sweet Emperor, — come *Andronicus* —
 Take up this good old Man, and cheer the Heart,
 That dies in Tempest of thy angry Frown.

Sat. Rise, *Titus*, rise,
 My Empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your Majesty, and her, my Lord,
 These Words, these Looks, infuse new Life in me.

Tam. *Titus*, I am incorporate in *Rome*,
 A *Roman* now adopted happily:
 And must advise the Emperor for his Good.
 This Day all Quarrels die, *Andronicus*
 And let it be my Honour, good my Lord,
 That I have reconcil'd your Friends and you.
 For you, Prince *Bassianus*, I have past
 My Word and Promise to the Emperor,
 That you will be more mild and tractable.
 And fear not, Lords; and you, *Lavinia*,
 By my Advice, all humbled on your Knees,
 You shall ask Pardon of his Majesty.

Luc.

Luc. We do,
And vow to Heaven, and to his Highness.
That what we did, was mildly, as me might,
Tendring our Sister's Honour and our own.

Mar. That on mine Honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not, trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay,

Sweet Emperor we must all be Friends.
The Tribune and his Nephew kneel for Grace,
I will not be denied, Sweet-heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, For thy Sake and thy Brother's here,
And at my lovely *Tamora's* Intreats,
I do remit these young Men's heinous Faults.
Stand up. *Lavinia,* though you left me like a Churl,
I found a Friend, and sure as Death I swore,
I would not part a Batchelor from the Priest.
Come, if the Emperor's Court can feast two Brides,
You are my Guest, *Lavinia,* and your Friends;
This Day shall be a Love Day, *Tamora.*

Tit. To Morrow, and it please your Majesty,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With Horn and Hound, we'll give your Grace *Bon-jour.*

Sat. Be it so, *Titus,* and Gramercy too. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE Rome.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aaron. **N**OW climbeth *Tamora Olympus* Top,
Safe out of Fortune's Shot, and sits aloft;
Secure of Thunder's Crack, or Lightning Flash,
Advanc'd above pale Envy's threatning Reach;
As when the golden Sun salutes the Morn,
And having gilt the Ocean with his Beams,
Gallops the Zodiack in his gliftring Coach,
And over looks the highest peering Hills:
So *Tamora.*

Upon her Wit doth early Honour wait,
And Virtue stoops and trembles at her Frown.
Then *Aaron* arm thy Heart, and fit thy Thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial Mitreis,

And

And mount her Pitch, whom thou in Triumph long.
 Hast Prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous Chains,
 And faster bound to *Aaron's* charming Eyes,
 Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucasus*.
 Away with slavish Weeds, and idle Thoughts,
 I will be bright, and shine in Pearl and Gold,
 To wait upon this new made Emperess,
 To wait, said I? To wanton with this Queen,
 This Goddess, this *Semiramis*, this Queen,
 This *Syren*, that will charm *Rome's* *Saturnine*,
 And see his Shipwrack, and his Common-weal's.
 Holla, what Storm is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. Chiron, thy Years want Wit, thy Wit wants Edge
 And Manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
 And may, for ought thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
 And so in this, to bear me down with Braves:
 'Tis not the Difference of a Year or two
 Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate;
 I am as able and as fit as thou,

To serve, and do deserve my Mistress's Grace,
 And that my Sword upon thee shall approve,
 And plead my Passion for *Lavinia's* Love.

Aar. Clubs, Clubs, these Lovers will not keep the Peace.

Dem. Why Boy, although our Mother (unadvis'd)
 Gave you a dancing Rapier by your Side,
 Are you so desperate grown to threat your Friends?
 Go to; have your Lath glued within your Sheath,
 'Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while Sir, with the little Skill I have,
 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay Boy, grow ye so brave? [They Draw.

Aar. Why now, Lords?

So near the Emperor's Palace dare you draw?
 And maintain such a Quarrel openly?
 Full well I wot the Ground of all this Grudge.
 I would not for a Million of Gold,
 The Cause were known to them it most concerns.
 Nor would your noble Mother, for much more,
 Be so dishonoured in the Court of *Rome*.
 For Shame put up.

Dem.

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Dem. Not I, 'till I have sheath'd
My Rapier in his Bosom, and withal
Thrust these reproachful Speeches down his Throat,
That he hath breath'd in my Dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul spoken Coward! Thou thunderst with thy Tongue,
And with thy Weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.

Now by the Gods that warlike *Goths* adore,
This petty Brabble will undo us all;
Why Lords—and think you not how dangerous
It is to set upon a Prince's Right?
What is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her Love such Quarrels may be broacht,
Without Controulment, Justice or Revenge?
Young Lords, beware—and should the Empress know
This Discord's Ground, the Musick would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the World.
I love *Lavinia* more than all the World.

Dem. Youngling.

Learn thou to make some better Choice,
Lavinia is thine elder Brother's Hope.

Aar. Why are ye mad! Or know ye not in *Rome*
How furious and impatient they be.
And cannot brook Competitors in Love?
I tell you Lords, you do but plot your Deaths
By this Device.

Chi. *Aaron*, a thousand Deaths would I propose,
To atchieve her whom I do love?

Aar. To atchieve her—how!

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a Woman, therefore may be woo'd,
She is a Woman, therefore may be won,
She is *Lavinia*, therefore must be lov'd.
What Man, more Water glideth by the Mill
Than wots the Miller of, and easy it is
Of a cut Loaf to steal a Shive we know:
Tho' *Bassianus* be the Emperor's Brother,
Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan's* Badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to
court it With

With Words, fair Looks, and Liberality?
 What hast thou not full often struck a Doe,
 And born her cleanly by the Keeper's Nose?

Aar. Why then it seems some certain Snatch or so
 Would serve your Turns.

Chi. Ay, so the Turn were served.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too,
 Then should not we be tir'd with this ado:
 Why, hark ye, hark ye—— and are you such Fools
 To square for this? Would it offend you then?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame be Friends, and join for that you jar.
 'Tis Policy and Stratagem must do
 That you affect, and so must you resolve,
 That what you cannot as you would achieve,
 You must perforce accomplish as you may:
 Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
 Than this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus's* Love;
 A speedier Course than lingring Languishment
 Must we pursue, and I have found the Path.
 My Lords, a solemn Hunting is in hand,
 There will the lovely *Roman* Ladies troop:
 The Forest Walks are wide and spacious,
 And many unfrequented Plots there are,
 Fitted by kind for Rape and Villany:
 Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
 And strike her home by Force, if not by Words:
 This Way, or not at all, stand you in Hope.
 Come, come, our Empress with her sacred Wit
 To Villany and Vengeance consecrate,
 We will acquaint with all that we intend,
 And she shall file our Engines with Advice,
 That will not suffer you to square your selves,
 But to your Wishes Heighth advance you both.
 The Emperor's Court is like the House of Fame,
 The Palace full of Tongues, of Eyes, of Ears:
 The Woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull:
 There speak, and strike, brave Boys, and take your Turns.
 There serve your Lusts, shadow'd from Heaven's Eye,
 And revel in *Lavinia's* Treasury.

Chi.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Chi. Thy Counsel, Lad, smells of no Cowardice.

Dem. *Si fas aut nefas*, 'till I find the Streams
To cool this Heat; a Charm to calm their Fits,

Per Styga, per Manes uebor. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II. *A Forest.*

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three Sons, making a Noise with Hounds and Horns, and Marcus.

Tit. The Hunt is up, the Morn is bright and grey,
The Fields are fragrant, and the Woods are green,
Uncouple here, and let us make a Bay,
And wake the Emperor and his lovely Bride,
And rouse the Prince, and ring a Hunter's Peal,
That all the Court may eccho with the Noise.

Sons, let it be your Charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperor's Person carefully:
I have been troubled in my Sleep this Night,
But dawning Day new Comfort hath inspir'd.

Wind Horns. Here a Cry of Hounds, and wind Horns in a Peal: Then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Tit. Many good Morrows to your Majesty,
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace a Hunter's Peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my Lords,
Somewhat too early for new married Ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, How say you?

-Lav. I say, no:

I have been awake two Hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, Horse and Chariots let us have,
And to our Sport: Madam, now you shall see
Our Roman Hunting.

Mar. I have Dogs, my Lord,
Will rouse the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And climb the highest Promontory Top.

Tit. And I have Horse will follow, where the Game
Makes way, and run like Swallows o'er the Plain.

Dem. *Chiron*, we hunt not, we, with Horse nor Hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to Ground. [Exeunt.]

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. He that had Wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much Gold under a Tree,

And

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And never after to inherit it.
 Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
 Know that this Gold must coin a Stratagem,
 Which cunningly affected, will beget
 A very excellent Piece of Villany;
 And so repose sweet Gold for their Unrest,
 That have their Alms out of the Empress Chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely *Aaron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,
 When every Thing doth make a gleeful Boast?
 The Birds chaunt Melody on every Bush,
 The Snake lies rolled in the chearful Sun,
 The green Leaves quiver with the cooling Wind,
 And make a chequer'd Shadow on the Ground:
 Under their sweet Shade, *Aaron*, let us sit,
 And whilst the babling Eccho mokes the Hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd Horns,
 As if a double Hunt were heard at once,
 Let us sit down and make their replying Noise:
 And after Conflict such as was suppos'd
 The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy Storm they were surpriz'd,
 And curtain'd with a Counsel-keeping Cave,
 We may each wreathed in the other's Arms,
 (Our Pastimes done) possess a golden Slumber,
 Whilst Hounds and Horns, and sweet melodious Birds
 Be unto us, as is a Nurse's Song
 Of Lullaby, to bring her Babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though *Venus* govern your Desires,
Saturn is Dominator over mine.

What signifies my deadly standing Eye,
 My Silence, and my cloudy Melancholy,
 My Fleece of woolly Hair, that now uncurls,
 Even as an Adder when she doth unrowl
 To do some fatal Execution?

No, Madam, these are no venereal Signs.
 Vengeance is in my Heart, Death in my Hand.
 Blood and Revenge are hammering in my Head.
 Hark, *Tamora*, the Empress of my Soul,
 Which never hopes more Heaven than rests in thee,
 This is the Day of Doom for *Bassianus*;
 His *Philomel* must lose her Tongue to Day,

Thy

Thy Sons make Pillage of her Chastity,
 And wash their Hands in *Bassianus's* Blood.
 Seest thou this Letter, take it up I pray thee,
 And give the King this fatal plotted Scrowl;
 Now question me no more, we are espied,
 Here comes a Parcel of our hopeful Booty,
 Which dreads not yet their Lives Destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Tam. Ah, my sweet *Moor*, sweeter to me than Life.

Aar. No more, great Empress, *Bassianus* comes?
 Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy Sons
 To back thy Quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.

Bas. Whom have we here? *Rome's* Royal Emperess!
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming Troops?
 Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
 Who hath abandoned her holy Groves,
 To see the general Hunting in this Forest?

Tam. Sawey Controller of our private Steps:
 Had I the Power that some say *Dian* had,
 Thy Temples should be planted presently
 With Horns, as was *Acteon's*, and the Hounds
 Should drive upon thy new transformed Limbs,
 Unmannerly Intruder as thou art.

Lav. Under your Patience, gentle Emperess,
 'Tis thought you have a goodly Gift in Horning,
 And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you
 Are singled forth to try Experiments:
Jove shield your Husband from his Hounds to Day,
 'Tis pity they should take him for a Stag.

Bas. Believe me, Queen, your swarth *Cymmerian*
 Doth make your Honour of his Body's hue,
 Spotted, detested and abominable,
 Why are you sequestred from all your Train!
 Dismounted from your snow white goodly Steed,
 And wandred hither to an obscure Plot,
 Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,
 If foul Desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And being interrupted in your Sport,
 Great Reason that my Noble Lord be rated
 For Sauciness; I pray you let us hence,
 And let her joy her Raven-coloured Love,
 This Valley fits the Purpose passing well.

Bas.

Baf. The King my Brother fhall have notice of this.

Lav. Ay, for thefe flips have made him noted long.
Good King, to be fo mightily abused.

Tam. Why, have I Patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear Sovereign and our gracious Mo-
Why does your Highnefs look fo pale and wan? (ther,

Tam. Have I not reason think you to look pale?

Thefe two have tic'd me hither to this Place,

A barren and detefted Vale you fee it is.

The Trees, tho' Summer, yet forlon and lean,

O'ercome with Mofs, and baleful Miffelto

Here never fhines the Sun, here nothing breeds

Unless the nightly Owl, or fatal Raven.

And when they fhewed me this abhorred Pit,

They told me, here at dead time of the Night,

A thoufand Fiends, a thoufand hissing Snakes,

Ten thoufand swelling Toads, as many Urchins,

Would make fuch fearful and confused Cries,

As any mortal Body hearing it,

Should ftraight fall mad, or elfe die fuddenly.

No fooner had they told this hellifh Tale,

But ftreight they told me they would bind me here,

Unto the Body of a difmal Yew,

And leave me to this miserable Death.

And then they call'd me foul Adulterers,

Lafcivious Goth, and all the bittereft Terms

That ever Ears did hear to fuch Effect,

And had you not by wonderous Fortune come,

This Vengeance on me had they executed :

Revenge it, as you love your Mother's Life,

Or be ye not henceforth call'd my Children.

Dem. This is a witnefs that I am thy Son. (*Stabs Baf.*

Chi. And this for me, ftruck home to fhew my Strength.

Lav. I come, *Semiramis*, nay barbarous *Tamora*,

For no Name fits thy Nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy Penaird ; you fhall know, my Boys,

Your Mother's Hand fhall right your Mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her,

Frift, thrafh the Corn, then after burn the Straw :

This Minion ftood upon her Chafity,

Upon her Nuptial Vow, her Loyalty,

And

And with that painted Hope she braves your Mighti-
And shall she carry this unto her Grave? (tines;

Chi. And if she do, I would I were an Eunuch.

Drag hence her Husband to some secret Hole,
And make his dead Trunk Pillow to our Lust.

Tam. But when you have the Honey you desire,
Let not this Wasp out-live us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, Madam, we will make that sure,
Come Mistress, now *per* force we will enjoy
That nice-preserved Honesty of yours

Lav. O *Tamora*, thou bear'st a Woman's Face—

Tam. I will not hear her speak, away with her.

Lav. Sweet Lords, intreat her hear me but a Word--

Dem. Listen, fair Madam, let it be your Glory
To see her Tears; but be your Heart to them,
As unrelenting Flints to drops of Rain.

Lav. When did the Tyger's young ones teach the Dam?
O do not learn her Wrath, she taught it thee,
The Milk thou suckd'st from her did turn to Marble;
Even at thy Teat thou hadst thy Tyranny:

Yet every Mother breeds not Sons alike,
Do thou intreat her, shew a Woman Pity. (start?

Chi. What! Would'st thou have me prove myself a Ba-

Lav. 'Tis true, the Raven doth not hatch a Lark:
Yet have I heard, O could I find it now,

The Lion, mov'd with Pity, did endure
To have his Princely Paws par'd all away.
Some say, that Ravens foster forlorn Children,
The whilst their own Birds famish in their Nests:
Oh be to me, tho' the hard Heart say no,
Nothing so kind but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. Oh let me teach thee for my Father's sake,
That gave thee Life, when well he might have slain
thee.

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf Ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in Person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pitiless:

Remember, Boys, I pour'd forth Tears in vain,
To save your Brother from the Sacrifice;
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent:

There-

Therefore away with her, and use her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O *Tamora*,
Be call'd a gentle Queen,
And with thine own Hands kill me in this Place;
For 'tis not Life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when *Bassianus* dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? Fond Woman, let me
go.

Lav. 'Tis present Death I beg, and one Thing more,
That Womanhood denies my Tongue to tell:
O keep me from their worse than killing Lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome Pit,
Where never Man's Eye may behold my Body:
Do this, and be a charitable Murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sons of their Fee,
No, let them satisfy their Lust on thee.

Dem. Away,
For thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No Grace?
No Woman-hood? Ah beastly Creature,
The Bait and Enemy of our general Name;
Confusion all —

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your Mouth —
Bring thou her Husband: [*Dragging off Lavinia.*
This is the Hole where *Aaron* bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my Sons, see that ye make her sure,
Ne'er let my Heart know merry Cheer indeed,
'Till all the *Andronici* be made away:
Now will I hence to seek my lovely *Moor*,
And let my spleenful Sons this Trull devour. [*Exit.*

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my Lords, the better Foot before;
Strait will I bring you to the loathsome Pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleep.

Quin. My Sight is very dull, what e'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you; were it not for
Shame,

Well could I leave our Sport to sleep a while.

[*Marcus falls into the Pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fallen?
What subtle Hole is this,

B

Whose

Whose Mouth is cover'd with rude growing Briars?
Upon whose Leaves are Drops of new-shed Blood,
As fresh as morning Dew distill'd on Flowers?

A very fatal Place it seems to me:

Speak, Brother, hast thou hurt thee with thy Fall?

Mar. O Brother,

With the dismal'st Object

That ever Eye, with Sight, made Heart lament.

Aar. Now will I fetch the King to find them here,

That he thereby may have a likely Guess,

How these were they that made away his Brother.

[Exit Aaron.

Mar. Why dost thou not comfort me and help me out,
From this unhallow'd and blood-stain'd Hole?

Quin. I am surpriz'd with an uncouth Fear;
A killing Sweat o'er-runs my trembling Joints;
My Heart suspects more than mine Eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true divining Heart,

Aaron and thou, look down into the Den,

And see a fearful Sight of Blood and Death.

Quin. *Aaron* is gone,

And my compassionate Heart

Will not permit mine Eyes once to behold

The Thing whereat it trembles by Surmise:

O tell me how it is, for ne'er 'till now,

Was I a Child, to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed here,
All on a Heap, like to the slaughter'd Lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking Pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how do'st thou know 'tis he?

Mar. Upon his bloody Finger he doth wear

A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:

Which like a Taper in some Monument,

Doth shine upon the dead Man's earthly Cheeks,

And shews the ragged Intrails of the Pit.

So pale did shine the Moon on *Pyramus*.

When he by Night lay bath'd in Maiden blood.

O Brother help me, with thy fainting Hand,

If Fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,

Out of this fell devouring Receptacle,

As hateful as *Cocytus* mitty Mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy Hand, that I may help thee out,
Or

Or wanting Strength, to do thee so much Good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing Womb,
Of this deep Pit, poor *Bassianus* Grave:
I have no Strength to pluck thee to the Brink.

Mar. Nor I no Strength to climb without thy Help.

Quin. Thy Hand once more, I will not lose again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below:

Thou can'st not come to me, I come to thee. [*Both fall in.*

Enter the Emperor and Aaron.

Sat. Along with me, I'll see what Hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping Hollow of the Earth?

Mar. The unhappy Son of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most unlucky Hour,
To find thy Brother *Bassianus* dead.

Sat. My Brother dead, I know thou dost but jest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Upon the North-side of this pleasant Chase,
'Tis not an Hour since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas, here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord, the King?

Sat. Here *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing Grief.

Tam. Where is thy Brother *Bassianus*?

Sat. Now to the Bottom dost thou search my Wound,
Poor *Bassianus* here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal Writ,
The Complot of this time's Tragedy,
And wonder greatly that Man's Face can fold
In pleasing Smiles such murderous Tyranny.

[*She giveth Saturninus a Letter.*

Saturninus reads the Letter.

*And if we miss to meet him handsomely,
Sweet Huntsman, Bassianus, 'tis we mean,
Do thou so much as dig the Grave for him,
Thou know'st our Meaning, look for thy Reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder-tree:
Which over-shades the Mouth of that same Pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus;
Do this. and purchase us thy lasting Friends.*

B 2

Sat.

Sat. O *Tamora*, was ever heard the like ?
This is the Pit, and this the Elder-tree :
Look, Sirs, if you can find the Huntsman out,
That should have murdered *Bassianus* here.

Aar. My gracious Lord, here is the Bag of Gold.

Sat. Two of thy Whelps, fell Curs, of bloody kind
Have here bereft my Brother of his Life : [To Titus:
Sirs, drag them from the Pit unto the Prison,
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never heard-of torturing Pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this Pit? Oh wondrous Thing!
How easily Murder is discovered ?

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble Knee,
I beg this boon, with Tears not lightly shed,
That this fell Fault of my accursed Sons,
Accursed, if the Faults be prov'd in them——

Sat. If it be prov'd ? You see it is apparent.
Who found this Letter, *Tamora*, was it you ?

Tam. *Andronicus* himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my Lord, yet let me be their Bail.
For by my Father's reverend Tomb I vow
They shall be ready at your Highness Will,
To answer their Suspicion with their Lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them, see thou follow me :
Some bring the murder'd Body, some the Murderers.
Let them not speak a Word, the Guilt is plain,
For by my Soul, were there worse End than Death,
That End upon them should be executed.

Tam. *Andronicus*, I will entreat the King.
Fear not thy Sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, *Lucius*, come, stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt*

*Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, her Hands
cut off, and her Tongue cut out, and ravish'd.*

Dem. So now go tell, and if thy Tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy Tongue and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy Mind, bewray thy Meaning so,
And, if thy Stumps will let thee, play the Scribe.

Dem. See how with Signs and Tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet Water, wash thy Hands.

Dem. She hath no Tongue to call, nor Hands to wash :
And so let's leave her to her silent Walks.

Chi.

TITUS ANDRONICUS. 29

Chi. And 'twere my Cause, I should go hang my self.

Dem. If thou had'st Hands to help thee knit the Cord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Wind Horns. Enter Marcus from Hunting, to Lavinia.

Mar. Who is this, my Niece, that flies away so fast?

Cousin, a Word, where is your Husband?

If I do dream, would all my Wealth would wake me;

If I do wake, some Planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal Sleep.

Speak, gentle Niece, what stern ungentle Hands

Have lopp'd and hew'd thy Body bare

Of her two Branches, those sweet Ornaments,

Whose circling Shadows Kings have sought to sleep in,

And might not gain so great a Happiness,

As half thy Love! Why do'st not speak to me?

Alas, a crimson River of warm Blood,

Like to a bubbling Fountain stirr'd with Wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosy Lips,

Coming and going with thy Honey Breath.

But sure some *Tereus* hath deflower'd thee,

And lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy Tongue,

Ah, no thou turn'st away thy Face for Shame!

And notwithstanding all this loss of Blood,

As from a Conduit with their issuing Spouts,

Yet do thy Cheeks look red as *Titan's* Face,

Blushing to be encountred with a Cloud,—

Shall I speak for thee? Shall I say, 'tis so?

Oh that I knew thy Heart, and knew the Beast,

That I might rail at him to ease my Mind.

Sorrow concealed, like an Oven stopt,

Doth burn the Heart to Cinders where it is.

Fair *Philomela*, she but lost her Tongue,

And in a tedious Sampler sewed her Mind.

But lovely Niece, that mean is cut from thee,

A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withall,

And he hath cut those pretty Fingers off

That could have better sewed than *Philomel*.

O had the Monster seen those Lilly Hands

Tremble like Aspen Leaves upon a Lute,

And make the filken Strings delight to kiss them.

He would not then have touch'd them from his Life.

Or had he heard the heav'nly Harmony,

And let me say (that never wept before)

My Tears are now prevailing Orators.

Luc. Oh, noble Father, you lament in vain,
The Tribunes hear you not, no Man is by,
And you recount your Sorrows to a Stone.

Tit. Ah *Lucius*, for thy Brothers let me plead ———
Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you ---

Luc. My gracious Lord, no Tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no Matter, Man; if they did hear,
They would not mark me : Or if they did hear,
They would not pity me.

Therefore I tell my Sorrows bootless to the Stones,

Who, tho' they cannot answer my Distress,

Yet in some Sort they are better than the Tribunes,

For that they will not intercept my Tale;

When I do weep, they humbly at my Feet

Receive my Tears, and seem to weep with me ;

And were they but attired in grave Weeds,

Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.

A Stone is as soft Wax,

Tribunes more hard than Stones :

A Stone is silent, and offendeth not,

And Tribunes with their Tongues doom Men to death.

But wherefore standest thou with thy Weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two Brothers from their Death,
For which Attempt, the Judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting Doom of Banishment.

Tit. O happy Man they have befriended thee :

Why, foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceive,

That *Rome* is but a Wilderness of Tygers?

Tygers must prey, and *Rome* affords no Prey

But me and mine ; how happy art thou then,

From these Dovoarers to be banished ?

But who comes with our Brother *Marcus* here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble Eyes to weep,

Or if not so, thy noble Heart to break :

I bring consuming Sorrow to thine Age.

Tit. Will it consume me? Let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy Daughter.

Tit. Why, *Marcus*, so she is.

Luc. Ah me, this Object kill's me.

Tit. Faint-hearted Boy, arise and look upon her;
 Speak my *Lavinia*, what accursed Hand
 Hath made thee helpless in thy Father's Sight?
 What Fool hath added Water to the Sea?
 Or brought a Faggot to bright-burning *Troy*?
 My Grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
 And now like *Nilus* it disdaineth Bounds:
 Give me a Sword, I'll chop off my Hands too,
 For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain:
 And they have nurs'd this Woe, in feeding Life:
 In bootless Prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless Use.
 Now all the Service I require of them,
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other:
 'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou hast no Hands,
 For Hands to *Rome* Service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle Sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O that delightful Engine of her Thoughts,
 That blab'd them with such pleasing Eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow Cage,
 Where like a sweet melodious Bird it sung,
 Sweet various Notes enchanting every Ear.

Luc. Oh say thou for her,
 Who hath done this Deed?

Mar. O thus I found her straying in the Park,
 Seeking to hide herself, as doth the Deer
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring Wound.

Tit. It was my Deer, and he that wounded her
 Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
 For now I stand, as one upon a Rock,
 Environ'd with a Wilderness of Sea,
 Who marks the waxing Tide grow Wave by Wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious Surge
 Will in his brinish Bowels swallow him.
 This Way to Death my wretched Sons are gone:
 Here stands my other Son, a banish'd Man,
 And here my Brother weeping at my Woes.
 But that which gives my Soul the greatest Spurn,
 Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my Soul —
 Had I but seen thy Picture in this Plight,
 It would have maddened me. What shall I do,
 Now I behold thy lively Body so?

Thou

Thou hast no Hands to wipe away the Tears,
 Nor Tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
 Thy Husband he is dead, and for his Death
 Thy Brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
 Look *Marcus*, ah Son *Lucius* look on her:
 When I did name her Brothers, then fresh Tears
 Stood on her Cheeks, as doth the Honey dew,
 Upon a gather'd Lilly almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her
 Husband.

Perchance because she knows him innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy Husband, then be joyful,
 Because the Law hath ta'en Revenge on them,
 No, no, they would not do so foul a Deed,
 Witness the Sorrow that their Sister makes.

Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiss thy Lips.

Or make some Signs how I may do thee Ease:

Shall thy good Uncle, and thy Brother *Lucius*,

And thou and I sit round about some Fountain,

Looking all downwards to behold our Cheeks,

How they are stain'd like Meadows yet not dry

With miery Slime left on them by a Flood:

And in the Fountain shall we gaze so long,

'Till the fresh Taste be taken from that Clearness,

And made a Brine-pit with our bitter Tears?

Or shall we cut away our Hands like thine?

Or shall we bite our Tongues, and dumb Shows

Pass the remainder of our hateful Days?

What shall we do? Let us that have our Tongues

Plot some Device of further Miseries

To make us wondred at in Time to come.

Luc. Sweet Father, cease your Tears, for at your Grief
 See how my wretched Sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear Niece, good *Titus* dry thine Eyes.

Tit. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother, well I wot,

Thy Napkin cannot drink a Tear of mine.

For thou, poor Man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy Cheeks.

Tit. Mark, *Marcus*, mark. I understand her Signs,

Had she a Tongue to speak, now would she say

That to her Brother which I said to thee.

His Napkin with his true Tears all bewet,

Can do no Service on her sorrowful Cheeks,
 Oh what a Sympathy of Woe is this!
 As far from Help as Limbo is from Bliss.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my Lord the Emperor
 Sends thee this Word, that if thou love thy Sons,
 Let Marcus, Lucius, or thy self, old Titus,
 Or any one of you chop off your Hand,
 And send it to the King; he for the same
 Will send thee hither both thy Sons alive,
 And that shall be the Ransom for their Fault.

Tit. Oh gracious Emperor! oh gentle Aaron!
 Did ever Raven sing so like a Lark,
 That gives sweet Tydings of the Sun's Uprise?
 With a'l my Heart, I'll send the Emperor my Hand,
 Good Aaron wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, Father, for that noble Hand of thine,
 That hath thrown down so many Enemies,
 Shall not be sent; my Hand will serve the turn.
 My Youth can better spare my Blood than you,
 And therefore mine shall save my Brothers Lives.

Mar. Which of your Hands hath not defended Rome,
 And rear'd aloft the bloody Battel-ax,
 Writing Destruction on the Enemies Castle?
 Oh none of both but are of high desert:
 My Hand hath been but idle, let it serve
 To ransom my two Nephews from their Death,
 Then have I kept it to a worthy End.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose Hand shall go along,
 For fear they die before their Pardon come.

Mar. My Hand shall go.

Luc. By Heav'n, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more, such wither'd Herbs as these
 Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet Father, If I shall be thought thy Son,
 Let me redeem my Brothers both from Death.

Mar. And for our Father's Sake, and Mother's Care,
 Now let me shew a Brother's Love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will spare my Hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an Ax.

Mar. But I will use the Ax.

[*Exeunt.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron I'll deceive them both;

Lend

Lend me thy Hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd Deceit, I will be honest,
And never whilst I live deceive Men so;
But I'll deceive you in another Sort,
And that you'll say e'er half an H ur pass. [*Aside.*

[*He cuts off Titus's Hand.*

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Tit. Now stay your Strife; what shall be, is dispatcht:
Good *Aaron*, give his Majesty my Hand:
Tell him, it was a Hand that warded him
From thousand Dangers, bid him bury it,
More hath it merited: That let it have.
As for my Sons, say, I account of them,
As Jewels purchas'd at an easy Price.
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, *Andronicus*, and for thy Hand
Look by and by to have thy Sons with thee:
Their Heads I mean.—Oh, how this Villany [*Aside.*
Doth sat me with the very Thought of it.
Let Fools do good, and fair Men call for Grace,
Aaron will have his Soul blak like his Face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O hear! — I lift this one Hand up to Heav'n,
And bow this feeble Ruin to the Earth,
If any Power pities wretched Tears,
To that I call: What, wilt thou kneel with me?
Do then dear Heart, for Heav'n shall hear our Prayers,
Or with our Sighs we'll breath the Welkin dim,
And stain the Sun with Fogs, as sometime Clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting Bosoms.

Mar. Oh Brother, speak with Possibilities,
And do not break into these two Extreams.

Tit. Is not my Sorrow deep, having no Bottom?
Then be my Passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let Reason govern thy Lament.

Tit. If there were Reason for these Miseries
Then into Limits could I bind my Woes;
When Heav'n doth weep, doth not the Earth o'er-flow?
If the Winds rage, doth not the Sea Wax mad,
Threatning the Welkin with his big swollen Face?
And wilt thou have a Reason for this Coil?
I am the Sea, hark how her Sigh do bow,
She is the weeping Welkin, I the Earth:

Then

Then must my Sea be moved with her Sighs,
 Then must my Earth with her continual Tears
 Become a Deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
 For why, my Bowels cannot hide her Woes,
 But like a Drunkard must I vomit them;
 Then give me Leave, for Losers will have Leave,
 To ease their Stomachs with their bitter Tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two Heads and a Hand.

Mes. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd,
 For that good Hand thou sent'st the Emperor;
 Here are the Heads of thy two noble Sons,
 And here's thy Hand in icorn to thee sent back;
 Thy Griefs, their Sports, thy Resolution mockt:
 That Woe is me to think upon thy Woes,
 More than Remembrance of my Father's Death. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
 And be my Heart an ever-burning Hell;
 These Miseries are more than may be born.
 To weep with them that weep, doth ease some Deal,
 But Sorrow flouted at is double Death.

Luc. Ah that this Sight should make so deep a Wound,
 And yet detested Life not shrink thereat;
 That ever Death should let Life bear his Name,
 Where Life hath no more Interest but to breathe.

Mar. Alas, poor Heart, that Kiss is comfortless,
 As frozen Water to a starved Snake.

Tit. When will this fearful Slumber have an End?

Mar. Now farewell Flattery, die *Andronicus*,
 Thou dost not slumber, see thy two Sons Heads,
 Thy warlike Hand, thy mang'd Daughter here;
 Thy other banish'd Son with this dear Sight
 Struck pale and bloodless, and thy Brother I,
 Even like a stony Image, cold and numb.
 Ah now no more will I controul my Griefs,
 Rend off thy Silver Hair, thy other Hand
 Gnawing with thy Teeth, and be this dismal Sight
 The closing up of our most wretched Eyes;
 Now is a 'line storm, why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with this Hour.

Tit. Why I have not another Tear to shed;
 Besides ~~this~~ Sorrow is an Enemy,

And

And would usurp upon my watry Eyes,
 And make them blind with Tributary Tears,
 Then which way shall I find Revenges Cave?
 For these two Heads do seem to speak to me,
 And threat me, I shall never come to Bliss,
 'Till all these Mischiefs be return'd again,
 Even in their Throats that have committed them.
 Come let me see what Task I have to do——
 You heavy People circle me about,
 That I may turn me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my Soul to right your Wrongs.
 The Vow is made, come Brother take a Head,
 And in this Hand the other will I bear,
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these Things;
 Bear thou my Hand, sweet Wench, between thy Teeth;
 As for thee, Boy, go get thee from my Sight,
 Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay.
 Hie to the *Goths*, and raise an Army there,
 And if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do. [Exeunt.

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewel *Andronicus*, my noble Father,
 The wofullit Man that ever liv'd in *Rome*;
 Farewel, proud *Rome*, 'till *Lucius* come again,
 He leaves his Pledges dearer than his Life;
 Farewel *Lavinia*, my noble Sister,
 O would thou wert as thou to fore hast been,
 But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives
 But in Oblivion and hateful Grieffs;
 If *Lucius* live, he will requite your Wrongs,
 And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empreſs
 Beg at the Gates like *Tarquin* and his Queen.
 Now will I to the *Goths* and raise a Power,
 To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*, [Exit *Lucius*.

*A Banquet. Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia,
 and the Boy.*

Tit. So, so, now sit, and look you eat no more
 Than will preserve just so much Strength in us,
 As will revenge these bitter Woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that Sorrow-wreathen Knot:
 Thy Niece and I, poor Creatures, want our Hands

And

And cannot passionate our ten-fold Grief,
 With folded Arms. This poor right Hand of mine
 Is left to tyrannize upon my Breast,
 And when my Heart, all mad with Misery,
 Beats in this hollow Prison of my Flesh,
 Then thus I thump it down.

Thou Map of Woe, that thus dost talk in Signs,
 When thy poor Heart beats with outrageous Beating,
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still;
 Wound it with Singing, Girl, kill it with Groans;
 Or get some little Knife between thy Teeth,
 And just against thy Heart make thou a Hole,
 That all the Tears that thy poor Eyes let fall
 May run into that Sink, and soaking in,
 Drown the lamenting Fool in Sea-salt Tears.

Mar. Fie, Brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
 Such violent Hands upon her tender Life.

Tit. How now! Has Sorrow made thee doat already?
 Why, *Marcus*, no Man should be mad but I;
 What violent Hands can she lay on her Life?
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the Name of Hands, —
 To bid *Aeneas* tell the Tale twice o'er,
 How *Troye* was burnt, and he made miserable?
 O handle not the Theam, no talk of Hands,
 Lest we remember still that we have none.
 Fie, fie, how Frantickly I square my Talk,
 As if we should forget we had no Hands,
 If *Marcus* did not name the Word of Hands?
 Come, let's fall to, and gentle Girl eat this,
 Here is no Drink: Hark, *Marcus*, what she says,
 I can interpret all her martyr'd Signs,
 She says, she drinks no other Drink but Tears,
 Brew'd with her Sorrows, mesh'd upon her Cheeks.
 Speechless Complaint: — O I will learn thy Thought.
 In thy dumb Action will I be as perfect
 As begging Hermits in their holy Prayers.
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy Stumps to Heav'n,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a Sign,
 But I, of these, will wrest an Alphabet,
 And by still Practice, learn to know thy Meaning.

Boy. Good Grandfire leave these bitter deep Laments;
 Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing Tale.

Mar.

Mar. Alas the tender Boy, in Passion mov'd,
Dost weep to see his Grandfire's Heaviness.

Tit. Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of Tears,
And Tears will quickly melt thy Life away.

[*Marcus strikes the Dish with a Knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, *Marcus*, with thy Knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my Lord, a Fly.

Tit. Out on thee, Murderer; thou kill'st my Heart,
Mine Eyes are cloy'd with View of Tyranny:

A Deed of Death done on the-Innocent

Becomes not *Titus* Brother? Get thee gone,

I see thou art not for my Company.

Mar. Alas my Lord, I have but kill'd a Fly.

Tit. But? ---- how if that Fly hath a Father and Mother?

How would he hang his slender-gilded Wing,

And buz lamenting Doings in the Air?

Poor harmless Fly,

That with his pretty buzzing Melody,

Came here to make us merry,

And thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, Sir,

It was a black ill-favour'd Flye

Like to the Empress *Moor*, therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

For thou hast done a charitable Deed;

Give me thy Knife, I will insult on him,

Flattering my self, as if it were the *Moor*,

Come hither purposely to poison me.

There's for thy self, and that's for *Tamora*: Ah Sirrah?

Yet I think we are not brought so low,

But that between us, we can kill a Fly,

That comes in Likeness of a Cole-black *Moor*.

Mar. Alas poor Man; Grief has so wrought on him,

He takes false Shadows for true Substances.

Come, take away; *Lavinia*, go with me,

I'll to thy Closet, and go read with thee

Sad Stories, chanced in the Times of old.

Come, Boy, and go with me, thy Sight is young,

And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazie.

[*Exeunt*

A C T

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the Boy flies from her, with his Book under his Arm.
Enter Titus and Marcus.*

Boy. **H**ELP, Grandfir, help, my Aunt *Lavinia*
Follows me every where, I know not why.

Good Uncle *Marcus*, see how swift she comes:

Alas, sweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, *Lucius*, do not fear thy Aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, Boy, too well to do thee Harm.

Boy. Ay, when my Father was in *Rome* she did.

Mar. What means my Niece *Lavinia* by these Signs?

Tit. Fear thou not, *Lucius*, somewhat doth she mean:

See *Lucius*, see, how much she makes of thee:

Some whither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, Boy, *Cornelia* never with more Care

Read to her Sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet Poetry, and *Tully's* Oratory:

Can't thou not guess wherefore she ply'd thee thus?

Boy. My Lord, I know not I, nor can I guess,

Unless some Fit or Frenzy do possess her:

For I have heard my Grandfir say full oft,

Extremity of Grief would make Men mad.

And I have read, that *Hecuba* of *Troy*

Ran mad through Sorrow, that made me to fear;

Although, my Lord, I know my noble Aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my Mother did,

And would not, but in Fury, fright my Youth,

Which made me down to throw my Books, and fly

Causeless perhaps; but pardon me, sweet Aunt,

And, Madam, if my Uncle *Marcus* go,

I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. *Lucius*, I will.

Tit. How now, *Lavinia*? *Marcus*, what means this?

Some Book there is that she desires to see.

Which is it, Girl, of these? Open them, Boy,

But thou art deeper read and better skill'd,

Come and make Choice of all my Library,

And so beguile thy Sorrow, 'till the Heav'n's

Reveal the damn'd Contriver of this Deed:

What

What Book?

Why lifts she up her Arms in Sequence thus?

Mar. I think she means that there was more than one Confederate in the Fact. Ay, more there was: Or else to Heav'n she heaves them, to revenge.

Tit. Lucius, What Book is that she tosses so?

Boy. Grandfir, 'tis *Ovid's Metamorphosis*,
My Mother gave it me.

Mar. For Love of her that's gone.
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the Rest.

Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the Leaves!
Help her: What would she find, *Lavinia*, shall I read?
This is the tragick Tale of *Philomel*,
And treats of *Tereus*, Treason and his Rape;
And Rape, I fear, was Root of thine Annoy.

Mar. See, Brother, see, note how she quotes the Leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet Girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy Woods?
See, see; Ay, such a Place there is, where we did hunt,
(O had we never never hunted there)
Pattern'd by that the Poet here describes,
By Nature made for Murders and for Rapes.

Mar. O why should Nature build so foul a Den,
Unless the Gods delight in Tragedies?

Tit. Give Signs, sweet Girl, for here are none but Friends,
What *Roman* Lord it was durst do the Deed;
Or slunk not *Saturnine* as *Tarquin* erst.
That left the Camp to sin in *Lucrece* Bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet Neice; Brother, sit down by me,
Apollo, *Pallas*, *Jove*, or *Mercury*,
Inspire me, that I may this Treason find.
My Lord, look here; look here *Lavinia*.
*He writes his Name with his Staff, and guides it with
his Feet and Mouth.*

This sandy Plot is plain; guide, if thou can'st,
This after me, when I have writ my Name,
Without the Help of any Hand at all.
Curst be that Heart that forc'd us to this Shift!
Write thou, good Neice, and here display at least,
What God will have discover'd for Revenge;
Heav'n, guide thy Pen to print thy Sorrows plain,

That

That we may know the Traitors, and the Truth,
*She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guides it with
 her Stumps, and Writes.*

Tit. Oh, do you read, my Lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what! — The lustful Sons of *Tamora*,
 Performers of this hateful bloody Deed?

*Tit. Magni Dominator Poli,
 Tam lentus audis scelera! Tam lentus Vides!*

Mar. Oh calm thee, gentle Lord; altho' I know
 There is enough written upon this Earth,
 To stir a Mutiny in the mildest Thoughts,
 And arm the Minds of Infants to Exclaims.
 My Lord, kneel down with me: *Lavinia* kneel,
 And kneel, sweet Boy, the *Roman Hector's* hope,
 And swear with me, as with the woful Peer,
 And Father of that chaste dishonoured Dame,
 Lord *Junius Brutus* swear for *Lucrece* Rape,
 That we will prosecute (by good Advice)
 Mortal Revenge upon these traitorous *Goths*,
 And see their Blood, or die with this Reproach,

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, and you know how,
 But if you hurt these Bear-whelps, then beware,
 The Dam will wake, and if she wind you once,
 She's with the Lion deeply still in League,
 And lulls him whilst she playeth on her Back,
 And when he Sleeps will she do what she list.
 You are a young Huntsman, *Marcus*, let it alone;
 And come, I will go get a Leaf of Brass,
 And with a Gad of Steel will write these Words,
 And lay it by; the angry Northern Wind
 Will blow these Sands like *Sybil's* Leaves abroad,
 And where's your Lesson then? Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my Lord, that if I were a Man,
 Their Mother's Bed chamber should not be safe,
 For these bad Bond-men to the Yoak of *Rome*.

Mar. Ay, that's my Boy, thy Father hath full oft
 For this ungrateful Country done the like

Boy. And, Uncle, so will I, and if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine Armory,
Lucius I'll fit thee, and withal, my Boy
 Shall carry from me to the Emperess Sons,

Presents that I intend to send them both.

Come, come, thou'lt do my Message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my Dagger in their Bosom Grandfire.

Tit. No, *Boy*, not so, I'll teach thee another Course.

Lavinia, come; *Marcus*, look to my House,

Lucius and I'll go brave it at the Court,

Ay, marry will we, Sir, and we'll be waited on. [*Exe.*

Mar. O Heav'ns, can you hear a good Man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus attend him in his Extasie,

That hath more Scars of Sorrow in his Heart,

Than Foe mens Marks upon this batter'd Shield,

But yet so just, that he will not revenge,

Revenge the Heavens for old *Andronicus*. [*Exit.*

*Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one Door: And
at another Door young Lucius and another, with a
Bundle of Weapons, and Verses writ upon them.*

Chi. *Demetrius*, here's the Son of *Lucius*,

He hath some Message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad Message from his mad Grandfather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleness I may,

I greet your Honours from *Andronicus*,

And pray the *Roman* Gods confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy lovely *Lucius*, what's the News?

Boy For Villains mark'd with Rape. May it please you,
My Grandfire well advis'd hath sent by me,

The goodliest Weapons of his Armory,

To gratify your honourable Youth,

The hope of *Rome*, for so he bad me say:

And so I do, and with his Gifts present

Your Lordships, whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well.

And so I leave you both, like bloody Villains. [*Ex.*

Dem. What's here, a Scrole, and written round about?
Let's see.

Integer vitæ scelerisque punus, non eget Mauri jaculis nec

Chi. O, tis a Verse in *Horace*, I know it well: (*carcu.*
I read it in the *Grammer* long ago.

Aar. Ay just, a Verse in *Horace*---right, you have it--
Now what a thing it is to be an Ass?

Here's no sound jest, th'old Man hath found their Guilt,
And sends the Weapons wrapp'd about with Lines,

That

That wound, beyond their Feeling, to the Quick :
 But were our witty Empress well a Foot,
 She would applaud *Andronicus*' Conceit :
 But let her rest, in her Unrest a while.
 And now, young Lords, was't not a happy Star
 Let us to *Rome* Strangers, and more than so,
 Captives, to be advanc'd to this Height ?
 It did me good before the Palace Gate
 To brave the Tribune in his Brother's Hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
 Basely insinuate, and send us Gifts.

Aar. Had he not Reason, Lord *Demetrius* ?
 Did you not use his Daughter very friendly ?

Dem. I would we had a thousand *Roman* Dames
 At such a Bay, by Turn to serve our Lust.

Chi. A charitable Wish, and full of Love.

Aar. Here lacks but your Mother for to say, Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods
 For our beloved Mother in her Pains.

Aar. Pray to the Devils, the Gods have given us over.

[*Flourish.*]

Dem. Why do the Emperor's Trumpets flourish thus ?

Chi. Belike for Joy the Emperor hath a Son.

Dem. Soft, who comes here ?

Enter Nurse with a Black-a-Moor Child.

Nur. Good morrow, Lords :

O tell me, did you see *Aaron* the Moor ?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a Whit at all,
 Here *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now ?

Nur. O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone.
 Now help or woe betide thee evermore,

Aar. Why what a Caterwalling dost thou keep ?
 What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine Arms ?

Nur. O that which I would hide from Heav'n's Eye,
 Our Empress Shame, and stately *Rome*'s Disgrace.
 She is delivered, Lord, she is delivered.

Aar. To whom ?

Nur. I mean, she is brought to Bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good Rest.

What hath he sent her ?

Nur. A Devil,

Aar.

Aar. Why then she is the Devil's Dam : A joyful Issue,

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black and sorrowful Issue,
Here is the Babe, as loathsome as a Toad,
Amongst the fairest Breeders of our Clime,
The Empress sends it thee, thy Stamp, thy Seal,
And bids thee Christen it with thy Daggers point.

Aar. Out, you Whore, is Black so base a hue?
Sweet Blowse, you are a beauteous Bossom sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our Mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish Dog, thou hast undone---
Woe to her Chance, and damn'd her loathed Choice.
Accurs'd the Offspring of so foul a Fiend.

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron it must, the Mother wills it so.

Aar. What must it, Nurse? Then let no Man but I
Do Execution on my Flesh and Blood.

Dem. I'll broach the Tad-pole on my Rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me, my Sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this Sword shall plough thy Bowels up.
Stay, murderous Villains, will you kill your Brother?
Now, by the burning Tapers of the Sky,
That shone so brightly when this Boy was got,
He dies upoh my Cymitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first born Son and Heir,
I tell you, younglings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatning Band of *Typhon's* Brood,
Nor great *Alcidas*, nor the God of War,
Shall seize this Prey out of his Father's Hands;
What, what, ye sanguine shallow-hearted Boys.
Ye white limb'd Walls, ye Alehouse painted Signs,
Coal black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the Water in the Ocean
Can never turn the Swan's black Legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the Flood.
Tell the Empress from me, I am of Age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble Mistress thus?

Aar. My Mistress is my Mistress; this, my self:

The Vigour, and the Picture of my Youth :
 This, before all the World do I prefer;
 This, maugre all the World, will I keep safe,
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in *Rome*.

Dem. By this our Mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. *Rome* will despise her for this foul Escape.

Nur. The Emperor in his Rage will doom her Death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this Ignominy.

Aar. Why there's the Priviledge your Beauty bears :
 Fie treacherous Hue, that will betray with blushing
 The close Enacts and Counsels of the Heart :
 Here's a young Lad fram'd of another leer,
 Look how the black Slave smiles upon the Father ;
 As who should say, old Lad I am thine own.
 He is your Brother, Lords ; sensib'y fed
 Of that self-blood that first gave Life to you,
 And from that Womb where you imprisoned were,
 He is enfranchised and come to light :
 Nay, he is your Brother by the surer side,
 Altho' my Seal be stamped in his Face.

Nur. *Aaron*, what shall I say unto the Empress ?

Dem. Advise thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy Advice :
 Save thou the Child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult,
 My Son and I will have the Wind of you :
 Keep there, now talk at pleasure of your Safety.

[*They sit on the Ground.*]

Dem. How many Women saw this Child of his ?

Aar. Why so, brave Lords, when we all join in League,
 I am a Lamb ; but if you brave the Moor,
 The chased Boar, the Mountain Lioness,
 The Ocean swells not so as *Aaron* storms :
 But say again, how many saw the Child ?

Nur. *Cornelia* the Midwife, and myse'f,
 And none else but the delivered Empress.

Aar. The Empress, the Midwife, and yourself---
 Two may keep Counsel, when the third's away ;
 Go to the Empress, tell her, this I said--- [*He kills her.*]
 Week, week, so cries a Pig prepar'd to th' Spit

Dem. What mean'st thou *Aaron* ?
 Wherefore didst thou this ?

Aar.

Aar. O Lord, Sir, 'tis a Deed of Policy :
 Shall she live to betray this Guilt of ours ?
 A long-tongu'd babling Gossip ? No, Lords, no.
 And now be it known to you my full Intent :
 Not far, one *Muliteus* lives, my Country-man,
 His Wife but yesternight was brought to Bed,
 His Child is like to her, fair as you are :
 Go pack with him, and give the Mother Gold,
 And tell them both the Circumstance of all,
 And how by this their Child shall be advanc'd,
 And be received for the Emperor's Heir,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 To calm this Tempest whirling in the Court ;
 And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
 Hark ye, Lords, ye see I have given her Physick,
 And you must needs bestow her Funeral,
 The Fields are near, and you are Gallant Grooms :
 This done, see that you take no longer Days,
 But send the Midwife presently to me.
 The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,
 Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Cbi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not truit the Air with Secrets.

Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
 Herself and hers are highly bound to thee. [Exe.

Aar. Now to thee *Goths*. as swift as Swallows flies,
 There to dispose the Treasure in my Arms,
 And secretly to greet the Empress Friends.
 Come on, you thick-lip'd Slave, I bear you hence,
 For it is you that puts us to our shifts :
 I'll make you feed on Berries, and on Roots.
 And feed on Curds and Whey, and suck the Goat,
 And Cabin in a Cave, and bring you up
 To be a Warrior, and command a Camp. [Exit.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen with Bows, and Titus bears the Arrows with Letters on the End of them.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, come Kinsmen, this is the Way.
 Sir Boy, now let me see your Archery,
 Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight ;
Terras Astræas reliquit---be your remembred, *Marcus*---
 She's gone, she's fled---Sirs, take you to your Tools,
 You, Cousins, shall go sound the Ocean.

And

And cast your Nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
Yet there's as little Justice as at Land——

No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must do it,
'Tis you must dig with Mattock and with Spade,
And pierce the inmost Center of the Earth:

Then when you come to *Pluto's* Region,
I pray you to deliver him this Petition,
Tell him it is for Justice, and for Aid,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*.

Shaken with Sorrows in ungrateful *Rome*.

Ah *Rome!*——Well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the Peoples Suffrages
On him, that thus doth Tyrannize o'er me.

Go get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a Man of War unsearch'd,
This wicked Emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And Kinsmen then we may go pipe for Justice.

Mar. O, *Publius*, is not this a heavy Case,
To see thy noble Uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my Lord, it highly us concerns,
By Day and Night t'attend him carefully:
And feed his Humour kindly as we may,
'Till time beget some careful Remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his Sorrows are past Remedy,
Join with the *Goths*, and with revengeful War.
Take wreak on *Rome* for this Ingratitude,
And Vengeance on the Traitor *Saturnine*.

Tit. *Publius*, how now? how now, my Masters,
What have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will have revenge from Hell, you shall:
Marry for Justice she is so employ'd,
He thinks with *Jove* in Heav'n, or some where else;
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with Delays,
I'll dive into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the Heels.

Marcus, we are but Shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd Men, fram'd of the Cyclops size,
But Metal, *Marcus*, Steel to the very Back.
Yet wrung with Wrongs more than our Backs can bear
And sith there's no Justice in Earth or Hell,

We

We will sollicit Heav'n, and move the Gods,
To send down Justice for to wreak our Wrongs:
Come to this Gear, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

[*He gives them the Arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you——here *ad Apollinem*——

Ad Martem, that's for my self;

Here Boy, to *Pallas*——here to *Mercury*——

To *Saturn* and to *Cælus*——not to *Saturnine*——

You were as good to shoot against the Wind.

To it, Boy, *Marcus*——loote when I bid:

Of my Word, I have written to Effect,

There's not a God left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your Shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperor in his Pride. [*They shoot.*]

Tit. Now, Masters, draw; Oh well said, *Lucius*:
Good Boy in *Virgo's* Lap, give it *Pallas*.

Mar. My Lord, I am a Mile beyond the Moon;
Your Letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast put off one of *Taurus' Horns*.

Mar. This was the Sport, my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* such a knock,
That down fell both the Rams Horns in the Court,
And who should find them but the Empress Villain:
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not chuse
But give them to his Master for a present.

Tit. Why there it goes. God give your Lordship Joy.

Enter a Clown with a Basket and two Pigeons.

News, News from Heaven; *Marcus*, the Post is come.
Sirrah, what Tidings? Have you any Letters?
Shall I have Justice, what says *Jupiter*?

Clo. Who? The Gibbet-maker? He says he hath
taken them down again, for the Man must not be
hang'd 'till the next Week.

Tit. Tut, what says *Jupiter*, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, Sir, I know not *Jupiter*,
I never drank with him in all my Life.

Tit. Why Villain, art not thou the Carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my Pigeons, Sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from Heaven?

Clo. From Heaven? Alas, Sir, I never came there.
God forbid I should be so bold to press into Heav'n in

my young Days. Why I am going with my Pigeons to the Tribunal Plebr. to take up a matter of Brawl betwixt my Uncle and one of the Emperials Men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your Oration, and let him deliver the Pigeons to the Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an Oration to the Emperor with a Grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, Sir, I could never say Grace in all my Life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado, But give your Pigeons to the Emperor.
By me thou shalt have Justice at his Hands,
Hold, hold---mean while here's Mony for thy Charges,
Give me a Pen and Ink.

Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Supplication?

Clo. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his Foot, then deliver up your Pigeons, and then look for your Reward. I'll be at hand, Sir, see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a Knife? Come, let me see it.
Here, *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant,
And when thou hast given it the Emperor,
Knock at my Door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, let us go, *Publius* follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Emperor and Empress, and her two Sons; the Emperor brings the Arrows in his Hand that Titus shot.

Sat. Why Lords, what Wrongs are these? Was ever An Emperor of *Rome* thus over-born, (seen
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the Extent
Of equal Justice, us'd in such Contempt?
My Lords you know, as do the mighty Gods,
(However the Disturbers of our Peace
Buz in the People's Ears) there nought hath past,
But even with Law against the wilful Sons
Of old *Andronicus*; and what and if
His Sorrows have so over-whelm'd his Wits,

Shall

Shall we be thus afflicted in his Wreaks,
 His Fits, his Frenzy, and his Bitterness?
 And now he writes to Heaven for his Redress,
 See, here's to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,
 This to *Apollo*, this to the God of War:
 Sweet Scrowls to fly about the Streets of *Rome*.
 What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
 And blazoning our Injustice every where?
 A goodly Humour, is it not my Lords?
 As who would say, in *Rome* no Justice were.
 But if I live, his feigned Extasies
 Shall be no shelter to these Outrages:
 But he and his shall know, that Justice lives
 In *Saturninus* health, whom, if she sleep,
 He'll so awake, as she in Fury shall
 Cut off the proudest Conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious Lord, my lovely *Saturninus*,
 Lord of my Life, Commander of my Thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the Faults of *Titus*' Age,
 Th' effects of Sorrow for his valiant Sons.
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his Heart;
 And rather comfort his distressed Plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best,
 For these Contempts——Why thus it shall become
 High witted *Tamora*, to glose with all:
 But *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the Quick,
 Thy Life-blood on't: If *Aaron* now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port. [*Aside.*

Enter Clown.

How now, good Fellow, would'st thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea Forsooth, and your Mistership be Imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he: God and St. *Stephen* give you good e'en,
 I have brought you a Letter and a couple Pigeons here.

[*He reads the Letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much Money must I have?

Tam. Come, Sirrah, thou must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r Lady, then I have brought up a
 Neck to a fair end. [*Exit.*

Sat. Despightful and intollerable Wrongs,
 Shall I endure this monstrous Villany?

I know from whence this same Device proceeds:
 May this be born? As if his traiterous Sons,
 That dy'd by Law for Murther of our Brother,
 Have by my Means been butcher'd wrongfully?
 Go, drag the Villain hither by the Hair,
 Nor Age nor Honour shall shape Privilege.
 For this proud Mock I'll be thy Slaughter-man;
 Sly frantick Wretch, that help't to make me great,
 In hope thyself should govern *Rome* by me.

Enter Nuntius Æmilius.

Sat. What News with thee *Æmilius*?

Æmil. Arm, my Lords, *Rome* never had more Cause,
 The *Goths* have gather'd Head, and with a Power
 Of high resolved Men, bent to the Spoil,
 They hither march amain, under the Conduct
 Of *Lucius*, Son to old *Andronicus*:
 Who threats in course of his Revenge to do
 As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

Sat. Is warlike *Lucius* General of the *Goths*?
 These Tidings nip me, and I hang the Head
 As Flowers with Frost, or Grasse beat down with Storms,
 Ay, now begin our Sorrows to approach,
 'Tis he the common People love so much,
 Myself hath often heard them say,
 (When I have walked like a private Man)
 That *Lucius* Banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wish'd that *Lucius* were their Emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? Is not our City strong?

Sat. Ay, but the Citizens favour *Lucius*,
 And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy Thoughts imperious like thy Name.
 Is the Sun dim'd that Gnats do fly in it?
 The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby,
 Knowing that with the Shadow of his Wings,
 He can at Pleasure stint their Melody;
 Even so may't thou the giddy Men of *Rome*.
 Then cheer thy Spirit, for know, thou Emperor,
 I will inchant the old *Andronicus*,
 With Words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
 Than baits to Fish, or Honey-stalks to Sheep,

When

When as the one is wounded with the Bait,
The other rotted with delicious Food.

Sat. But he will not intreat his Son for us.

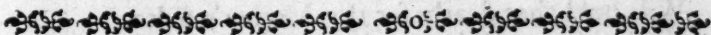
Tam. If *Tamora* intreat him, then he will,
For I can smoothe, and fill his aged Ear
With golden Promises, that were his Heart
Almost impregnable, his old Ears deaf,
Yet should both Ear and Heart obey my Tongue.
Go thou before as our Ambassador, [*To Æmilius.*
Say, that the Emperor requests a Parley
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the Meeting.

Sat. *Æmilius*, do this Message honourably,
And if he stand on Hostage for his Safety,
Bid him demand what Pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your Bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I do that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I have,
To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.
And now, sweet Emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy Fear in my Devices.

Sat. Then go successfully and plead for me. [*Exit.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE A Camp.

Enter Lucius with Goths, with Drum and Soldiers.

Luc. **A**pproved Warriors, and my faithful Friends,
I have received Letters from great *Rome*,
Which signify what Hate they bear their Emperor,
And how desirous of our Sight they are.
Therefore, great Lords, be as your Titles Wines,
Imperious and impatient of your Wrongs,
And wherein *Rome* hath done you any Scathe,
Let him make treble Satisfaction.

Goth. Brave Slip, sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
Whose Name was once our Terror, now our Comfort,
Whose high Exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingrateful *Rome* requites with foul Contempt,
Be bold in us, we'll follow where thou lead'st:
Like stinging Bees in hottest Summer's Day,

Led by their Master to the flower'd Fields,
And be aveng'd on curst *Tamora*.

Omn. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here led by a lusty *Goth*?

Enter a Goth leading Aaron with his Child in his Arms.

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our Troops I straid
To gaze upon a ruinous Monastery,
And as I earnestly did fix mine Eye
Upon the wasted Building, suddenly
I heard a Child cry underneath a Wall;
I made unto the Noise, when soon I heard,
'The crying Babe controul'd with this Discourse:
Peace, tawny Slave, half me, and half thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whose Brat thou art,
Hath Nature lent thee but thy Mother's Look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an Emperor:
But where the Bull and Cow are both Milk-white,
They never do beget a Cole-black Calf;
Peace, Vil'ain, Peace, (even thus he rates the Babe)
For I must bear thee to a trusty *Goth*,
Who when he knows thou art the Empress Babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy Mother's Sake.
With this, my Weapon drawn I rush'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use, as you think needful of the Man.

Luc. O worthy *Goth*, this is the incarnate Devil,
That robb'd *Andronicus* of his good Hand;
This is the Pearl that pleas'd your Empress's Eye,
And here's the base Fruit of his burning Lust.
Say, wall-ey'd Slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing Image of thy Fiend-like Face?
Why dost not speak? What Deaf? No! Not a Word?
A Halter, Soldiers hang him on this Tree,
And by his Side his Fruit of Bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the Boy he is of Royal Blood.

Luc. Too like the Sire for ever being good.
First hang the Child, that he may see it sprall,
A Sight to vex the Father's Soul withal.

Aaron. Get me a Ladder, *Lucius*, save the Child,
And bear it from me to the Empress;
If thou do this, I'll shew thee wondrous Things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;

If

If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more ; but Vengeance rot you all.

Luc. Say on, and if it please me, which thou speak'st
Thy Child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. And if it please thee? Why assure thee *Lucius*,
'Twill vex thy Soul to hear what I shall speak:
For I must talk of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres,
Acts of black Night, abominable Deeds,
Complots of Mischief, Treason, Villanies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my Death,
Unless thou swear to me my Child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy Mind, I say the Child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? Thou believest no God.
That granted, how can'st thou believe an Oath?

Aar. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And hast a thing within thee called Conscience,
With twenty Popish Tricks and Ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe:
Therefore I urge thy Oath, for that I know
An Idiot holds a Bauble for a God,
And keeps the Oath, which by that God he swears,
To that I'll urge him; — therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so e'er it be
That thou adorest and hast in Reverence,
To save my Boy, nourish and bring him up,
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First know thou,

I begot him on the Empress.

Luc. O most insatiate luxurious Woman!

Aar. Tut, *Lucius*, this was but a Deed of Charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two Sons that murder'd *Bassianus*,
They cut thy Sister's Tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her Hands off, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. Oh detestable Villain!

Call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why she was wash'd, and cut and trimm'd:
And 'twas trim Sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. Oh barbarous beastly Villains like thyself! *Aar.*

Aar. Indeed, I was their Tutor to instruct them;
 That coddling Spirit had they from their Mother,
 As sure a Card, as ever won the Set;
 That bloody Mind I think they learn'd of me,
 As true a Dog as ever fought at Head;
 Well, let my Deeds be witness of my Worth.
 I train'd thy Brethren to that guileful Hole,
 Where the dead Corpse of *Bassianus* lay:
 I wrote the Letter that thy Father found,
 And hid the Gold within the Letter mentioned,
 Confederate with the Queen and her two Sons.
 And what not done that thou hast Cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no Stroke or Mischief in it?
 I plaid the Cheater for thy Father's Hand,
 And when I had it, drew my self apart,
 And almost broke my Heart with extream Laughter.
 I pried me through the Crevice of a Wall,
 When for his Hand, he had his two Sons Heads
 Beheld his Tears, and laugh'd so heartily.
 That both mine Eyes were rainy like to his:
 And when I told the Empress of this Sport,
 She swooned almost at my pleasing Tale,
 And for my Tidings, gave me twenty Kisses.

Gotb. What can'st thou say a'll this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black Dog, as the Saying is,

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous Deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the Day, and yet I think
 Few come within the Compass of my Curse,
 Where'n I did not some notorious Ill,
 As kill a Man, or else devise his Death,
 Ravish a Maid, or p'ot the Way to do it,
 Accuse some Innocent, and forswear my self,
 Set deadly Enmity between two Friends,
 Make poor Mens Cattle break their Necks,
 Set Fire on Barns and Hay stacks in the Night,
 And bid the Owners quench them with their Tears;
 Oft have I digg'd up dead Men from their Graves,
 And set them upright at their dear Friends Doors,
 Even when their Sorrow almost was forgot,
 And on their Skins, as on the Bark of Trees,
 Have with my Knife carved in *Roman* Letters,

Let

Let not your Sorrow die, though I am Dead.
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
 As willingly as one would kill a Fly,
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the Devil, for he must not die
 So sweet a Death, as Hanging presently.

Aar. If there be Devils, would I were a Devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting Fire,
 So I might have your Company in Hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter Tongue.

Luc. Sirs, stop his Mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome
 Desires to be admitted to your Presence.

Luc. Let him come near —

Welcome, *Æmilius*, what's the News from Rome?

Æmi. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the *Goths*,
 The *Roman* Emperor greets you all by me,
 And, for he understands you are in Arms,
 He craves a Parley at your Father's House,
 Willing you to demand your Hostages.
 And they shall be immediately delivered.

Goth. What says our General?

Luc. *Æmilius*, let the Emperor give his Pledges
 Unto my Father, and my Uncle *Marcus*,
 And we will come: March away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Titus's Palace in Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron and Demetrius, Disguis'd.

Tam. Thus in these strange and sad Habiliments,
 I will encounter with *Andronius*,
 And say, I am Revenge sent from below,
 To join with him, and right his heinous Wrongs;
 Knock at the Study, where they say he keeps,
 To ruminat strange Plots of dire Revenge;
 Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
 And work Confusion on his Enemies.

[*They knock and Titus appears above.*]

Tit. Who doth molest my Contemplation?
 Is it your Trick to make me open the Door,

That so my sad Decrees may fly away,
 And all my Study be to no Effect?
 You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do,
 See here in bloody Lines I have set down;
 And what is written, shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No not a Word: How can I grace my Talk,
 Wanting a Hand to give it Action?
 Thou hast the Odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
 Witness this wretched Stump,
 Witness the crimson Lines,
 Witness these Trenches, made by Grief and Care,
 Witness thy tiring Day and heavy Night;
 Witness all Sorrow, that I know thee well
 For our proud Empress, mighty *Tamora*:
 Is not thy coming for my other Hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad Man, I am not *Tamora*,
 She is thy Enemy, and I thy Friend;
 I am Revenge, sent for the infernal Kingdom,
 To ease the gnawing Vulture of thy Mind,
 By working wreakful Vengeance on thy Foes.
 Come down and welcome me to this World's Light;
 Confer with me of Murder and of Death,
 There's not a hollow Cave, or lurking Place,
 No vast Obscurity or misty Vale,
 Where bloody Murther or detested Rape,
 Can couch for Fear, but I will find them out,
 And in their Ears tell them my dreadful Name.
 Revenge, which makes the foul Offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge, and art thou sent to me,
 To be a Torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some Service, e'er I come to thee:
 Lo by thy Side, where Rape and Murder stands,
 Now give some Surance that thou art Revenge,
 Stab them, or tear them on thy Chariot-Wheels,
 And then I'll come and be thy Waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the Globes:
 Provide two proper Palfries black as Jet,
 To hale thy vengeful Waggon swift away.

And

And find out Murderers in their guilty Caves.
 And when thy Car is loaden with their Heads,
 I will dismount, and by thy Waggon Wheel
 Trot like a servile Footman all Day long;
 Even from *Hyperion's* rising in the East,
 Until his very Downfal in the Sea.
 And Day by Day I'll do this heavy Task,
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy Ministers; what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder, therefore called so,
 Cause they take Vengeance on such kind of Men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the Empress Sons they are,
 And you the Empress: But we worldly Men,
 Have miserable mad mistaking Eyes:
 O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
 And if one Arm's Embracement will content thee,
 I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit Titus from above.]

Tam. This closing with him fits his Lunacy,
 What e'er I forge to feed his brain-sick Fits,
 Do you uphold, and maintain in your Speech,
 For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
 And being credulous in this mad Thought,
 I'll make him send for *Lucius* his Son:
 And whilst I at a Banquet hold him sure,
 I'll find some cunning Practice out of Hand,
 To scatter and disperse the giddy *Goths*.
 Or at the least make them his Enemies:
 See here it comes, and I must play my Theam.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
 Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful House;
 Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too:
 How like the Empress, and her Sons you are!
 Well you are fitted, had you but a *Moor*;
 Could not all Hell afford you such a Devil?
 For well I wot, the Empress never wags,

But

But in her Company there is a *Moor* ;
 And would you represent our Queen aright,
 It were convenient you had such a Devil :

But welcome, as you are, what shall we do ?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, *Andronicus* ?

Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a Villain that hath done a Rape,
 And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a Thousand that have done thee Wrong,
 And I will be revenged on them all

Tit. Look round about the wicked Streets of *Rome*,
 And when thou find'st a Man that's like thy self,
 Good Murder stab him, he's a Murderer.
 Go thou with him, and when it is thy Hap
 To find another that is like to thee,
 Good Rapine stab him, he is a Ravisher.
 Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's Court
 There is a Queen attended by a *Moor* ;
 Well may'st thou know her by thy own Proportion,
 For up and down she doth resemble thee ;
 I pray thee do on them some violent Death ;
 They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us: this shall we do.
 But would it please thee, good *Andronicus*,
 To send for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant Son.
 Who leads towards *Rome* a Band of warlike *Goths*,
 And bid him come and banquet at thy House.
 When he is here, even at thy solemn Feast,
 I will bring in the Empress and her Sons ;
 The Emperor himself, and all thy Foes,
 And at thy Mercy shall they sloop and kneel,
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry Heart :
 What says *Andronicus* to this Devise ?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my Brother, 'tis sad *Titus* calls ;
 Go gentle *Marcus*, to thy Nephew *Lucius* ;
 Thou shalt enquire him out among the *Goths* :
 Bid him repair to me ; and bring with him
 Some of the chiefest Princes of the *Goths* ;

Bid

Bid him encamp his Soldiers where they are;
Tell him the Emperor and the Empress too
Feast at my House, and he shall feast with them;
This do thou for my Love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Father's Life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy Business,
And take my Ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else I'll call my Brother back again,
And cleave to no Revenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What say you, Boys, you will abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my Lord, the Emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd Jest?
Yield to his Humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I return again.

Tit. I know them all, tho' they suppose me mad,
And will o'er reach them in their own Devices,
A pair of cursed Hell hounds and their Dam. [*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at Pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, *Andronicus*, Revenge now goes
To lay a Comp'ot to betray thy Foes. [*Exit Tamora.*

Tit. I know thou dost, and sweet Revenge farewell.

Chi. Tell us, Old Man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have Work enough for you to do.

Publius come hither, *Caius* and *Valentine*.

Enter Publius and Servants.

Pub. What is your Will?

Tit. Know ye these two?

Pub. The Empress Sons
I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Tit. Fie, *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceiv'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's Name;
And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentine*, lay Hands on them,
Oft have you heard me wish for such an Hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them sure. [*Exit Titus.*

Chi. Villains, forbear, we are the Empress' Sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their Mouths, let them not speak a Word,

Is

Is he sure bound? look that ye bind them fast.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a Knife, and Lavinia with a Basin.

Tit. Come, come, *Lavinia*, look, thy Foes are bound;
Sirs, stop their Mouths, let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful Words I utter.

Oh Villains, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*!

Here stands the Spring whom you have stain'd with Mud,
This goodly Summer with your Winter mixt:

You kill'd her Husband, and for that vile Fault,
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to Death,

My Hand cut off, and made a merry Jest,

Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more dear
Than Hands or Tongue, her spotless Chastity,

Inhuman Traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

What would you say if I should let you speak?

Villains! — for Shame you could not beg for Grace.

Hark, Wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one Hand yet is left to cut your Throats,

Whilst that *Lavinia* 'twixt her Stumps doth hold

The Basin that receives your guilty Blood:

You know your Mother means to feast with me,

And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad —

Hark, Villains I will grind your Bones to Dutt,

And with your Blood and it, I'll make a Paste,

And of the Paste a Coffin will I rear,

And make two Pasties of your shameful Heads,

And bid that Strumpet, your unhallow'd Dam,

Like to the Earth, swallow her own Increase.

This is the Feast that I have bid her to,

And this is the Banquet she shall surfeit on;

For worse than *Philomel* you us'd my Daughter,

And worse than *Progne* I will be reveng'd,

And now prepare your Throats: *Lavinia*, come,

Receive the Blood, and when that they are dead,

Let me go grind their Bones to Powder small,

And with this hateful Liquor temper it;

And in that Paste let their vile Heads be bak'd.

Come, come, be every one officious

To make this Banquet, which I wish might prove

More stern and bloody than the *Centaur's* Feast.

[*He cuts their Throats.*

Sa.

So, now bring them in, for I'll play the Cook,
And see them ready 'gainst the Mother comes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths with Aaron Prisoner.

Luc. Uncle *Marcus*, since 'tis my Father's Mind
That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what Fortune will.

Luc. Good Uncle, take you in this barbarous *Moor*,
This ravenous Tyger, this accursed Devil,
Let him receive no Sustenance, Fetter him,
'Till he be brought unto the Emperor's Face,
For Testimony of these foul Proceedings;
And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong.
I fear the Emperor means no Good to us.

Mar. Some Devil whisper Curses in my Ear,
And prompt me, that my Tongue may utter forth
The venomous Malice of my swelling Heart.

Luc. Away, inhuman Dog, unhallowed Slave.

[*Exeunt Goths with Aaron.*

Sirs, help our Uncle, to convey him in. [*Flourish.*
The Trumpets shew the Emperor is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empress, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What hath the Firmament more Suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thy self a Sun?

Mar. *Rome's* Emperor and Nephew break the Parley,
These Quarrels must be quietly debated:
The Feast is ready, which the careful *Titus*
Hath ordain'd to an honourable End,
For Peace, for Love, for League, and good to *Rome*:
Please you therefore draw nigh and take your Places.

Sat. *Marcus*, we will, [*Hautboys.*

A Table brought in. Enter Titus like a Cook, placing the Meat on the Table, and Lavinia with a Veil over her Face.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious Lord, welcome dread Queen,
Welcome, ye warlike *Goths*, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all; although the Cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your Stomachs, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, *Andronicus*?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your Highness, and your Empress.

Tam.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good *Andronicus*.

Tit. And if your Highness knew my Heart, you were,
My Lord, the Emperor. resolve me this,
Was it well done of rash *Virginus*,
To slay his Daughter with his own Right Hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd!

Sat. It was, *Andronicus*.

Tit. Your Reason, mighty Lord?

Sat. Because the Girl should not survive her Shame,
And by her Presence still renew his Sorrows.

Tit. A Reason mighty, strong, and effectual,
A Pattern, President and lively Warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy Shame with thee,
And with thy Shame thy Father's Sorrow die. [*Kills her.*]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her for whom my Tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as *Virginus* was,
And have a thousand times more Cause than he.

Sat. What was she Ravish'd? Tell, who did the Deed?

Tit. Will't please you eat, will't please your Highness feed.

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only Daughter thus?

Tit. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.
They ravish'd her, and cut away her Tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this Wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that Pye,
Whereof their Mother daintily hath fed
Eating the Flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true, witness my Knife's sharp Point.

[*He Stabs the Empress.*]

Sat. Die, frantick Wretch, for this accursed Deed.

[*He Stabs Titus.*]

Luc. Can the Son's Eye behold his Father bleed?
There's meed for meed, Death for a deadly Deed.

[*Lucius stabs the Emperor.*]

Mar. You sad-fac'd Men. People and Sons of Rome,
By uproar severed, like a Flight of Fowl,
Scatter'd by Winds, and high tempestuous Gusts,
Oh let me teach you, how to knit again
This scatter'd Corn into one mutual Sheaf,
These broken Limbs again into one Body.

Goths

Goth. Let *Rome* herself, be Bane unto herself.
And she whom mighty Kingdoms curtesie to,
Like a forlorn and desperate Cast away,
Do shameful Execution on herself.

Mar. But if my frosty Signs and Chaps of Age,
Grave Witnesses of true Experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my Words,
Speak, *Rome's* dear Friend ; as erst our Ancestor,

[*To Lucius*]

When with his solemn Tongue he did discourse
To Love-sick *Dido's* sad attending Ear,
The Story of that baleful burning Night,
When subtil *Greeks* surpriz'd King *Priam's* *Troy* :
Tell us what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our Ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal Engine in,
That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome* the civil Wound.
My Heart is not compact of Flint nor Steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter Grief,
But Floods of Tears will drown my Oratory,
And break my very Utterance; even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind Hand, Commiseration.
Here is a Captain, let him tell the Tale,
Your Hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
Were they that Murdered our Emperor's Brother ;
And they it were that ravished our Sister :
For their fell Faults our Brothers were Beheaded,
Our Father's Tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true Hand, that fought *Rome's* Quarrel out,
And sent her Enemies into the Grave.
Lastly, my self unkindly Banished,
The Gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg Relief among *Rome's* Enemies,
Who drown'd their Enmity in my true Tears,
And op'd their Arms to embrace me as a Friend :
And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my Blood,
And from her Bosom took the Enemy's Point,
Sheathing the Steel in my adventrous Body.
Alas, you know I am no Vaunter, I,

My

My Scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my Report is just, and full of Truth :
But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless Praise : Oh pardon me,
For when no Friends are by, Men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my Tongue to speak : Behold this Child,
Of this was *Tamora* delivered,
The Issue of an irreligious *Moor*,
Chief Architect and Plotter of these Woes ;
The Villain is alive in *Titus*' House,
And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what Cause had *Titus* to revenge .
These Wrongs, unspeakable, past Patience,
Or more than any living Man could bear.
Now you have heard the Truth, what say you *Romans* ?
Have we done ought amiss ? shew us wherein,
And from the Place where you behold us now,
The poor Remainder of *Andronicus*,
We'll Hand in Hand all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged Stones beat out our Brains,
And make a mutual Closure of our House :
Speak, *Romans*, speak, and if you say we shall,
Lo Hand in Hand *Lucius* and I will fall.

Em. Come, come, thou Reverend Man of *Rome*,
And bring our Emperor gently in thy Hand,
Lucius our Emperor : For well I know,
The common Voice do cry it shall be so.

Mar. *Lucius*, all hail, *Rome*'s Royal Emperor ;
Go, go into old *Titus*'s sorrowful House,
And hither hale that misbelieving *Moor*,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering Death,
As Punishment for his most wicked Life.
Lucius all hail ! *Rome*'s gracious Governor.

Luc. Thanks, gentle *Romans*, may I govern so,
To heal *Rome*'s Harm, and drive away her Woe.
But, gentle People, give me Aim awhile,
For Nature puts me to a heavy Task :
Stand all aloof ; but Uncle draw you near,
To shed obsequious Tears upon this Trunk :
Oh take this warm Kiss on thy pale cold Lips :
These sorrowful Drops upon thy Blood stain'd Face ;
The last true Duties of thy noble Son.

Mar.

Mar. Ay, Tear for Tear, and loving Kifs for Kifs,
Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips:
O were the sum of these that I should pay,
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learn of us
To melt in Showers, thy Grand-fire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his Knee;
Sung thee a-sleep, his loving Breast thy Pillow:
Many a Matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy Infancy.
In that respect then, like a loving Child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kind Nature doth require it so;
Friends shou'd associate Friends, in Grief and Woe:
Bid him farewell, commit him to the Grave,
Do him that Kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O Grand fire, Grand-fire! even with all my Heart,
Would I were dead, so you did live again——
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping——
My Tears will choak me, if I ope my Mouth.

Enter Romans with Aaron.

Rom. You sad *Andronici*, have done with Woes,
Give Sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire Events.

Luc. Set him Breast-deep in Earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and rave and cry for Food.
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the Offence he dies: This is our Doom.
Some stay to see him fastned in the Earth.

Aar. O why should Wrath be mute, and Fury dumb?
I am no Baby, I, that with base Prayers
I should repent the evil I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my Will:
If one good Deed in all my Life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soul.

Luc. Some loving Friends convey the Emperor hence,
And give him burial in his Father's Grave.
My Father, and *Lavinia*, shall forthwith
Be clos'd in our Households Monument:

As

As for that heinous Tygres *Tamora*,
 No funeral Rites, nor Man in mournful Weeds,
 No mournful Bell shall ring her Burial;
 But throw her forth to Beasts and Birds of Prey:
 Her Life was Beast-like, and devoid of Pity,
 And being so, shall have like want of Pity.
 See Justice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moor,
 From whom our heavy Haps had their beginning;
 Then afterwards, we'll order well the State,
 That like Events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

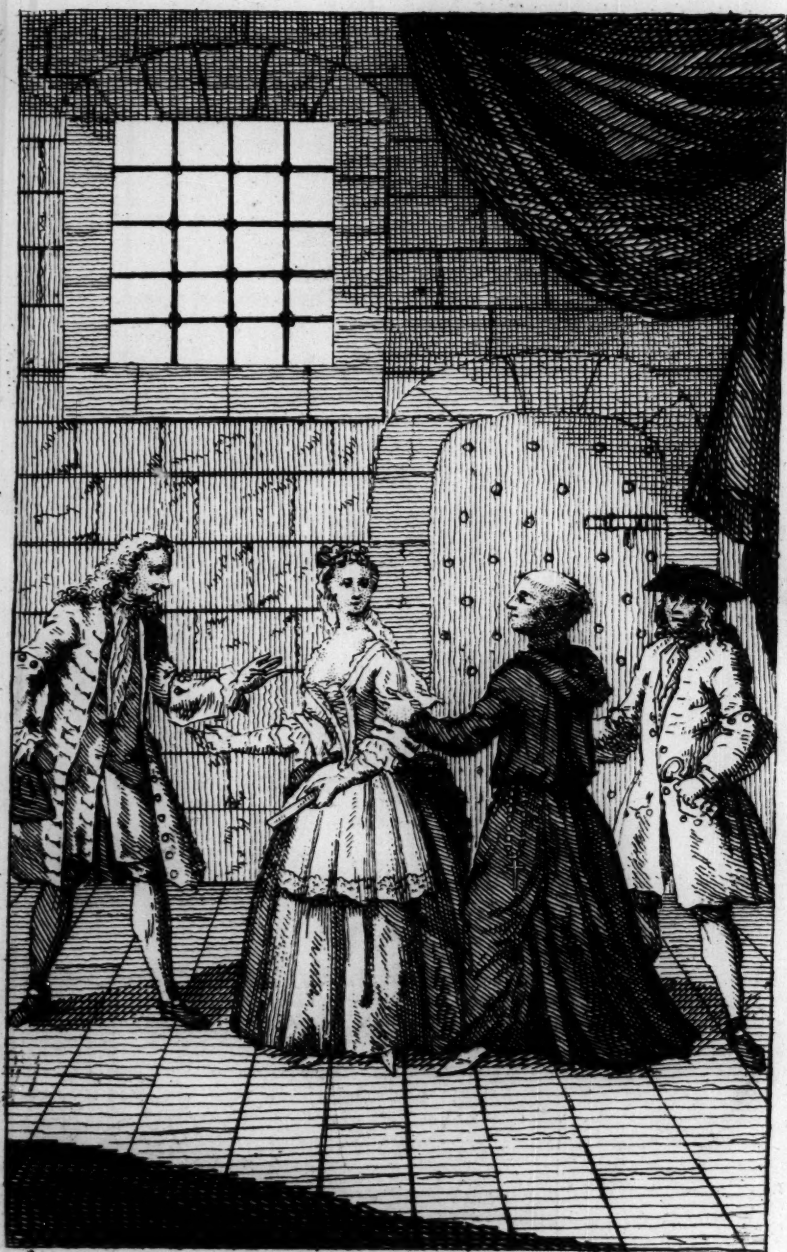
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R. WALKER.

F I N I S.







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F O R

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A

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

V *Incentio*, Duke of *Vienna*.
Angelo, Lord Deputy in the Duke's Absence.
Eſcalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a young Gentleman.
Lucio, a Fantaſtick.
Two Gentlemen.
Varrius, a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.
Provost.
Thomas, } Two Friars.
Peter, }
Elbow, a ſimple Conſtable.
Fr. th, a fooliſh Gentleman.
Clown, Servant to Mrs. *Over-den*.
Abberſon, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a diſſolute Priſoner.

W O M E N.

Iſabella, Siſter to *Claudio*.
Mariana, betrothed to *Angelo*.
Juliet, beloved of *Claudio*.
Franciſca, a Nun.
Miſtreſs Over-den, a Bawd.

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE VIENNA.

N. B. The Lines thus marked * (by reaſon of the Length of the Play) are left out in the Performance.





M E A S U R E

F O R

M E A S U R E.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.

Duke.



Escalus,

My Lord.

Duke. Of Government, the
Properties to unfold,
Would seem in me t' affect speech
and Discourse.

Since I am put to know, that
your own Science

Exceeds in that, the List of all Advice
My Strength can give you: 'Then no more remains;
'Put that to your Sufficiency, as your Worth is able,
'And let them work: 'The Nature of our People,
Our City's Institutions, and the Terms
For common Justice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art and Practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our Commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I say, bid come before us *Angelo*:
What figure of us think you, he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special Soul
Elected him our Absence to supply;
Lent him our Terror, drest him with our Love,
And given his Deputation all the Organs
Of our own Power: What think you of it?

Escal. If any in *Vienna* be of Worth
To undergo such ample Grace and Honour,
It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's Will,
I come to know your Grace's Pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of Character in thy Life,
That, to th' Observer, doth thy History
Fully unfold: Thy self and thy Belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thy self upon thy Virtues; they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us, as we with Torches do,
Not light them for themselves: For if our Virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if he had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine Issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest Scruple of her Excellence,
But like a thrifty Goddess she determines
Her self the Glory of a Creditor,
Both Thanks and Use. But I do bend my Speech
To one that can my Part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, *Angelo*:
In our Remove, be thou at full, our self.
Mortality and Mercy in *Vienna*,
Live in thy Tongue and Heart: Old *Escalus*,
Though first in Question, is thy Secondary.
Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now, good my Lord,
Let there be some more Test made of my Metal,
Before so noble and so great a Figure,
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more Evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepar'd Choice
Proceeded to you: therefore take your Honours.
Our Haste from hence is of so quick Condition,
That it prefers it self, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful Value. We shall write to you,
As Time and our Concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well.
To th' hopeful Execution do I leave you
Of our Commission.

Ang. Yet give leave, my Lord,

That

MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

5

That we may bring you something on the Way.

Duke. My Haste may not admit it,
Nor need you, on my Honour, have to do
With any Scruple; your Scope is as mine own,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Law,
As to your Soul seems good. Give me your Hand;
I'll privily away. I love the People,
But do not like to stage me to their Eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud Applause, and *Aves* vehement:
Nor do I think the Man of safe Discretion
That does affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The Heav'n's give Safety to your Purposes.

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in Happiness.

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [Exit

Escal. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free Speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my Place;
A Power I have, but of what Strength and Nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our Satisfaction have
Touching that Point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your Honour. [Exeant.

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Lucio, and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come
not to Composition with the King of Hungary, why
then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 Gent. Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King
of Hungary.

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the Sanctimonious Pyrate,
that went to Sea with the ten Commandments, but
scrap'd one out of the Table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a Commandment to command
the Captain and all the rest from their Functions; they
put forth to steal: There's not a Soldier of us all, that
in

in the Thanksgiving before Meat, doth relish the Petition well that prays for Peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any Soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: For I think thou never wast where Grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What? in Meeter?

Lucio. In any Proportion, or in any Language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any Religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace, is Grace, despite of all Controversy; as for Example, Thou thyself art a wicked Villain, despite of all Grace.

1 *Gent.* Well; there went but a Pair of Sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the Lists and the Velvet. Thou art the List.

1 *Gent.* And thou the Velvet; thou art good Velvet; thou'rt a three pil'd Piece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a List of an *English* Kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* Velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and indeed with most painful feeling of thy Speech; I will, out of thine own Confession, learn to begin thy Health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes that thou hast; whether thou art tainted or free.

Enter Bawd.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes. I have purchas'd as many Diseases under her Roof,

As come to ———

2 *Gent.* To what, pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand Dollars a Year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A *French* Crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring Diseases in me; but thou art full of Error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy Bones are hollow; Impiety has made a Feast of thee.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your Hips has the most profound *Sciatica*?

Bawd.

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 7

- ' *Bawd*. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to Prison, was worth five thousand of you all.
- ' 1 *Gent*. Who's that, I prethee?
- ' *Bawd*. Marry Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.
- ' 1 *Gent*. *Claudio* to Prison? 'tis not so.
- ' *Bawd*. Nay, but I know 'tis so; I saw him arrested: saw him carry'd away; and which is more, within these three Days his Head is to be chopt off.
- ' *Lucio*. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so;
- ' Art thou sure of this?
- ' *Bawd* I am too sure of it; and it is for getting Madam *Julietta* with Child.
- ' *Lucio*. Believe me this may be; he promised to meet me two Hours since, and he was ever precise in Promise-keeping.
- ' 2 *Gen*. Besides you know it draws something near to the Speech we had to such a Purpose.
- ' 1 *Gen*. But most of all agreeing with the Proclamation.
- ' *Lucio*. Away, let's go learn the Truth of it. [*Exeunt*.]
- ' *Bawd*. Thus, what with the War, what with the Sweat, what with the Gallows, and what with Poverty, I am Custom-shrunk. How now? what's the News with you?
- Enter Clown.*
- ' *Clown*. Yonder Man is carry'd to Prison.
- ' *Bawd*. Well, what has he done?
- ' *Clown*. A Woman.
- ' *Bawd*. But what's his Offence?
- ' *Clown*. Groping for Trouts in a peculiar River.
- ' *Bawd*. What? is there a Maid with Child by him?
- ' *Clown*. No; but there's a Woman with Maid by him.
- ' You have not heard of the Proclamation, have you?
- ' *Bawd*. What Proclamation, Man?
- ' *Clown*. All Houles in the Suburbs of *Vienna* must be pluck'd down.
- ' *Bawd*. And what will become of those in the City?
- ' *Clown*. They shall stand for Seed; they had gone down too, but that a wise Burger put in for them.
- ' *Bawd*. But shall our Houles of Resort in the Suburbs be pull'd down?
- ' *Clown*. To the Ground, Mistress.
- ' *Bawd*. Why here's a Change indeed in the Common-wealth;

wealth; what shall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good Counsellors lack
no Clients; though you change your Place, you need
not change your Trade; I'll be your Tapster still.
Courage, there will be pity taken on you: you that
have worn your Eyes almost out in the Service, you
will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapster*? let's with-
draw.

Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio* led by the Pro-
vost to Prison; and there's Madam *Juliet*.

[*Ex. Bawd and Clown.*]

Enter Provost, Claudio, and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' World?
Bear me to Prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil Disposition,
But from Lord *Angelo* by special Charge.

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our Offence, by weight
The words of Heav'n: on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Enter Lucio.

[*Straint?*]

Lucio. Why how now *Claudio*? whence comes this Re-

Claud. From too much Liberty, my *Lucio*, Liberty;
As Surfeit is the Father of much Fast,
So every Scope by the immoderate use
Turns to Restraint: Our Nature do pursue,
Like Rats that rayn down their proper Bane,
A thirsty Evil, and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely, under an Arrest, I
would send for certain of my Creditors: and yet, to say
the Truth, I had as lief have the Foppery of Freedom,
as the Morality of Imprisonment: What's thy Offence,
Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, Murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Letchery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, Sir, you must go.

Claud. One Word, good Friend;

Lucio. a Word with you.

Lucio. A hundred.

If

MEASURE for MEASURE.

9

If they'll do you any good: Is Letchery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me; upon a true Contract
I got Possession of *Julietta's* Bed,
You know the Lady, she is fast my Vife,
Save that we do the Denunciation lack
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Only for Propagation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her Friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Love
'Till Time had made them for us. But it chanches
The Stealth of our most mutual-Entertainment,
With Character too gross, is writ in *Juliet*.

Lucio. With Child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new Deputy now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of Newness,
Or whether that the Body publick be
A Horse whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who newly in the Seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it strait feel the Spur;
Whether the Tyranny be in his Place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in: But this new Governor
Awakes me all the enrolled Penalties
Which have, like unscour'd Armour, hung by th' Wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and for a Name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected Act
Freshly on me; 'tis surely for a Name.

Lucio. I warrant it is; and thy Head stands so tickle on
thy Shoulders, that a Milk-maid, if she be in Love, may
sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I prethee, *Lucio*, do me this kind Service:

This Day, my Sister should the Cloister enter,
And there receive her Approbation.

Acquaint her with the Danger of my State,
Implore her in my Voice, that she make Friends
To the strict Deputy; bid herself assay him,
I have great Hope in that; for in her Youth
There is a prone and speechless Dialect,
Such as moves Men! beside, she hath prosperous Art

10 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

When she will play with Reason, and Discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the Encouragement
of the like, 'which else would stand upon grievous Im-
'position,' as for the enjoying of thy Life, who I would
be sorry should be thus foolishly lost; at a Game of Tick-
tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good Friend *Lucio*.

Lucio. Within two Hou s.

Claud. Come Officer, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Monastery.*

Enter Duke, and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No; holy Fathet, throw away that Thought,
Believe not that the dribbling Dart of Love
Can pierce a compleat Bosom: Why I desire thee
To give me secret Harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the Aims and Ends
Of burning Youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the Life remov'd,
And held in idle price to haunt Assemblies
Where Youth and Cost; and witless Bravery keeps.
I have delivered to Lord *Angelo*,
A Man of Stricture and firm Abstinence,
My absolute Power and Place here in *Vienna*,
And he supposes me travell'd to *Poland*,
For so I have strew'd it in the common Ear,
And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duke. We have strict Statutes, and most biting Laws,
The needful Bits and Curbs for head-strong Weeds,
Which for this fourteen Years we have let slip,
Even like an o'er-grown Lion in a Cave
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning Twigs of Birch,
Only to stick it in their Children's sight,
For Terror, not to use; in time the Rod's
More mock'd than fear'd: So our Decrees,

Dead

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. II

Dead to Infliction, to themselves are dead,
And Liberty plucks Justice by the Nose;
The Baby beats the Nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all Decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this ty'd-up Justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful;
Sith 'twas my Fault to give the People Scope,
'Twould be my Tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done
When evil Deeds have their permissive Pass,
And not the Punishment: Therefore indeed, my Father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the Office,
Who may in th' ambush of my Name strike home,
And yet, my Nature never in the fight
To do in slander: And to behold his Sway,
I will, as 'twere a Brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince and People; therefore I prethee
Supply me with the Habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in Person bear
Like a true *Friar*. More Reasons for this Action,
At your more leisure, shall I render you;
Only this one: Lord *Angelo* is precise,
Stands at a guard with Envy, scarce confesses
That his Blood flows, or that his Appetite
Is more to Bread than Stone: Hence shall we see,
If Power change Purpose, what our Seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Nunnery.*

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you Nuns no farther Privileges?

Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes truly; I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict Restraint
Upon the Sisterhood, the Votarists of Saint *Clare*.

Lucio within.

Lucio. Hoa! Peace be in this Place.

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Nun. It is a Man's Voice, gentle *Isabella*,

Turn

Turn you the Key, and know his Business of him;
 You may; I may not: you are yet unsworn:
 When you have vow'd, you must not speak with Men
 But in the Presence of the *Priores*s;
 Then if you speak, you must not shew your Face,
 Or it you shew your Face, you must not speak.
 He calls again, I pray you answer him. [*Exit Franc.*
Ifab. Peace and Prosperity, who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail Virgin, if you be, as those Cheek-Roses
 Proclaim you are no less, can you so stead me,
 As bring me to the Sight of *Isabella*,
 A Novice of this Place, and the fair Sister
 To her unhappy Brother *Claudio*?

Ifab. Why her unhappy Brother? Let me ask,
 The rather, for I now must make you know
 I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.

Lucio. Gentle and Fair, your Brother kindly greets you;
 Not to be weary with you, he's in Prison.

Ifab. Wo me, for what?

Lucio. For that, which if my self might be his Judge,
 He should receive his Punishment in Thanks;
 He hath got his Friend with Child,

Ifab. Sir, make me not your Story.

Lucio. 'Tis true: I would not, tho' 'tis my familiar Sin,
 ' With Maids to seem the Lapwing, and to jest,
 ' Tongue far from Heart; play with all Virgins so.
 ' I hold you as a thing ensky'd and fainted,
 ' By your Renouncement an Immortal Spirit,
 ' and to be talk'd with in Sincerity,
 ' As with a Saint.

Ifab. You do blaspheme the Good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness, and Truth; 'tis thus:
 ' Your Brother and his Lover having embrac'd,
 ' As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
 ' That from the Seedness the bare Fellow brings
 ' To teeming Poyson; even so her plenteous Womb
 ' expresseth his full Tilth and Husbandry.

Ifab. Some one with Child by him? My Cousin *Juliet*?

Lucio. Is she your Cousin?

Ifab. Adoptedly, as School-Maids change their Names,
 By vain, tho' apt Affection.

Lucio.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. Let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the Point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
 'Bore many Gentlemen, my self being one,
 'In hand, and hope of Action; but we do learn,
 'By those that know the very Nerves of State,
 'His givings out were of an infinite Distance
 'From his true meant Design.' Upon his Place,
 And with full Line of his Authority,
 Governs Lord *Angelo*; a Man whose Blood
 Is very Snow-Broth, one who never feels
 The wanton Stings and Motions of the Sense;
 But doth rebate, and blunt his natural Edge
 With Profits of the Mind, Study and Fast.
 He, to give Fear to Use and Liberty,
 Which have for long run by the hideous Law,
 As Mice by Lyons, hath pickt out an Act,
 Under whose heavy Sense your Brother's Life
 Falls into Forfeit; he arrests him on it,
 And follows close the Rigor of the Statute,
 To make him an Example; all Hope is gone,
 Unless you have the Grace by your fair Prayer
 To soften *Angelo*; and that's my Pith of Business,
 'Twixt you, and your poor Brother.

Isab. Doth he so
 Seek his Life?

Lucio. Ha's censur'd him already,
 And, as I hear, the Provost hath a Warrant
 For's Execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor
 Ability's in me, to do him good?

Lucio. Assay the Power you have.

Isab. My Power? Alas! I doubt.

Lucio. Our Doubts are Traytors,
 And make us lose the Good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord *Angelo*,
 And let him learn to know, when Maidens sue,
 Men give like Gods; but when they weep and kneel,
 All their Petitions are as truly theirs,
 As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio.

14 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it strait;

No longer staying, but to give the Mother
Notice of my Affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my Brother: Soon at Night
I'll send him certain word of my Success.

Lucio. I'll take my Leave of you.

Isab. Good Sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II.

SCENE I.

SCENE *the Palace.*

Enter Anglo, Escalus, Justice, and Attendants.

Ang. **W**E must not make a Scar-crow of the Law,
Setting it up to fear the Birds of Prey,
And let it keep one Shape, 'till Custom make it
Their Perch, and not their Terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to Death. Alas! this Gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a noble Father;
Let but your Honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in Virtue,
That in the working of your own Affections,
Had time coheer'd with Place, or Place with Wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your Blood,
Could have attain'd th'Effect of your own Purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your Life
Err'd in this Point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the Law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Escalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny
The Jury passing on the Prisoner's Life,
May in the sworn Twelve half a Thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to Justice,
That Justice seizes. What know the Laws

That

That Thieves do pass on Thieves? 'tis very pregnant,
The Jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his Offence,
For I have had such Faults; but rather tell me
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own Judgment pattern out my Death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir he must die.

Enter Provost.

Escal. Be it as your Wildom will.

Ang. Where is the *Provost*?

Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.

Ang. See that *Claudio*

Be executed by nine to Morrow Morning.

Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the utmost of his Pilgrimage. [*Exit Provost.*

Escal. Well: Heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all,
Some rise by Sin, and some by Virtue fall:

' Some run through Brakes of Vice, and answer none;
' And some condemned for a Fault alone.

' *Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, and Officers.*

' *Elb.* Come, bring them away; if these be good Peo-
' ple in a Common-weal, that do nothing but use their
' Abuses in common Houses, I know no Law, bring
' them away.

' *Ang.* How now, Sir, what's your Name? and
' what's the Matter?

' *Elb.* If it please your Honour, I am the poor Duke's
' Constable, and my Name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon Ju-
' stice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good Ho-
' nour, two notorious Benefactors.

' *Ang.* Benefactors? Well; What Benefactors are they?
' Are they not Malefactors?

' *Elb.* if it please your Honour, I know not well what
' they are; but precise Villains they are, that I am sure
' of, and void of all Profanation in the World, that good
' Christians ought to have.

' *Escal.* This comes off well; here's a wise Officer.

' *Ang.* Go to: What Qualiaiy are you of? *Elbow* is your
' Name?

' Why dost thou not speak, *Elbow*?

' *Clown.* He cannot, he's out at Elbow.

' *Ang.*

16 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

' *Ang.* What are you, Sir,

' *Elb.* He, Sir? A Tapster, Sir; parcel Bawd; one
' that serves a bad Woman; whose House, Sir, was, as they
' say, pluckt down in the Suburbs; and now she professes
' a Hot-house; which, I think, is a very ill House too.

' *Escal.* How know you that?

' *Elb.* My Wife, Sir, whom I detest before Heav'n
' and your Honour.

' *Escal.* How? Thy Wife.

' *Elb.* Ay, Sir; whom I thank Heav'n is an honest Woman,

' *Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore;

' *Elb.* I say, Sir, I will detest myself also, as well as
' she, that this House, if it be not a Bawd's House, it
' is pity of her Life, for it is a naughty House.

' *Escal.* How dost thou know that, Constable?

' *Elb.* Marry, Sir, by my Wife, who, if she had been a
' Woman cardinally given, might have been accused in
' Fornication, Adultery, and all Uncleannefs there.

' *Escal.* By the Woman's Means?

' *Elb.* Ay, Sir, by Mistress *Over-den's* Means; but as
' she spits in his Face, so she defy'd him.

' *Clown.* Sir, if it please your Honour, this is not so.

' *Elb.* Prove it before these Varlets here, thou honour-
' able Man, prove it.

' *Escal.* Do you hear how he misplaces?

' *Clown.* Sir, she came in great with Child, and longing,
' saving your Honour's Reverence, for stew'd Prewns;
' we had but two in the House, which at that very instant
' time stood as it were, in a Fruit-dish, a Dish of some
' three Pence; your Honours have seen such Dishes, they
' are not *China* Dishes, but very good Dishes.

' *Escal.* Go too, go too; no matter for the Dish, Sir.

' *Clown.* No indeed, Sir, not a Pin: you are therein in
' the right: But to the Point; as I say, this Mistress *Elbow*,
' being, as I say, with Child, and being great belly'd, and
' longing, as I said, for Prewns; and having no more in the
' Dish, as I said; Master *Frith* here, this very Man, having
' eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them
' very honestly: for, as you know, Master *Frith*, I
' could not give you three Pence again.

' *Frith.* No indeed.

' *Clown.* Very well; you being then, if you be remem-
' bred,

' bred, cracking the Stones of the aforefaid Prewns.

' *Froth*. Ay, fo I did indeed.

' *Clown*. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembred, that fuch a one, and fuch a one, were paff Cure of the thing you wot of, unlefs they kept good Diet, as I told you.

' *Froth*. All this is true.

' *Clown*. Why, very well then.

' *Efc*. Come, you are a tedious Fool; to the purpofe; what was done to *Elbow's* Wife, that he hath Caufe to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

' *Clown*. Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

' *Efc*. No Sir, nor I mean it not.

' *Clown*. Sir, but you fhall come to it, by your Honour's leave: and I befeech you, look into Mafter *Froth* here, Sir, a Man of fourfcore Pound a Year; whose Father dy'd at *Hallowmas*. Was't not at *Hallowmas*, Mafter *Froth*?

' *Froth*. All-Hallond Eve.

' *Clown*. Why very well; I hope here be Truths. He, Sir, fitting, as I lay, in a lower Chair, Sir; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to fit, have you not?

' *Froth*. I have fo, becaufe it is an open Room, and good for Winter.

' *Clown*. Why, very well then; I hope there be Truths.

' *Ang*. This will laft out a Night in *Ruffia*, When Nights are longeft there. I'll take my Leave, And leave you to the hearing of the Caufe, Hoping you'll find good Caufe to whip them all. [*Exit*.

' *Efc*. I think no lefs. Good-morrow to your Lordfhip. Now, Sir, come on: What was done to *Elbow's* Wife, once more?

' *Clown*. Once, Sir? There was nothing done to her once.

' *Elb*. I befeech you, Sir, ask him what this Man did to my Wife.

' *Clown*. I befeech your Honour ask me.

' *Efc*. Well, Sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

' *Clown*. I befeech you, Sir, look in this Gentleman's Face; good Mafter *Froth*, look upon his Honour; 'tis for a good Purpofe; doth your Honour mark his Face?

' *Efc*. Ay, Sir, very well.

' *Clown*. Nay, I befeech you mark it well.

' *Efc*.

18 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your Honour see any Harm in his Face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be suppos'd upon a Book, his Face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his Face be the worst thing about him, how could Master *Froth* do the Constable's Wife any harm? I would know that of your Honour.

Escal. He's in the right; Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, and it like you, the House is a respected House; next, this is a respected Fellow; and his Mistress is a respected Woman.

Clown. By this Hand, Sir, his Wife is a more respected Person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked Varlet; the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with Man, Woman, or Child.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here; *Justice* or *Iniquity*? Is this true?

Elb. O thou Caitiff! O thou Varlet! O thou wicked *Hannibal*! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your Worship think me the poor Duke's Officer; prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*! or I'll have mine Action of Battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a Box o'th' Ear, you might have your Action of Slander too.

Elb. Marry I thank your good Worship for it: What it's your Worship's Pleasure I shall do with this wicked Caitiff?

Escal. Truly, Officer, because he hath some Offences in him, that thou wouldst discover, if thou couldst, let him continue in his Courses, 'till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your Worship for it; thou seest, thou wicked Varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou Varlet? Thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, Friend? [To *Froth*

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore Pounds a Year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, Sir.

Escal.

MEASURE for MEASURE. 19

‘ *Escal.* So, What Trade are you of, Sir? [*To the Clown.*

‘ *Clown.* A Tapster, a poor Widow’s Tapster.

‘ *Escal.* Your Mistress’s Name?

‘ *Clown.* Mistress *Over-den*.

‘ *Escal.* Hath she had any more than one Husband?

‘ *Clown.* Nine, Sir: *Over-den* by the last.

‘ *Escal.* Nine? Come hither to me, Master *Froth*: Master *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you, Master *Froth*, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

‘ *Froth.* I thank your Worship; for mine own Part, I never come into any Room in a Taphouse, but I am drawn in.

‘ *Escal.* Well; no more of it, Master *Froth*; farewell.

[*Exit Froth.*

‘ Come you hither to me, Master Tapster, what’s your Name, Master Tapster?

‘ *Clown.* *Pompey*.

‘ *Escal.* What else?

‘ *Clown.* *Bum*, Sir.

‘ *Escal.* Troth, and your Bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sense, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a Bawd, *Pompey*; howsoever you colour it in being a Tapster; are you not? come tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

‘ *Clown.* Truly, Sir, I am a poor Fellow that would live.

‘ *Escal.* How would you live, *Pompey*? by being a Bawd? what do you think of the Trade, *Pompey*? is it a lawful Trade?

‘ *Clown.* If the Law will allow it, Sir.

‘ *Escal.* But the Law will not allow it, *Pompey*, nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

‘ *Clown.* Does your Worship mean to geld and splay all the Youth in the City?

‘ *Escal.* No, *Pompey*.

‘ *Clown.* Truly, Sir, in my poor Opinion, they will to’t then. If your Worship will take Order for the Drabs and Knaves, you need not to fear the Bawds.

‘ *Escal.* There are pretty Orders beginning, I can tell you: It is but heading and hanging.

‘ *Clown.* If you head and hang all that offend that way
‘ but

‘ but for ten Years together, you’ll be glad to give out a
 ‘ Commission for more Heads: If this Law hold in *Vienna*
 ‘ ten Years, I’ll rent the fairest House in it after three
 ‘ Pence a Day: If you live to see this come to pass, say,
 ‘ *Pompey* told you so. ’

‘ *Escal.* Thank you, good *Pompey*; and in Requital of
 ‘ your Prophecy, hark you; I advise you let me not find
 ‘ you before me again upon any Complaint whatsoever;
 ‘ no, not for dwelling where you do: If I do, *Pompey*, I
 ‘ shall beat you to your Tent, and prove a shrewd *Cæsar*
 ‘ to you: In plain Dealing, *Pompey*, I shall have you whipt:
 ‘ So for this Time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

‘ *Clown.* I thank your Worship for your good Counsel;
 ‘ but I shall follow it as the Flesh and Fortune shall better
 ‘ determine.

‘ Whip me? no, no; let a Carman whip his Jade.

‘ The valiant Heart’s not whipt out of his Trade. [*Exit.*

‘ *Escal.* Come hither to me, Master *Elbow*; come hi-
 ‘ ther, Master Constable; How long have you been in
 ‘ this Place of Constable?

‘ *Elb.* Seven Year and a half, Sir.

‘ *Escal.* I thought by the readiness in the Office, you
 ‘ had continued in it some time: You say, seven Years
 ‘ together?

‘ *Elb.* And a half, Sir.

‘ *Escal.* Alas! it hath been great Pains to you; they
 ‘ do you wrong to put you so oft upon’t: Are there not
 ‘ Men in your Ward sufficient to serve it?

‘ *Elb.* Faith, Sir, few of any Wit in such Matters; as
 ‘ they are chosen they are glad to chuse me for them: I do
 ‘ it for some piece of Mony, and go through with all.

‘ *Escal.* Look you, bring me in the Names of some six
 ‘ or seven, the most sufficient in your Parish.

‘ *Elb.* To your Worship’s House, Sir?

‘ *Escal.* To my House; fare you well. What’s a Clock,
 ‘ think you? [*Exit Elbow.*

‘ *Just.* Eleven, Sir.

‘ *Escal.* I pray you go home to Dinner with me.

‘ *Just.* I humbly thank you.

‘ *Escal.* It grieves me for the Death of *Claudio*:

‘ But there’s no Remedy.

‘ *Just.* Lord *Angelo* is severe.

‘ *Escal.*

Escal. It is but needful:
 ' Mercy is not it self, that oft looks so;
 ' Pardon is still the Nurse of second Woe:
 ' But yet, poor *Claudio* ! there is no Remedy.
 ' Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a Cause ; he will come strait ;
 I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do ; I'll know
 His Pleasure ; may be he will relent ; alas !
 He hath but as offended in a Dream :
 All Sects, all Ages smack of this Vice ; and he
 To die for't !

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the Matter, *Provost* ?

Prov. Is it your Will *Claudio* shall die to Morrow ?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea ? hadst thou not Order ?
 Why dost thou ask again ?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.
 Under your good Correction, I have seen
 When after Execution, Judgment hath
 Repented o'er his Doom.

Ang. Go to ; let that be mine ;
 Do you your Office, or give up your Place,
 And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your Honour's Pardon.
 What shall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet* ?
 She's very near her Hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
 To some more fitter Place, and that with speed.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Here is the Sister of the Man condemn'd,
 Desires Access to you.

Ang. Hath he a Sister ?

Prov. Ay, my good Lord, a virtuous Maid,
 And to be shortly of a Sister-hood,
 If not already.

Ang. Well ; let her be admitted.

See

See you the Fornicatres be remov'd;
 Let her have needful, but not lavish Means;
 There shall be Order for't.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. 'Save your Honour.

Ang. Stay a little while. Y^e are welcome; what's your Will?

Isab. I am a woful Suitor to your Honour,
 'Please but your Honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your Suit!

Isab. There is a Vice that most I do abhor,
 And more desire should meet the Blow of Justice,
 For which I would not plead, but that I must
 For which I must not plead, but that I am
 At War 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the Matter?

Isab. I have a Brother is condemn'd to die;
 I do beseech you let it be his Fault,
 And not my Brother.

Prov. Heav'n give thee moving Graces.

Ang. Condemn the Fault and not the Actor of it?
 Why, every Fault's condemn'd ere it be done.
 Mine were the very Cipher of a Function,
 To fine the Faults, whose Fine stand in Record,
 And let go by the Actor.

Isab. O just, but severe Law:

I had a Brother then; — Heav'n keep your Honour.

Lucio. Give't not o'er so: To him again, intreat him,
 Kneel down before him, hang upon his Gown:
 You are too cold; if you should need a Pin,
 You could not with a more tame Tongue desire it.
 To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no Remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
 And neither Heav'n nor Man grieve at the Mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the World no Wrong,
 If so your Heart were touch'd with that Remorse,
 As mine is to him?

Ang.

MEASURE for MEASURE.

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Aug. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why no; I that do speak a Word,
May call it back again: Well, believe this,
No Ceremony that to great ones belongs,
Not the King's Crown, nor the deputed Sword,
The Marshal's Truncheon, nor the Judge's Robe,
Become them with one half so good a Grace
As Mercy does: If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slept like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Isab. I would to Heav'n I had your Potency,
And you were *Isabel*; should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a Judge,
And what a Prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the Vein.

Ang. Your Brother is a Forfeit of the Law,
And you but waste your Words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the Souls that were, were Forfeit once;
And he that might the Vantage best have took,
Found out the Remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of Judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that,
And Mercy then will breathe within your Lips,
Like Man new-made.

Ang. Be you content, fair Maid,
It is the Law, not I, condemns your Brother.
Were he my Kinsman, Brother, or my Son,
It should be thus with him; he must die to Morrow.

Isab. To Morrow? Oh! that's sudden.

Spare him, spare him;
He's not prepar'd for Death: 'Even for our Kitchens
' We kill the ~~How~~ of Season; shall we serve Heav'n
' With less Respect than we do minister
' To our gosselves? Good, good my Lord, bethink you:
Who is it that have dy'd for this Offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The Law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept:
Those many had not da'd to do that Evil,

I

Ang.

24 MEASURE for MEASURE.

If the first, that did th'Edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his Deed. Now 'tis awake
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet,
Looks in a Glass that shews what future Evils,
Either now, or by Remifness, new conceiv'd,
And so in Progress to be hatch'd, and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But here they live to end.

Ifab. Yet shew some Pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all when I shew Justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd Offence would after gall;
And do him Right, that answering one foul Wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to Morrow; be content.

Ifab. So you must be the first that gives this Sentence,
And he that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To have a Giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a Giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Ifab. Could great Men thunder
As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting petty Officer
Would use his Heav'n for Thunder;
• Nothing but Thunder: Merciful Heav'n,
• Thou rather with thy sharp and Sulphurous Bolt
• Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled Oak,
• Than the soft Mirtle: O but Man! proud Man!
• Drest in a little brief Authority,
• Most Ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
• His glassie Essence, like an angry Ape,
• Plays such fantastick Tricks before high Heav'n,
• As makes the Angels weep; who with our Spleens
• Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, Wench; he will relent;
He's coming: I perceive't.

Prov. Pray Heav'n she win him.

Ifab. We cannot weigh our Brother with our self:
Great Men may jest with Saints; 'tis Wit in them,
But in the less foul Prophanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt right, Girl; more o'that.

Ifab. That in the Captain's but a cholerick Word,
Which

Which in the Soldier is flat Blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that ? More on't.

Ang. Why do you put these Sayings upon me ?

Isab. Because Authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of Medicine in it self,
That skins the Vice o'th' top. Go to your Bosom,
Knock there, and ask your Heart what it doth know
That's like my Brother's Fault ; if it confess
A natural Guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a Thought upon your Tongue
Against my Brother's Life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis such Sense.
That my Sense breeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle, my Lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me : Come again to Morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you : Good my Lord turn back.

Ang. How ? Bribe me ?

Isab. Ay, with such Gifts that Heav'n shall share with you

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested Gold,
Or Stones, whose Rate are either rich or poor,
As Fancy values them ; but with true Prayers,
That shall be up at Heav'n, and enter there
Ere Sun rise : Prayers from preserved Souls,
From fasting Maids, whose Minds are dedicate
To nothing Temporal.

Ang. Well ; come to me to Morrow.

Lucio. Go to ; 'tis well ; away.

Isab. Heav'n keep your Honour safe.

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to Temptation,
Where Prayers cross.

Isab. At what Hour to Morrow
Shall I attend your Lordship ?

Ang. At any time 'fore Noon.

Isab. Save your Honour. [*Ex. Lucio, Isabella, & Prov.*]

Ang. From thee ; even from thy Virtue.

What's this ? What's this ? Is this her Fault, or mine ?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most ? Ha ?
Not she ; nor doth she tempt ; but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sun,
Does as the Carrion does, not as the Flower,
Corrupt with virtuous Season. Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sense,

Than Woman's Lightness? Having waste Ground enough
 Shall we desire the raze the Sanctuary,
 And pitch our Evils there? Oh fie, fie, fie;
 What dost thou? Or what art thou, *Angelo*?
 Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
 That make her good? O let her Brother live
 Thieves for their Robbery have Authority,
 When Judges steal themselves. What! do I love her,
 That I desire to hear her speak again,
 And feast upon her Eyes? What is't I dream on?
 Oh cunning Enemy, that to catch a Saint,
 With Saints dost bait thy Hook! Most dangerous
 Is that Temptation, that doth goad us on
 To Sin, in loving Virtue; never could the Strumpet,
 With all her double Vigour, Art, and Nature,
 Once stir my Temper: But this virtuous Maid
 Subdues me quite; even 'till now.
 When Men were fond, I smil'd, and wondred how. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III. *A Prison.*

Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, *Provost*; so I think you are.

Prov. I am the *Provost*; what's your Will, good *Friar*?

Duke. Bound by my Charity, and my blest Order,
 I come to visit the afflicted Spirits
 Here in the Prison; do me the common Right
 To let me see them, and to make me know
 The nature of their Crimes; that I may minister
 To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look here comes one; a Gentlewoman of mine,
 Who falling in the Flaws of her own Youth,
 Hath blister'd her Report, She is with Child,
 And he that got it, sentenc'd: A young Man
 More fit to do another such Offence,
 Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to Morrow.

I have provided for you: stay a while,
 And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the Sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the Shame more patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your Con-
 And try your Penitence, if it be sound. [*science,*
 Or hollowly put on. *Juliet.*

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 27

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the Man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the Woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then it seems your most offenceful Act
Was mutually committed.

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your Sin of heavier kind than his?

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, Father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, Daughter: but least do you repent
As that the Sin hath brought you to this Shame,
Which Sorrow's always tow'rd ourselves not Heav'n,
Showing we'd not spare Heav'n, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an Evil,
And take the Shame with Joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your Partner, as I hear, must die to Morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him;
Grace go with you; *Benedicite.*

[*Exit.*]

Juliet. Must die to Morrow! Oh injurious Love,
That respites me a Life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying Horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him,

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *The Palace.*

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several Subjects: Heav'n hath my empty Words,
Whilst my Invention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Isabel*: Heav'n's in my Mouth,
As if I did but only chew his Name,
And in my Heart the strong and swelling Evil
Of my Conception: The State whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd, and tedious; yea my Gravity,
Wherein (let no Man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle Plume
Which the Air beats for vain: Oh Place! oh Form!
How often dost thou wish thy Case, thy Habit,
Wrench Awe from Fools, and tie the wiser Souls
To thy false seeming? 'Blood, thou art Blood:
'Let's write good Angel on the Devil's Horn;
'Tis not the Devil's Crest.' How now? who's there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. One *Isabel*, a Sister desires Access to you.

Ang. Teach her the Way. — [*Ex. Serv.*] Oh Heav'ns!
 Why doth my Blood thus muster to my Heart,
 Making both it unable for itself,
 And dispossessing all my other Parts.
 Of necessary fitness?
 So play the foolish Throngs with one that swoons;
 Come all to help him, and so stop the Air
 By which he should revive; and even so
 The general Subjects to a well-wisht King,
 Quit their own part, and in obsequious Fondness
 Crowd to his Presence, where their untaught Love
 Must needs appear Offence. How now, fair Maid?

Enter Isabella.

Ifab. I am come to know your Pleasure?

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please
 Than to demand what 'tis; you Brother cannot live. [*me,*

Ifab. Even so? — Heav'n keep your Honour. [*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and it may be
 As long as you or I; yet he must die.

Ifab. Under your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Ifab. When, I beseech you? that, in his Reprieve,
 Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
 That his Soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, these filthy Vices! it were as good
 To pardon him, that hath from Nature stol'n
 A Man already made, as to remit
 Their sawcy Sweetness, that do coin Heav'n's Image
 In Stamps that are forbid? 'tis all as easie,
 ' Fallsely to take away a Life true made:
 ' As to put Mettle in restrained means,
 To make a false one.

Ifab. 'Tis set down so in Heav'n, but not in Earth.

Ang. Say you so? Then I shall poze you quickly.
 Which had you rather, that the most just Law
 Now took your Brother's Life; or to redeem him,
 Give up your Body to such sweet Uncleaness
 As she that he hath stain'd?

Ifab. Sir, believe this.

I had rather give my Body than my Soul.

Ang. I talk not of your Soul; our compell'd Sins
 Stand more for Number than Accompt.

Ifab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can spaek

Against

Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the Voice of the recorded Law,
Pronounce a Sentence of your Brother's Life:
Might there not be a Charity in Sin,
To save this Brother's Life?

Ifab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a Peril to my Soul;
It is no Sin at all, but Charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at Peril of your Soul.
Were equal poize of Sin and Charity.

Ifab. That I do beg his Life, if it be Sin,
Heav'n let me bear it; you granting of my Suit;
If that be Sin, I'll make it my Morn-pray'r,
To have it added to the Faults of mine,
And nothing of your Answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your Sense pursues not mine: Either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good,

Ifab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus Wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: 'As these black Matques
'Proclaim an en-shield Beauty ten times louder
'Than Beauty could display'd.' But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross,
Your Brother is to die.

Ifab. So.

Ang. And his Offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the Law upon that pain.

Ifab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his Life,
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of Queition, that you, his Sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a Person,
Whose Credit with the Judge, or own great Place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-holding Law; and that there were
No earthly Mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the Treasures of your Body,
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Ifab. As much for my poor Brother as myself;
That is, were I under the Terms of Death,
Th' Impression of keep Whips I'd wear as Rubies,

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And strip myself to Death, as to a Bed,
That longing I've been sick for, ere I'd yield
My Body up to Shame.

Ang. Then must your Brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were a Brother dy'd at once,
Than that a Sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the Sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignominy in Ransom, and free Pardon,
Are of two Houses; lawful Mercy
Is nothing kin to foul Redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a Tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your Brother
A Meriment than a Vice.

Isab. Oh pardon me, my Lord; it olt falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we
[mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his Advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my Brother die.

' If not a Feodary but only he
' Owe, and succeed by Weakness.

Ang. Nay, Women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the Glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make Forms.

' Women! Help Heav'n; Men their Creation mar
' In profiting by them: Nay, call us ten times frail;
' For we are soft, as our Complexions are,
' And credulous to false Prints.

Ang. I think it well;

And from this Testimony of your own Sex,
Since I suppose we're made to be no stronger
Than Faults may shake our Frames, let me be bold;
I do arrest your Words: Be that you are,
That is, a Woman; if you be more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well exprest
By all external Warrants, shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd Livery.

Isab. I have no Tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me intreat you speak the former Language.

Ang. Ptainly conceive I love you.

Isab.

Ifab. My Bother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, *Ifabel*, if you give me Love.

Ifab. I know your Virtue hath a Licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me on mine Honour,
My Words express my purpose.

Ifab. Ha! Little Honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious Purpose! Seeming, seeming.
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:
Sign me a present Pardon for my Brother,
Or with an out-stretch'd Throat I'll tell the World
Aloud what Man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, *Ifabel*?
My unsoil'd Name, th' Austerities of my Life,
My Vouch against you, and my Place i'th' State,
Will do your Acculation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own Report,
And smell of Calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual Race the Rein;
Fit thy Consent to my sharp Appetite,
Lay by all Nicety, and proluxious Blushes
That banish what they feed for: Redeem thy Brother
By yielding up thy Body to my Will;
Or else he must not only die the Death,
But thy Unkindness shall his Death draw out
To lingring Sufferance. Answer me to Morrow,
Or by th' Affliction that now guides me most,
I'll prove a Tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [Exit.]

Ifab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous Mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same Tongue,
Either of Condemnation or Approval:
' Bidding the Law make Curtsie to their Will,
' Hooking both Right and Wrong to th' Appetite,
' To follow as it draws.' I'll to my Brother;
Tho' he hath fallen by Prompture of the Blood,
Yet hath he in him such a Mind of Honour,
That had he twenty Heads to tender down
On twenty bloody Blocks, h'd yield them up;
Before his Sister should her Body stoop
To such abhor'd Pollution.

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Then *Isabel* live chaste, and Brother die;
More than our Brother is our Chastity.
I'll tell him yet of *Angelo's* Request,
And fit his Mind to Death for his Soul's Rest. [Exit.



ACT III.

SCENE I.

SCENE *The Prison.*

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. **S**O, then you hope of Pardon from Lord *Angelo*?

Claud. The miserable have no other Medicine
But only Hope: I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for Death; either Death or Life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with Life;
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
That none but Fools would keep; a Breath thou art,
Servile to all the Skiey Influences;
That dost this Habitation where thou keep'st
Hourly afflict: Meerly thou art Death's Fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st tow'rd him still. Thou art not noble:
For all th' Accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by Baseness: Thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender Fork
Of a poor Worm. Thy best of Rest is Sleep,
And that thou oft'st provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
Thy Death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thy self,
For thou exist'st on many a thousand Grains
That issue out of Dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forgett'st. 'Thou art not certain,
' For thy Complexion shifts to strange Effects,
' After the Moon.' If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For like an Ass, whose Back with Ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy Riches but a Journey,
And Death unloadeth thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own Bowels, which do call thee Sire,
The meer Effusion of thy proper Loins,
Do curse the Gout, Serpigo and the Rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor Youth, nor Age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's Sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed Youth

Becomes

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the Alms
Of palsied-Eld; and when thou'rt old, and rich,
Thou hast neither Heat, Affection, Limb, nor Beauty
To make thy Riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the Name of Life? Yet in this Life
Lye hid more thousand Deaths; yet Death we fear,
That makes these Odds all Even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die,
And seeking Death, find Life: Let it come on,

Enter Isabella.

Ifab. What hoa? Peace here, Grace and good Company.

Prov. Who's there? Come in: The Wish deserves a
Welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy Sir, I thank you.

Ifab. My business is a Word or two with *Claudio*.

Prov. And very welcome. Look Signior, here's your Sister.

Duke. *Provost*, a Word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,
yet hear them. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

Claud. Now, Sister, what's the Comfort?

Ifab. Why,

As all Comforts are; most good, most good indeed:
Lord *Angelo* having Affairs to Heav'n,
Intends you for a swift Ambassador;
Where you shall be an everlasting Lieger;
Therefore your best Appointment make with speed.
To Morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no Remedy?

Ifab. None, but such Remedy, as to save a Head
To cleave a Heart intwain.

Claud. But is there any?

Ifab. Yes, Brother, you may live:
There is a devilish Mercy in the Judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your Life,
But tetter you till Death.

Claud. Perpetual Durance?

Ifab. Ay just, perpetual Durance, a Restraint,
Tho' all the World's Vastidity you had,
To a determin'd Scope.

Claud. But in what Nature?

Ifab. In such a one, as you consenting to't,

Would bark your Honour from that Trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the Point.

Ifab. Oh, I do fear thee. *Claudio*, and I quake,
Lest thou a fev'rous Life shou'dst entertain,
And six or seven Winters more respect
Than a perpetual Honour. Dar'st thou die?
The Sense of Death is most in Apprehension,
And the poor Beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal Sufferance finds a Pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this Shame?
Think you I can a Resolution fetch
From flow'ry Tendernefs? If I must die,
I will encounter Darknefs as a Bride,
And hug it in mine Arms.

Ifab. There spake my Brother; there my Father's Grave
Did utter forth a Voice. Yea, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a Life
In base Appliances. This outward sainted Deputy,
Whose settled Visage and deliberate Word
Nips Youth i'th' Head, and Follies doth emmew,
As Faulcon doth the Fowl, is yet a Devil:
His Filth within being cast, he would appear
A Pond as deep as Hell.

Claud. The Princely *Angelo*?

Ifab. Oh 'tis the cunning Livery of Hell,
The damned'st Body to invest and cover
In Princely Guards. Dost thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my Virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. Oh Heav'ns, it cannot be!

Ifab. Yes, he would give't thee; from this rank Offence
So to offend him still. This Night the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st to Morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Ifab. Oh, were it but my Life,
I'd throw it down for your Deliverance
As frankly as a Pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear *Isabel*.

Ifab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your Death to Morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he Affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th' Nose,

When

When he would force it? Sure it is no Sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the-least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? Oh *Isabel*!

Isab. What says my Brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed Life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where:
To lye in cold Obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm Motion, to become
A kneaded Clod; and the delighted Spirit
To bathe in fiery Floods, or to reside
In/thrilling Regions of thick-ribbed Ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewless Winds,
And blown with restless Violence round about
The pendant World; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain Thought
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly Life,
That Age, Ach, Penury, and Imprisonment
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of Death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet Sister, let me live.

What Sin you do to save a Brother's Life,
Nature dispenses with the Deed so far,
That it becomes a Virtue.

Isab. O you Beast!

Oh faithless Coward! oh dishonest Wretch!
Wilt thou be made a Man out of my Vice?
Is't not a kind of Incest, to take Life
From thine own Sister's Shame? What should I think?
Heav'n shild my Mother plaid my Father fair:
For such a warped slip of WilderNESS
Ne'er issu'd from his Blood. Take my Defiance,
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy Fate, it should proceed.
I'll pay a thousand Prayers for thy Death;
No Word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, *Isabel*.

Isab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Thy Sin's not accidental, but a Trade;

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Mercy to thee would prove it self a Bawd ;
'Tis best that thou dy'st quickly.

Claud. O hear me, *Isabella*.

Enter Duke and Provost.

Duke. Vouchsafe a Word, young Sister, but one Word.

Isab. What is your Will ?

Duke. Might you dispense with your Leisure, I would by and by have some Speech with you : The Satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own Benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous Leisure ; my stay must be stolen out of other Affairs : But I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you and your Sister. *Angelo* had never the Purpose to corrupt her ; only he hath made an Essay of her Virtue, to practise his Judgment with the Disposition of Natures. She, having the truth of Honour in her, hath made him that gracious Denial, which he is most glad to receive : I am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true ; therefore prepare your self to Death. Do not satisfy your Resolution with Hopes that are fallable ; to Morrow you must die ; go to your Knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my Sister Pardon ; I am so out of love with Life, that I will sue to be rid of it. [*Exit Claud.*]

Duke. Hold you there ; farewell. *Pr.vest*, a Word with you.

Pr.v. What's your Will, Father ?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone ; leave me a while with the Maid ; my Mind promises with my Habit, no loss shall touch her by my Company.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Prov.*]

Duke. The Hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good ; the Goodness that is cheap in Beauty, makes Beauty brief in Goodness ; but Grace being the Soul of your Complexion, shall keep the Body of it ever fair ; the Assault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath convey'd to my Understanding ; and but that Frailty hath Examples for his Falling, I should wonder at *Angelo* : How will you do to content this Substitute, and to save your Brother ?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him : I had rather my Brother die by the Law, than my Son should be unlawfully born. But, oh ; how much is the good Duke deceived in *Angelo* : If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my Lips in vain, or discover his Government.

Duke.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the Matter now stands, he will avoid your Accusation; He made Tryal of you only. Therefore fasten your Ear on my Advizings, to the Love I have in doing good; a Remedy presents it self. I do make my self believe that you may most uprightously do a poor wronged Lady a merited Benefit; redeem your Brother from the angry Law; do no Stain to your own gracious Person, and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this Business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak, Father: I have Spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the Truth of my Spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and Goodness never fearful: Have you not heard speak of *Mariana*, the Sister of *Frederick*, the great Soldier, who miscarry'd at Sea?

Isab. I have heard of the Lady, and good Words went with her Name.

Duke. She should this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianced to her by Oath, and the Nuptials appointed: Between which time of the Contract, and limit of the Solemnity, her Brother *Frederick* was wreckt at Sea, having in that perish'd Vessel the Dowry of his Sister. But mark how heavily this befall to the poor Gentlewoman; there she lost a noble and renowned Brother, in his Love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the Portion and Sinew of her Fortune, her Marriage-dowry; with both, her Combinatè-husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*.

Isab. Can this be so? Did *Angelo* so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her Tears, and dry'd not one of them with his Comfort; swallowed his Vows whole, pretending in her Discoveries of Dishonour: In few Words, bestow'd her on her own Lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a Marble to her Tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a Merit were it in Death to take this poor Maid from the World! What Corruption in this Life, that it will let this Man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a Rupture that you may easily heal; and the Cure of it not only saves your Brother, but keeps you from Dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good Father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd Maid hath yet in her Continuance of her first Affection: his unjust Unkindness, that
in

in all Reason should have quenched her Love, hath, like an Impediment in the Current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, answering his requiring with a plausible Obedience: agree with his Demands to the point: Only, refer your self to this Advantage; first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the Time may have all shadow and Silence in it; and the Place answer to Convenience. This being granted, in Course now, follows all; We shall advise this wronged Maid to stand up your Appointment, go in your Place; if the Encounter acknowledge it felt hereafter, it may compel him to her Recompence; and here, by this your Brother saved, your Honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his Attempt: If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the Benefit defends the Deceit from Reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The Image of it gives me Content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous Perfection.

Duke. It lyes much in your holding up; haste you speedily to *Angelo*; if for this Night he intreat you to his Bed, give him Promise of Satisfaction. I will presently to St. *Luke's*; there at the moated Grange resides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this Comfort: Fare you well, good Father. [Exit.

Enter Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no Remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell Men and Women like Beasts, we shall have all the World drink brown and white Bit ard.

Duke. Oh Heav'n's! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry World since of two Usuries the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by Order of Law, a furr'd Gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with Fox and Lambs-skins too, to signifie that Craft being richer than Innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: Bless you, good Father *Friar.*

Duke. And you, good Brother Father; what Offence hath this Man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the Law; and, Sir, we take him to be a Thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duke.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked Bawd;
The Evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. ' Do thou but think
' What 'tis to cram a Maw, or cloath a Back
' From such a filthy Vice: Say to thy self,
' From their abominable and beastly Touches,
' I drink, I eat away my self, and live.
Canst thou believe thy Living is a Life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clown. Indeed it does stink in some sort, Sir:
But yet, Sir, I would prove.—

Duke. Nay, if the Devil have given thee Proofs for Sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to Prison Officer;
Correction and Instruction must both work,
Ere this rude Beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him
Warning; the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-master; if
he be a Whoremonger, and comes before him, he were
as good go a Mile on his Errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from all Faults, as Faults from seeming free.

Enter Lucio.

' *Elb.* His Neck will come to your Waste, a Cord, Sir.

Clown. I spy Comfort; I cry Bail: Here's a Gentle-
man, and a Friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the Wheels
of *Cæsar*? art thou led in Triumph? What, is there none
of *Pigmalion's* Images newly made Women to be had now,
' for putting the Hand in the Pocket, and extracting it
' cloutch'd? What Reply? Hay? What say'st thou to
' this Tune, Matter and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th'
' last Rain? Ha? What say'st thou, Trot? Is the World
' as it was, Man? Which is the Way? Is it sad, and few
' Words? Or how? The Trick of it?

' *Duke.* Still thus, and thus; still worse?

Lucio. How doth my dear Morfel, thy Mistress? Pro-
cures she still? Ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, she hath eaten up all the Beef, and
she is her self in the Tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be
so. Ever your fresh Whore, and your powder'd Bawd,
an unshunn'd Consequence, it must be so. Art going to
Prison, Pompey?

Clown. Yes, Faith, Sir.

Lucio.

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Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, *Pompey* : Farewell : Go, say I sent thee thither ; for Debt, *Pompey* ? Or how ?

Elb. For being a Bawd, for being a Bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him ; if Imprisonment be the due of a Bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he doubtless, and of Antiquity too ; Bawd born. Farewell, good *Pompey* : Commend me to the Prison, *Pompey* ; you will turn good Husband now, *Pompey* ; you will keep the House.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good Worship will be my Bail.

Lucio. No indeed will I not, *Pompey* ; it is not the wear ; I will pray, *Pompey*, to encrease your Bondage, if you take it not patiently : Why, your Mettle is the more : Adieu, trusty *Pompey*.

Bleis you, *Friar*.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint still, *Pompey* ? Ha !

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir ?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey*, nor now. What News abroad, *Friar* ? What News ?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to Kennel, *Pompey*, go :

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.*]

What News, *Friar*, of the Duke ?

Duke. I know none : Can you tell me of any ?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the Emperor of *Russia* ; other some, he is in *Rome* : But where is he, think you ?

Duke. I know not where ; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical Trick of him, to steal from the State, and usurp the Beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his Absence ; he puts Transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more Lenity to Leachery would do no harm in him ; something too crabbed that way, *Friar*.

Duke. It is too general a Vice, and Severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the Vice is of great Kindred ; it is well ally'd ; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, *Friar*, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this *Angelo* was not made by Man and Woman, after

ter this downright way of Creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a Sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he was begot between two Stock-fishes. ' But it is ' certain, that when he makes Water, his Urine is con- ' geal'd Ice; that I know to be true; and he is a Motion ' generative; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, Sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, ' for ' the Rebellion of a Cod-piece, to take away the Life of ' a Man? Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a Man for the getting a hundred Bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the Sport, he knew the Service, and that instructed him to Mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for Woman; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your Beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a Duck in her Clack-dish; the Duke had Crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an Inward of his; a shy-Fellow was the Duke; and I believe I know the Cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, pr'ythee, might be the Cause?

Lucio. No; Pardon: 'Tis a Secret must be lockt within the Teeth and the Lips; but this I can let you understand, the greater File of the Subject held the Duke to be wife.

Duke. Wife? Why no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing Fellow.

Duke. Either this is Envy in you, Folly, or Mistaking: The very stream of his Life, and the Business he hath hemmed, must upon a warranted need give him a better Proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a Scholar, a Statesman, and a Soldier; therefore you speak unskillfully; or if your Knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your Malice.

Lucio.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better Knowledge, and Knowledge with dear Love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke return, as our Prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your Answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have Courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you your Name?

Lucio. Sir, my Name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an Opposite; but indeed I can do you little harm: You'll forswear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: Thou art deceiv'd in me,
Friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if *Claudio* die to Morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a Bottle with a Tun-dish: 'would the Duke we talk of were return'd again; this ungenitur'd Agent will unpeople the Province with Continency. Sparrows must not build in his House-eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark Deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd. Marry this *Claudio* is condemned for untrussing. Farewel, good *Friar*, I pr'ythee pray for me: The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat Mutton on *Fridays*. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a Beggar, tho' she smelt of brown Bread and Garlick: Say, that I said so: Farewell. [Exit.

Duke. No Might nor Greatness in Mortality
Can censure 'scape: Back-wounding Calumny
The whitest Virtue strikes. What King so strong
Can tie the Gall up in the slanderous Tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost and Bawd.

Escal. Go, away with her to Prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord, be good to me: your Honour is accounted a merciful Man: Good my Lord. *Escal.*

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Escal. Double and treble Admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make Mercy swear, and play the Tyrant.

Prov. A Bawd of eleven Years continuance, may it please your Honour.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio's* Information against me: *Mistress Kate Keep-down* was with Child by him in the Duke's time; he promis'd her Marriage: His Child is a Year and a Quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it my self; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That Fellow is a Fellow of much Licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to Prison: Go to; no more Words.

[*Exeunt with the Bawd.*
Provost, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* must die to Morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Divines, and have charitable Preparation. If my Brother wrought by my Pity, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this *Friar* hath been with him, and advis'd him for the Entertainment of Death.

Escal. Good Even, good Father.

Duke. Bliss and Goodness on you.

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Country, tho' my Chance is now To use it for my time: I am a Brother Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea, In special Business from his Holiness.

Escal. What News abroad i'th the World?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Fever on Goodness, the Dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in Request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of Course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any Undertaking. There is scarce Truth enough alive to make Societies secure; but security enough to make Fellowships accurst. Much upon this Riddle runs the Wisdom of the World; this News is old enough, yet it is every Day's News. I pray you, Sir, of what Disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One, that above all other Strifes, Contented especially to know himself.

Duke. What Pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry

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merry at any thing which profess to make him rejoice.
A Gentleman of all Temperance. But leave him to his
Events, with a Prayer they may prove prosperous; and
let me desire to know how you find *Claudio* prepar'd:
I am made to understand, that you have lent him Vi-
sitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister mea-
sure from his Judge, but most willingly humbles him-
self to the Determination of Justice: Yet had he fram'd
to himself, by the Instruction of his Frailty, many de-
ceiving Promises of Life, which I, by my good Lei-
sure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to
die.

Escal. You have paid the Heav'ns your Function, and
the Prisoner the very Debt of your Calling. I have la-
bour'd for the poor Gentleman, to the extremest shore of
my Modesty, but my Brother-Justice have I found so se-
vere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed Ju-
stice.

Duke. If his own Life
Answer the Straitneis of his Proceeding,
It shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail,
He hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the Prisoner: Fare you
well. [Exit.

Duke. Peace be with you.
He who the Sword of Heav'n will bear,
Should be as Holy as Severe:
' Pattern in himself to know,
' Grace to stand, and Virtue go:
More nor less to others paying,
Than by Self-offences weighing,
Shame to him whose cruel striking,
Kills for Faults of his own liking!
Twice treble Shame on *Angelo*,
To weed my Vice, and let his grow!
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Tho' Angel on the outward side?
' How may Likeness made in Crimes,
' Making practise on the Times,
' To draw with idle Spider's Strings
' Most ponderous and substantial things?
Craft against Vice I must apply:
With *Angelo* to Night shall lie

His

His old betrothed, but despis'd;
So Disguise shall by th' disguis'd
Pay with Falshood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

[Exit.



ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.
Song. **T**AKE, *Oh take those Lips away,*
That so sweetly were foresworn;
And those Eyes, the Break of Day,
Lights that do mis-lead the Morn:
But my Kisses bring again,
Seals of Love, but seal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. 'Break off thy Song, and haste thee quick away:
'Here comes a Man of Comfort, whose Advice
'Hath often still'd my brawling Discontent.
'I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish
'You had not found me here so musical:
'Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
'My Mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my Woe.
Duke. 'Tis good; tho' Musick oft hath such a Charm
'To make bad, good. and good provoke to harm.
I pray you tell me, hath any Body enquir'd for me here
to Day? Much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have sat
here all Day.

Enter Isabel.

Duke. I do constantly believe you: The time is come,
even now. I shall crave your Forbearance a little; may
be I will call upon you anon for some Advantage to your
self.

Mari. I am always bound to you.

[Exit.

Duke. Very well met, and well come:
What is the News from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Brick,
Whose Western side is with a Vineyard backt;
And to that Vineyard is a planced Gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key:
This other doth command a little Door,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leads;

There

There have I made my Promise, upon the
Heavy middle of the Night, to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your Knowledge find this Way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary Note upon't;
With whispering, and most guilty Diligence,
In Action all of Precept, he did show me
The Way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other Tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her Observance?

Isab. No, none but only a Repair i'th' dark;
And that I have possess'd him, my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know.
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me, whose Persuasion is
I come about my Brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A Word of this. What ho! within! come forth!

Enter Mariana,

I pray you be acquainted with this Maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do persuade your self that I respect you?

Mari. Good Friar, I know you do, and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your Companion by the Hand,
Who hath a Story ready for your Ear:
I shall attend your Leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous Night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside? [*Ex. Mar. and Isab.*]

Duke. Oh Place and Greatness! Millions of false Eyes
Are struck upon thee: Volumes of Report
Run with these false and most contrarious Quests
Upon thy Doings: Thousand Escapes of Wit
Make thee the Father of their idle Dreams,
And rack thee in their Fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana and Isabel.

Isab. She'll take the Enterprize upon her, Father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my Consent,
But my Intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low;
Remember now my Brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke.

Duke. Nor, gentle Daughter, fear you not at all :
He is your Husband on a Pre-contract ;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no Sin,
Sith that the Justice of your Title to him
Doth flourish the Deceit. Come let us go ;
Our Corn's to reap, for yet our Tythes to sow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, Sirrah : Can you cut off a Man's Head ?

Clown. If the Man be a Batchelor, Sir, I can :
But if he be a marry'd Man, he's his Wife's Head,
And I can never cut off a Woman's Head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your Snatches, and yield me a direct Answer. To Morrow Morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine* : Here is, in our Prison a common Executioner, who in his Office lacks a Helper ; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your Gyves : If not, you shall have your full time of Imprisonment, and your Deliverance with an unpitied Whipping ; for you have been a notorious Bawd.

Bawd. Sir, I have been an unlawful Bawd time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful Hangman : I would be glad to receive some Instruction from my Fellow-Partner. .

Prov. What hoa, *Abhorson* ! where's *Abhorson* there ?

Enter Abhorson.

Abbor. Do you call, Sir ?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a Fellow will help you to Morrow in your Execution : If you think it meet, compound with him by the Year, and let him abide here with you ; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his Estimation with you ; he hath been a Bawd.

Abbor. A Bawd, Sir ? Fie upon him, he will discredit our Mystery,

Prov. Go to, Sir ; you weigh equally, a Feather will turn the Scale. [*Exit.*]

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good Favour ; for surely, Sir, a good Favour you have, but that you have a hanging Look ; Do you call, Sir, your Occupation a Mystery ?

Abbor. Ay, Sir, a Mystery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a Mystery ; and your Whores, Sir, being Members of my Occupation,
using

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using painting, do prove my Occupation a Mystery : But what Mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abber. Sir, it is a Mystery.

Clown. Proof.

Abber. Every true Man's Apparel fits your Thief.

Clown. If it be too little for your Thief, your true Man thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your Thief, your Thief thinks it little enough : So every true Man's Apparel fits your Thief.

Enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed ?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him : For I do find your Hangman is a more penitent Trade than your Bawd ; he doth oftner ask Forgiveness.

Prov. You, Sirrah, provide your Block and your Ax to Morrow, four a Clock.

Abber. Come on, Bawd, I will instruct thee in my Trade ; follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, Sir ; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yours : For truly, Sir, for your Kindness, I owe you a good turn. *(Exit.)*

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine* and *Claudio* :

Th' one has my Pity ; not a jot the other,
Being a Murtherer, tho' he were my Brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the Warrant, *Claudio*, for thy Death ;
'Tis now dead Midnight, and by eight to Morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine* ?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in Sleep as guiltless Labour.
When it lyes starkly in the Traveller's Bones :
He will not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him ?

Well, go, preparse yourself. But hark, what Noise ?

(Knock within.)

Heav'n give your Spirits Comfort ; By and by ;
I hope it is some Pardon, or Reprieve
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome, Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholsom't Spirits of the Night
Invellop you, good *Provost* ? Who call'd here of late ?

Prov. None since the Curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabel* ?

Prov.

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What Comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter Deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his Life is parallel'd
Even with the Stroak and Line of his great Justice
He doth with holy Abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his Power
To qualifie in others. Were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just. Now are they come.

[*Knock again.*]

This is a gentle *Provost*, seldom when
The steeled Goaler is the Friend of Men.
How now? what Noise? That Spirit's posselt with haste
That wounds th'unresisting Postern with these Stroaks.

Prov. There he must stay until the Officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no Countermmand for *Claudio* yet,
But he must die to Morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the Dawning, *Provost*, as it is,
You shall hear more ere Morning.

Prov. Happily.

You something know; yet I believe there comes
No Countermmand, no such Example have we:
Besides, upon the very Siege of Justice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick Ear
Profest the contrary.

Duke. This is his Lordship's Man. [*Enter a Messenger.*]

Prov. And here comes *Claudio's* Pardon.

Mess. My Lord hath sent you this Note,
And by me this further Charge,
That you swerve not from the smallest Article of it,
Neither in Time, Matter, or other Circumstance.
Good Morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost Day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit. Messen.*]

Duke. This is his Pardon, purchas'd by such Sin
For which the Pardoner himself is in;
Hence hath Offence his quick Celerity,
When it is born in high Authority;

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When Vice makes Mercy, Mercy's so extended,
That for the Fault's love, is th' Offender friended.
Now, Sir, what News?

Prov. I told you:

Lord *Angelo* be-like, thinking me remiss
In mine Office, awakens me
With this unwonted putting on, methinks strangely,
For he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you let's hear.

Provost reads the Letter.

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the Clock, and in the Afternoon Barnardine: For my better Satisfaction, let me have Claudio's Head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a Thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus sail not to do your Office, as you will answer it at your Peril.

What say you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th' Afternoon?

Prov. A *Bobemian* born; but here nurs'd up and bred, One that is a Prisoner nine Years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his Liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His Friends still wrought Reprieves for him; And indeed his Fact, 'till now in the Government of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtful Proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he born himself penitently in Prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A Man that apprehends Death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken Sleep, careless, wreakeless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of Mortality; and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants Advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty

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berty of the Prison. Give him leave to escape hence, he would not: Drunk many times a Day, if not many Days entirely drunk. We have very oft' awak'd him, as if to carry him to Execution, and shew'd him a seeming Warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your Brow, *Provest*, Honesty and Constancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient Skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in Hazard, *Claudio*, whom here you have Warrant to execute, is no greater Forfeit to the Law than *Angelo*, who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested Effect, I crave but four Days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous Courtesy,

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying Death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the Hour limited, and an express Command, under Penalty, to deliver his Head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my Case as *Claudio's* to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the Vow of mine Order, I warrant you, If my Instructions may be your Guide: Let this *Barnardine* be this Morning executed, And his Head born to *Angelo*.

Prov. *Angelo* hath seen them both, And will discover the Favour.

Duke. Oh, Death's a great Disguiser, and you may add to it; shave the Head, 'and tie the Beard,' and say, it was the Desire of the Penitent to be barb'd before his Death; you know the Course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than Thanks and good Fortune; by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my Life.

Prov. Pardon me, good Father; it is against my Oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no Offence, if the Duke avouch the Justice of your Dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance; but a Certainty; yet since I see you fearful, that neither my Coat, Integrity, nor my Persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than

I meant to pluck all Fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the Head and Seal of the Duke; you know the Character, I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you.

Prev. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this is the Return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your Pleasure; where you shall find within these two Days he will be here. This is a thing which *Angelo* knows not; for he this very Day receives Letters of strange Tenor, perchance of the Duke's Death, perchance entering into some Monastery, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Look the unfolding Star calls up the Shepherd; put not you self into amazement how these things should be; all Difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your Executioner, and off with *Bernardine's* Head: I will give him a present Shrift, and advise him for a better Place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear Dawn. [Exit.]

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our House of Profession; one would think it were Mistress *Over-dun's* own House; for here be many of her old Customers: First, here's young *Mr. Rash*; he's in for a Commodity of brown Pepper and old Ginger, ninescore and seventeen Pounds; of which he made five Marks ready Money: Marry then, Ginger was not much in request; for the old Women were all dead. Then is there here one *Mr. Caper*, at the Suit of Master *Three-Pile*, the Mercer, for some four Suits of Peach-colour'd Sattin, which now peaches him a Beggar. Then have we here young *Dizy*, and young *Mr. Deep-view*, and *Mr. Copper-spur*, and Master *Starve-Lucky*, the Rapier and Dagger Man, and young *Dropbeire*, that kill'd lusty *Pudding*, and *Mr. Forth-light*, the Tilter, and brave *Mr. Shooty*, the great Traveler, and wild *Half Canne*, that stabb'd *Pots*, and, I think, forty more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abbr. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither,

Clown. Master *Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd, Master *Barnardine*.

Abbr. What hoa, *Barnardine*!

Barnardine

Barnardine within.

Barnar. A Pox o' your Throats; who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clown. Your Friend, Sir, the Hangman:
You must be so good, Sir, to rise, and be put to Death.

Barnar. Away, you Rogue, away, I am sleepy.

Abbor. Tell him he must awake,
And that quickly too.

Clown. Pray Master *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abbor. Go into him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the Straw ruffle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abbor. Is the Ax upon the Block, Sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, *Abbor*sen?
What's the News with you?

Abbor. Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your Prayers: For look you, the Warrant's come.

Barnar. You Rogue, I have been drinking all Night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh the better, Sir; for he that drinks all Night, and is hang'd betimes in the Morning, may sleep the sounder all the next Day.

Enter Duke.

Abbor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghostly Father;
Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my Charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all Night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my Brains with Billets: I will not consent to die this Day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the Journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear I will not die to Day for any Man's Perswasion.

Duke. But hear you.

Barnar. Not a Word: If you have any thing to say to me, come to my Ward; for thence will not I to Day.

[Exit.]

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: Oh gravel Heart!
Alter him, Fellews: Bring him to the Block.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the Prisoner?

Duke. A Creature unprepar'd, unmeet for Death;
And to transport him in the Mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the Prison, Father,
There dy'd this Morning of a cruel Fever,
One *Ragazine*, a most notorious Pirate,
A Man of *Claudio's* Years; his Beard and Head
Just of his Colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, 'till he were well inclin'd,
And satisfy the Deputy with the Visage
Of *Ragazine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. O, 'tis an Accident that Heav'n provides:
Dispatch it presently; the Hour draws on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude Wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good Father, presently.
But *Barnardine* must die this Afternoon:
And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To save me from the Danger, that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;
Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*;
Ere twice the Sun hath made his Journal greeting
To yonder Generation, you shall find
Your Safety manifest.

Prov. I am your free Dependant.

[Exit.

Duke. Quick, dispatch and send the Head to *Angelo*.
Now will I write Letters to *Angelo*,
The *Provost* he shall bear them, whose Contents
shall witness to him I am near at home;
And that by great Injunctions I am bound
To enter publickly: Him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A League below the City; and from thence,
By cold Gradation, and well-ballanc'd Form,
We shall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter

Enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the Head, I'll carry it my self.

Duke. Convenient is it : Make a swift Return;
For I would commune with you of such Things
That want no Ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed.

[*Exit.*

Isabel within.

Isab. Peace hoa, be here.

Duke. The Tongue of *Isabel*. She comes to know,
If yet her Brother's Pardon be come hither :
But I will keep her ignorant of her Good,
To make her heav'nly Comforts of Despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabel.

Isab. Hoa, by your Leave.

Duke. Good Morning to you, fair and gracious Daughter.

Isab. The better given me by so holy a Man:
Hath yet the Deputy sent my Brother's Pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isabel*, from the World;
His Head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other.

Shew your Wisdom, Daughter, in your close Patience.

Isab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his Eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy *Claudio*; wretched *Isabel*!
Injurious World, most damned *Angelo*!

Duke. This hurts not him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your Cause to Heav'n:
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every Syllable a faithful Verity.

The Duke comes home to morrow : nay, dry your Eyes;
One of our Convent, and his Confessor,
Gives me this Instance : Already he hath carry'd
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meet him at the Gates,
There to give up their Power. If you can pace your Wisdom
In that good Path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your Bosom on this Wretch,
Grace of the Duke, Revenges to your Heart,
And general Honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This Letter then to *Friar Peter* give;
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's Return:
Say, by this Token, I desire his Company
At *Mariana's* House to Night. Her Cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the Head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred Vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:
Command these fretting Waters from your Eyes
With a light Heart; trust not my holy Order
If I pervert your Course. Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good Even;

Friar, where's the *Provost*?

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine Heart to see
thine Eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faint to dine
and sup with Water and Bran; I dare not for my Head
fill my Belly: One fruitful Meal would set me to't. But,
they say, the Duke will be here to Morrow. By my
Troth, *Isabel*, I lov'd thy Brother: If the old fantastical
Duke of dark Corners had been at Home, he had lived.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to
your Reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. *Friar*, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I
do? he's a better Woodman than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well; you'll answer this one Day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee.
I can tell thee pretty Tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir,
if they be true; if not, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench with
Child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry did I, but I was fain to forswear it:
They would else have marry'd me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir, your Company is fairer than honest: Rest
you well.

Lucio. By my Troth, I'll go with thee to the Lane's-
end: If bawdy Talk offend you, we'll have very little
of it; nay, *Friar*, I am a kind of Bur, I shall stick. (Ex.

SCENE III. *The Palace.*

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every Letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His Actions shew much like to Madness: pray Heav'n his Wisdom be not tainted: And why meet him at the Gates, and deliver our Authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it an Hour before his entering, that if any crave Redress of Injustice, they should exhibit their Petitions in the Street?

Escal. He shews his Reason for that; to have a Dispatch of Complaints, and to deliver us from Devices hereafter, which shall then have no Power to stand against us.

Ang. Well; I beseech you to let it be proclaim'd betimes i' th' Morn; I'll call you at your House: Give Notice to such Men of sort and suit as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, Sir: Fare you well.

(Exit.)

Ang. Good Night.

This Deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all Proceedings. A deflower'd Maid,
And by an eminent Body, that enforce'd
The Law against it? But that her tender Shame
Will not proclaim against her Maiden loss,
How might she Tongue me? Yet Reason dares her no;
For my Authority bears off a credent Bulk,
That no particular Scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the Breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous Youth, with dangerous Sense,
Might in the Times to come, have ta'en a Revenge
By so receiving a dishonour'd Life,
With Ransom of such Shame: Would yet he had liv'd.
Alack, when once our Grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

SCENE. *The Fields without the Town.*

Enter Duke in his own Habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These Letters at fit time deliver me.

The Provost knows our Purpose and our Plot:
The Matter being afoot, keep your Instruction,
And hold you ever to our special Drift,
Tho' sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As Cause doth minister: Go call at *Flavius* House,
And tell him where I stay; give the like notice

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To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the Gate:
But send me *Flavius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our Friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle *Varrius*. [Exeunt

SCENE V.

Enter Isabella and Mariara.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath:
I would say the Truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your Part? yet I am advis'd to do it,
He says, to vail full Purpose.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a Fh. sick
That's bitter to sweet End.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would Friar *Peter*——

Isab. Oh Peace; the Friar is come.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a Stand most fit,
Where you may have such Vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pal's you.

Twice have the Trumpets sounded:

• The generous and gravest Citizens

• Have hent the Gates, and very near upon

The Duke is entring:

Therefore hence away.

(Exeunt.)



ACT V.

SCENE I.

SCENE

The Street.

*Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio,
and Citizens at several Doors.*

Duke. **M**Y very worthy Cousin, fairly met; (you.
Our old and faithful Friend, we are glad to see

Ang. and Etc. Happy Return be to your Royal Grace.

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:

We have made Enquiry of you, and we hear
Such Goodness of your Justice, that our Soul

Cannot

Cannot but yield you forth to publick Thanks,
Forerunning more Requital.

Ang. You make my Bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your Desert speaks loud, and I should wrong,
To lock it in the Wards of covert Bosom,
When it deserves, with Characters of Brass,
A fortified Residence 'gainst the tooth of Time,
And rasure of Oblivion: Give me your Hand,
And let the Subject see, to make them know,
That outward Courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come *Escalus*,
You must walk by us on our other Hand:
And good Supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time:
Speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke; vail your Regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a Maid;
Oh worthy Prince, dishonour not your Eye
By throwing it on any other Object.
'Till you have heard me in my true Complaint,
And give me Justice, Justice; Justice, Justice.

Duke. Relate your Wrongs:
In what, by whom? be brief:
Here is Lord *Angelo* shall give you Justice;
Reveal your self to him.

Isab. Oh worthy Duke,
You bid me seek Redemption of the Devil:
Hear me your self; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring Redress from you:
Hear me; oh hear me here.

Ang. My Lord, her Wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a Suitor to me for her Brother,
Cut off by course of Justice.

Isab. By course of Justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly will I speak;
That *Angelo's* forsworn: Is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a Murtherer: Is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous Thief,
An Hypocrite, a Virgin Violater:
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke.

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true as it is strange :
Nay, it is ten times true ; for Truth is Truth
To th' End of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her, poor Sou',
She speaks this in th' Infirmary of Sense.

Isab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another Comfort than this World,
That thou neglect me not, with that Opinion,
That I am touch'd with Madness. Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike ; 'Tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st Caitiff on the Ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As *Angelo* ; ev'n so may *Angelo* ;
In all his Dressings, Caracts, Titles, Forms,
Be an Arch-villain ; Believe it, Royal Prince.
If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,
Had I more Name for Badness.

Duke. By mine Honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her Madness hath the oddest frame of Sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in Madness.

Isab. O gracious Duke,
Harp not on that ; nor do not banish Reason
For Inequality ; but let your Reason serve
To make the Truth appear, where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have sure more lack of Reason.
What would you say ?

Isab. I am the Sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the Act of Fornication,
To lose his Head ; condemn'd by *Angelo* :
I, in Probation of a Sisterhood,
Was sent to by my Brother ; one *Lucio*,
As then the Messenger, — — —

Lucio. That's I, and't like your Grace :
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her
To try her gracious Fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
For her poor Brother's Pardon.

Isab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

[To *Lucio*.
Lucio.

Lucio. No, my good Lord,
Nor with'd to hold my Peace.

Du'e. I wish you now then;
Pray you take note of it : And when you have
A business for your self, pray Heav'n you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your Honour.

Duke. The Warrant's for you self; take heed to't.

Isab. Th's Gentleman told something of my Tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are i'th Wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went To this pernicious Caitiff Deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it : The Phrase is to the Matter.

Du'e. Mended again ; the Matter ; proceed.

Isab. In brief ; to set the needles by,
How I perswaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refus'd me, and how I reply'd,
For this was of much length ; the vile Conclusion
I now begin with Grief and Shame to utter.
He would not, but by Gift of my chaste Body
' To his concupiscible intemperate Lust,'
Release my Brother ; and after much Debatement,
My sisterly Remorse confutes mine Honour,
And I did yield to him : but the next Morn betimes,
His Purpose forfeiting, he sends a Warrant
For my poor Brother's Head.

Duke. This is most unlikely !

Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true ! [thou speak'st ;

Duke. By Heav'n, fond Wretch, thou know'st not what
Or else thou art suborn'd against his Honour
In hateful Practice. First, his Integrity
Stands without blemish ; next, it imports no Reason,
That with such vehemency, he should pursue
Faults proper to himself : If he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy Brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on ;
Confess the Truth, and say by whose Advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all ?

Then oh you blessed Ministers above,
Keep me in Patience ; and with ripen'd Time,
Unfold the Evil which is here wrapt up
In Countenance : Heav'n shield your Grace from Wo,

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As I thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go.

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An Officer;
To Prison with her. Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous Breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a Practice.
Who knew of your Intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick.*

Duke. A ghostly Father belike:
Who knows that *Lodwick*?

Lucio. My Lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling *Friar*;
I do not like the Man; had he been Lay, my Lord,
For certain Words he spake against your Grace
In your Retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? this is a good *Friar* belike,
And to set on this wretched Woman here
Against our Substitute! Let this *Friar* be found.

Lucio. But Yesternight, my Lord, she and that *Friar*,
I saw them at the Prison: A lawcy *Friar*,
A very scurvy Fellow.

Petr. Blessed be your Royal Grace!
I have stood by, my Lord, and I have heard
Your Royal Ear abus'd. First hath this Woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that *Friar Lodwick* which she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a Man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary Medler,
As he's reported by this Gentleman;
And, on my Trust, a Man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio. My Lord, most villanously; believe it.

Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my Lord,
Of a strange Fever; upon his meer Request,
Being come to knowledge, that there was Complaint
Intended against Lord *Angelo*, came I hither
To speak, as from his Mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and he with his Oath,
And all Probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he is convened. First for this Woman,
To justify this worthy Nobleman,

So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her Eyes,
'Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good Friar, let's hear it.

Do you not smile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
O Heav'n! the Vanity of wretched Fools! —
Give us some Seats; Come, Cousin *Angelo*,
In this I'll be impartial: Be you Judge
Of your own Cause. Is this the Witness, Friar?

Enter Mariana veil'd.

First, let her shew her Face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my Lord, I will not shew my Face
Until my Husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. A Widow then?

Mari. Neither, my Lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? Neither Maid,
Widow, nor Wife?

Lucio. My Lord, she may be a Funk; for many of
them are neither Maid, Widow nor Wife.

Duke. Silence that Fellow: I would he had some Cause
to prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Mari. My Lord, I do confess I ne'er was marry'd,
And I confess besides, I am no Maid;
I have known my Husband, yet my Husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my Lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of Silence, would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Duke. This is no Witness for Lord *Angelo*.

Mari. Now I come to't my Lord.

She that accuses him of Fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my Husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine Arms,
With all th' Effect of Love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No, you say your Husband. — [To Mariana.

Mari. Why, just, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,
: Who

‘ Who thinks he knows, that he ne’er know my Body;
 ‘ But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Isabel’s*.

Ang. This is a strange Abuse: Let’s see thy Face.

Mari. My Husband bids me; now I will unmask. [*Unveiling*
 This is that Face thou cruel *Angelo*,
 Which once thou swor’st was worth the look’ing on:
 This is the Hand which, with a vow’d Contract,
 Was fast belock’d in thine: This is the Body
 That took away the Match from *Isabel*.
 And did supply thee at thy Garden-house
 In her imagin’d Person.

Duke. Know you this Woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my Lord.

Angelo. My Lord, I must confess I know this Woman;
 And five Years since there was some speech of Marriage
 Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,
 Partly for that her promised Proportions
 Came short of Composition; but in chief,
 For that her Reputation was disvalu’d
 In Levity; Since which time, of five Years
 I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
 Upon my Faith and Honour.

Mari. Noble Prince, [*Breath*

As there comes Light from Heaven, and Words from
 As there is Sense in Truth, and Truth in Virtue,
 I am affianc’d this Man’s Wife as strongly
 As Words could make up Vows: ‘ And my good Lord,
 ‘ Eut *Tuesday* night last gone, in’s Garden-house
 ‘ He knew me as a Wife; as this is true,
 Let me in safety raise me from my Knees,
 Or else for ever be confix’d here
 A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but smile ’till now.
 Now, good my Lord, give me the Scope of Justice;
 My Patience here is touch’d: I do perceive
 These poor informal Women are no more
 But Instruments of some more mightier Member
 That sets them on. Let me have way, my Lord,
 To find this Practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my Heart:

And

And punish them to your height of Pleasure.
 Thou foolish *Friar*, and thou pernicious Woman.
 Compact with her that's gone; think'st thou thy Oaths,
 Tho' they would swear down each particular Saint,
 Were Testimonies 'gainst his Wrath and Credit,
 That's seal'd with Approbation? You, Lord *Escalus*,
 Sit with my Cousin; lend him your kind Pains
 To find out this Abuse, whence it is deriv'd.
 There it another *Friar* that set them on;
 Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord; for he indeed
 Hath set the Women on to this Complaint:
 Your *Provost* knows the Place where he abides;
 And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.
 And you my noble and well warranted Cousin,
 Whom it concerns to hear this Matter forth,
 Do with your Injuries as seems you best
 In any Chastisement: I for a while
 Will leave you; but stir not you, 'till you have
 Well determin'd upon these Slanderers. (Exit.

Escal. My Lord, we'll do it throughly. Signior *Lucio*,
 did not you say, you know that *Friar Lodowick* to be 'a
 dishonest Person?

Lucio. *Cuculus non facit Monachum*; honest in nothing
 but in his Cloaths, and one that hath spoke most villanous
 Speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here till he come,
 and inforce them against him we shall find this *Friar* a
 notable Fellow.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my Word.

Escal. Call that same *Isabel* here once again: I would
 speak with her. Pray you, my Lord, give me leave to
 question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own Report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think if you handled her private-
 ly she should sooner confess; perchance publicly she'd be
 ashamed.

Enter Duke in the *Friar's Habit*, *Provost* and *Isabella*.

Escal. I will go darkly to work her.

Lucio. That's the way; for Women are light at Mid-
 night. *Escal*.

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Escal. Come on, Mistrefs: Here's a Gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My Lord, here comes the Rascal I spoke of, Here with the *Provost*.

Escal. I very good time: Speak not you to him 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, Sir, did you set these Women on to slander Lord *Angelo*? They have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How? Know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great Place; and let the Devil Be sometime honour'd for his burning Throne. Where is the Duke? 'Tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak: Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly at least. But oh, poor Souls, Come you to seek the Lamb here of the Fox? Good-night to your Redress: Is the Duke gone? Then is your Cause too. The Duke's unjust, Thus to retort your manifest Appeal, And put your Trial in the Villain's Mouth Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the Rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd *Friar*, Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these Women To accuse this worthy Man, but in foul Mouth, And in the witness of his proper Ear, To call him Villain; and then to glance from him To th' Duke himself; to tax him with Injustice? Take him hence: to th' Rack with him: We'll scuze you Joint by Joint, but we will know his Purpose: What? Unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke dare No more stretch this Finger of mine, than he Dare rack his own: His Subject am I not, Nor here Provincial; my Business in this State Made me a Looker on here in *Vienna*; Where I have seen Corruption boil and bubble, 'Till it o'er-run the Stew: 'Laws for all Faults, 'But Faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes 'Stand like the Forfeits in a Barber's Shop,

'As

As much in Mock as Mark.

Escal. Slander to th' State!

Away with him to Prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior *Lucio*?
Is this the Man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my Lord. Come hither, Goodman
Baldpate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the sound of your Voice:
I met you at the Prison in the Absence of the Duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? And do you remember what
you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, Sir.

Lucio. Do you so, Sir? And was the Duke a Flesh-mon-
ger, a Fool, and a Coward, as you then reported him
to be?

Duke. You must, Sir, change Persons with me, ere
you make that my Report: You indeed spoke so of him,
and much more, much worse.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable Fellow! did not I pluck
thee by the Nose for thy Speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark how the Villain would close now afte
his treasonable Abuses.

Escal. Such a Fellow is not to be talk'd withal: Away
with him to Prison: Where is the *Provost*? Away with
him to Prison; lay Bolts enough upon him; let him speak
no more; away with those Giglets too, and with the
other confederate Companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, *Lucio*.

Lucio. Come Sir, come Sir, come Sir; foh, Sir; why
you bald-pated lying Rascal; you must be hooded, must
you? Show your Knave's Visage, with a Pox to you;
show your sheep-biting Face, and be hang'd an hour:
Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's Hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first Knave that e'er mad'st a Duke.
First, *Provost*, let me bail these gentle three.
Sneak not away, Sir; for the *Friar* and you
Must have a word anon: Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down:
[*To Escalus.*]

68 MEASURE for MEASURE.

We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your Leave:
Hast thou or Word, or Wit, or Impudence,
That yet can do thee Office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it 'till my Tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh my dread Lord,
I should be guiltier than my Guiltinels,
To think I can be undiscernable,
When I perceive your Grace, like Power divine,
Hath look'd upon my Passes: Then, good Prince,
No longer Session hold upon my Shame;
But let my Trial be mine own Confession:
Immediate Sentence then, and sequent Death,
Is all the Grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana*:
Say: wast thou ever contracted to this Woman?

Ang. I was, my Lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly;
Do you the Office, *Friar*; which consummate,
Return him here again: Go with him, *Provost*.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.]

Escal. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his Dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, *Isabel*;
Your *Friar* is now your Prince: As I was then
Advertising, and holy to your Business,
Not changing Heart with Habit, I am still
Attorned at your Service.

Isab. Oh give me Pardon,
That I, your Vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown Sovereignty.

Duke. Your are pardon'd, *Isabel*:
And now, dear Maid, be you as free to us.
Your Brother's Death, I know, sits at your Heart:
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his Life; and would not rather
Make rash Remonstrance of my hidden Power,
Than let him be so lost: O most kind Maid,
It was the quick Celerity of his Death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my Purpose: But Peace be with him.
That Life is better Life, past fearing Death,

Than

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 69

Than that which lives to Fear: Make it your comfort,
So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my Lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd Man, approaching here,
Whole sa't Imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended Honour; you must pardon,
For *Mariana's* Sake: But as he adjudg'd your Brother,
Being Criminal in double violation,
Of sacred Chastity, and of Promise-breach,
Thereon dependant, for your Brother's Life,
The very Mercy of the Law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper Tongue,
And *Angel* for *Claudio*; Death for Death,
Hast still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
Then, *Angelo*, thy Faults are manifested;
Which tho' thou wouldst deny, denies the vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very Block
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to Death; and with like haste.
Away with him.

Maria. Oh my most gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a Husband?

Duke. It is your Husband mock'd you with a Husband.
Consenting to the Safeguard of your Honour,
I thought your Marriage fit; else Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your Life,
And choak your good to come; For his Possessions,
Altho' by Confiscation they are ours,
We do enstate, and Widow you withal,
To buy you a better Husband.

Mari. Oh my dear Lord,
I crave no other, nor no better Man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my Leige.

Duke. You do but lose your Labour:
Away with him to Death. Now, Sir, to you.

Mari. Oh my good Lord, Sweet *Isabel* take my Part;
Lend me your Knees, and all my Life to come
I'll lend you, all my Life to do you Service.

Duke. Against all Sense you do importune her;
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this Fact.

He

70 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Her Brother's Ghost his paved Bed would break,
And take her hence in Horror.

Mari. Isabel,

Sweet *Isabel*, 'do yet but kneel by me,
' Hold up your Hands, say nothing; I'll speak all.
' They say, best Men are moulded out of Faults;
' And, for the most, become much more the better
' For being a little bad: So may my Husband,
' Oh *Isabel*; will you not lend a Knee?

Duke. He dies for *Claudio's* Death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir, (Kneeling.)

Look, if it please you, on this Man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due Sincerity govern'd his Deeds,
'Till he did look on me: Since it is so,
Let him not die. My Brother had but Justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd.
For *Angelo*, his Act did not o'ertake his bad Intent,
And must be bury'd but as an Intent
That perish'd by the way: Thoughts are no Subjects:
Intent, but merely Thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my Lord.

Duke. Your Suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say:
I have bethought me of another Fault.

I rovest, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unusual Hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special Warrant for the Deed?

Prov. No, my good Lord? it was by private Message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your Office:
Give up your Keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble Lord.

I thought it was a Fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more Advice;
For Testimony whereof, one in the Prison,
That should by private Order else have dy'd.
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he.

Prov. His Name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by *Claudio*:
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him. (Exit Prov.)

Escal. I am sorry one so learned, and so wise

As you, Lord *Angelo*, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the Heat of Blood,
And lack of temper'd Judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such Sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent Heart,
That I crave Death more willing'y than Mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do intreat it.

Enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta,

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Prov. This, my Lord.

Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this Man:
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn Soul
That apprehends no further than this World,
And squar'it thy Life accordingly: Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for those earthly Faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee take this Mercy to provide
For better Times to come: *Friar* advise him;
I leave him to your Hand. What muffled Fellow's that?

Prov. This is another Prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have dy'd when *Claudio* lost his Head,
As like almost to *Claudio* as himself.

Duke. If he be like your Brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake:
Give me your Hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my Brother too; but better time for that.
By this Lord *Angelo* perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quickning in his Eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your Evil quits you well:
Look that you love your Wife; her Worth worth yours.
I find an apt Remission in myself,
And yet here's one in Place I cannot pardon.
You, *Sirrah*, that knew me for a Fool, a Coward, [*To Lucio.*
One all of Luxury, an Afs, a Mad-man;
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my Lord, I spoke it but according to
the Trick; if you will hang me for it you may, but I had
rather it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provost*, round about the City;
If any Woman wrong'd by this lewd Fellow,
As I have heard him swear himself, there's one

Whom

Whom he begot with Child, let her appear,
And he shall marry her; the Nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your Highness, do not marry me to
a Whore: Your Highness said even now, I made you
a Duke; good my Lord, do not recompence me in
making me a Cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine Honour thou shalt marry her:
Thy Slanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other Forfeits; take him to Prison:
And see our Pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a Funk, my Lord, is pressing to Death,
Whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a Prince deserves it.
She, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look you restore:
Joy to you, *Naiana*; love her *Angelo*:
I have confess'd her, and I know her Virtue.
Thanks, good Friend *Escalus*, for thy much Goodness:
There's more behind that is more grate. *Angelo*:
Thanks, *Provost*, for thy Care and Secresie;
We shall employ thee in a worthier Place:
Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
The Head of *Regizine* for *Claudio*'s;
Th' Offence pardons itself. Dear *Isabel*,
' I have a Motion much imports your good,
' Where'to if you'll a willing Ear incline,
' What's mine is yours. and what is yours is mine:
' So bring us to our Palace, where we'll show
' What's yet behind that's meet you all should know.
Thy virtuous Goodness, which alone has Charms *
To make thee worthy of a Monarch's Arms;
A Monarch who his Peoples Hearts wou'd try,
And shrewdly turn'd a Priest to turn a Spy:
For Empire then he quits the lower Plain;
Resumes the Scepter, and gives Laws again:
On sure Foundations learns to fix Decrees,
Like the Supreme, by judging what he sees.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

* These last eight Lines were added upon the Revival.

F I N I S.





Smith. Sc.

THE
L O N D O N
P R O D I G A L.
A
C O M E D Y.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N:

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakespear's-Head*, in
Turn-again Lane, by the *Ditch-side*.

M DCCXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

MR. Flowerdale, *a Merchant, trading at Venice.*

Matthew Flowerdale, *his prodigal Son.*

Mr. Flowerdale, *Brother to the Merchant.*

Sir Lancelot Spurcock, *of Lewsome in Kent,*

Sir Arthur Greenhood, *a Commander,* } *In Love*
Oliver, *a Cornish Clothier,* } *with Luce.*

Weathercock, *A Parasite to Sir Lancelot Spurcock.*

Tom Civet, *in Love with Frances.*

Daffidil,

Artichoak, } *Servants to Sir Lancelot Spurcock.*

Dick and Ralph, *two cheating Gamesters.*

Ruffin, *a Pander to Mistress Apricock a Bawd.*

Frances,

Luce,

Delia,

} *Daughters to Sir Lancelot Spurcock.*

Sheriff and Officers.

A Citizen and his Wife.

Drawers.



SCENE London, *and the Parts*
adjacent.

THE



THE
London Prodigal.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Flowerdale the Merchant, and his Brother.

FATHER.



BROTHER, from *Venice*, being thus
disguis'd,
I come to prove the Humours of my Son :
How hath he borne himself since my De-
parture,
I leaving you his Patron and his Guide ?

Unc. I faith, Brother, so, as you will grieve to hear,
And I almost ashamed to report it.

Fath. Why how is't Brother ? What, doth he spend
Beyond the Allowance I left him ?

Unc. How ! beyond that ? and far more ; why, your
Exhibition is nothing ; he hath spent that, and since hath
borrow'd, protested with Oaths, alledged Kindred to
wring Money from me, by the Love I bore his Father,
by the Fortunes might fall upon himself, to furnish his
Wants : That done, I have had since his Bond, his Friend
and Friends Bond ; although I know that he spends is
yours, yet it grieves me to see the unbridled Wildness
that reigns over him.

Fath. Brother, what is the manner his Life ? how is
the Name of his Offences ? if they do not relish altogether
of Damnation, his Youth may privilege his Wantonness :
I myself ran an unbridled Course 'till thirty, nay, almost
'till forty ; well, you see how I am : For Vice once look-
ed into with the Eyes of Discretion, and well ballanced
with the Weights of Reason, the Course past, seems so
abominable, that the Landlord of himself, which is the

B

Heart

Heart of his Body, will rather intomb himself in the Earth, or seek a new Tenant to remain in him, which once settled, how much better are they that in their Youth have known all these Vices, and left 'em, than those that knew little, and in their Age run into 'em? Believe me, Brother, they that die most Virtuous, hath in their Youth liv'd most Vicious; and none knows the Danger of the Fire more than he that falls into it: But say, how is the Course of his Life? let's hear his Particulars.

Unc. Why I'll tell you, Brother, he is a continual Swearer, and a Breaker of his Oaths, which is bad.

Fath. I grant indeed to Swear is bad, but not in keeping those Oaths is better; for who will set by a bad thing? Nay, by my Faith, I hold this rather a Virtue than a Vice. Well, I pray, proceed.

Unc. He is a mighty Brawler, and comes commonly by the worst.

Fath. By my Faith this is none of the worst neither, for if he brawl and be beaten for it, it will in time make him shun it: For what brings a Man or Child more to Virtue than Correction? What reigns over him else?

Unc. He is a great Drinker, and one that will forget himself.

Fath. O best of all, Vice should be forgotten, let him drink on, so he drink not Churches. Nay, and this be the worst, I hold it rather Happiness in him, than any Iniquity. Hath he any more Attendants?

Unc. Brother, he is one that will borrow of any Man.

Fath. Why you see so doth the Sea, it borrows of all the small Currents in the World to encrease himself.

Unc. Ay, but the Sea pays it again, and so will never your Son.

Fath. No more would the Sea, neither, if it were as dry as my Son.

Unc. Then, Brother, I see you rather like these Vices in your Son, than any way condemn them.

Fath. Nay mistake me not, Brother, for though I slur them over now, as Things slight and nothing, his Crimes being in the Bud, it would gall my Heart, they should ever reign in him.

Flow. Ho? who's within ho?

[*Flowerdale knocks within.*]

Unc. That's your Son, he is come to borrow more Mony.

Fath. For God's Sake give it out I am dead,

See

The London Prodigal.

3

See how he'll take it.

Say, I have brought you News from his Father.

I have here drawn a formal Will, as it were from myself.
Which I'll deliver him.

Unc. Go to, Brother, no more: I will.

Flow. Uncle, where are you, Uncle? *[Within.]*

Unc. Let my Cousin in there.

Fath. I am a Sailor come from Venice, and my Name
is Christopher.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. By the Lord, in Truth, Uncle.

Unc. In Truth would a serv'd, Cousin, without the
Lord.

Flow. By your Leave, Uncle, the Lord is the Lord of
Truth. A Couple of Rascals at the Gate, set upon me
for my Purse.

Unc. You never come, but you bring a Brawl in your
Mouth.

Flow. By my Truth, Uncle, you must needs lend me
ten Pound.

Unc. Give my Cousin some small Beer here.

Flow. Nay look you, you turn it to a Jest now, by this
Light, I should ride to Croyden Fair, to meet Sir Lancelot
Sparcock, I should have his Daughter Luce, and for scurvy
ten Pound, a Man shall lose nine hundred threescore and
odd Pounds, and a daily Friend beside, by this Hand, Un-
cle, 'tis true.

Unc. Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

Flow. To see now; why you shall have my Bond,
Uncle, Tom. White's, James Brock's, or Nick Hall's;
as good Rapier and Dagger Men, as any be in Eng-
land; let's be damn'd if we do not pay you, the worth
of us all will not damn ourselves for ten Pound. A Pox
of ten Pound.

Unc. Cousin, this is not the first time I have believ'd
you.

Flow. Why trust me now, you know not what may
fall; if one Thing were but true, I would not greatly
care, I should not need ten Pound, but when a Man can-
not be believ'd, there's it.

Unc. Why what is it, Cousin?

Flow. Marry this, Uncle, can you tell me if the Katern
Hue be come home or no?

Unc. Ay marry is't.

B 2

Flow.

Flow. By Gad I thank you for that News.
What, is't in the Pool can you tell?

Unc. It is; what of that?

Flow. What? why then I have six Pieces of Velvet sent me, I'll give you a Piece, Uncle: For thus said the Letter, a Piece of Ash-colour, a three-pil'd black, a colour'd Deroy, a Crimson, a sad Green, and a Purple: Yes, i'faith.

Unc. From whom should you receive this?

Flow. From who? why from my Father; with Commendations to you, Uncle, and thus he writes; I know, faith he, thou hast much troubled thy kind Uncle, whom God willing at my Return I will see amply satisfied, amply I remember, was the very Word; so God help me.

Unc. Have you the Letter here?

Flow. Yes, I have the Letter here, here is the Letter: No, yes, no, let me see, what Breeches wore I on *Saturday*: Let me see, a *Tuesday*, my Calamanka, a *Wednesday*, my Peach-colour Sattin, a *Thursday*, my Vellure, a *Friday*, my Calamanka again, a *Saturday*, let me see, a *Saturday*, for in those Breeches I wore a *Saturday* is the Letter: O my riding Breeches, Uncle, those that you thought had been Velvet, in those very Breeches is the Letter.

Unc. When should it be dated?

Flow. Marry *Didissimo tertios Septembris*, no, no, *tridissimo tertio Octobris*, Ay *Octobris*, so it is.

Unc. *Dieditimo tertios Octobris*: And here receive I a Letter that your Father died in *June*: How say you, Kester?

Fath. Yes truly, Sir, your Father is dead, these Hands of mine help to wind him.

Flow. Dead?

Fath. Ay, Sir, dead.

Flow. 'Sblood, how should my Father come dead?

Fath. I'faith Sir, according to the old Proverb,
The Child was Born, and cried, became Man,
After fell Sick, and Died.

Unc. Nay, Cousin, do not take it so heavily.

Flow. Nay, I cannot weep you Extempory; marry some two or three Days hence I shall weep without any Stintance. But I hope he died in good Memory.

Fath. Very well, Sir, and set down every Thing in good Order, and the *Katherine* and *Hue* you talkt of, I came over in; and I saw all the Bills of Lading, and the Velvet that you talk of, there is no such aboard.

Flow.

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Flow. By Gad, I assure you, then there's Knavery abroad.

Fath. I'll be sworn of that; there's Knavery abroad, altho' there was never a Piece of Velvet in *Venice*.

Flow. I hope he died in good Estate.

Fath. To the Report of the World he did, and made his Will, of which I am an unworthy Bearer.

Flow. His Will, have you his Will?

Fath. Yes, Sir, and in the Presence of your Uncle I was willed to deliver it.

Unc. I hope, Cousin, now God hath blessed you with Wealth, you will not be unmindful of me.

Flow. I'll do Reason, Uncle; yet i'faith I take the Denial of this ten Pound very hardly.

Unc. Nay, I denied you not.

Flow. By Gad you deny'd me directly.

Unc. I'll be judg'd by this good Fellow.

Fath. Not directly, Sir.

Flow. Why, he said, he would lend me none, and that had wont to be a direct Denial, if the old Phrase hold: Well Uncle, come we'll fall to the Legacies. In the Name of God, *Amen*.

Item, I bequeath to my Brother *Flowerdale*, three hundred Pounds, to pay such trivial Debts as I owe in *London*.

Item, To my Son *Mat. Flowerdale*, I bequeath two Bail of false Dice, *videlicet*, high Men and low Men, Fullomes, stop Cater Traies, and other Bones of Function.

Flow. 'Sblood, what doth he mean by this?

Unc. Proceed, Cousin.

Flow. These Precepts I leave him, Let him borrow of his Oath, for of his Word no body will trust him. Let him by no means marry an honest Woman, for the other will keep herself. Let him steal as much as he can, that a guilty Conscience may bring him to his destinate Repentance: I think he means Hanging. And this were his last Will and Testament, the Devil stood laughing at his Bed's Feet while he made it. 'Sblood, what doth he think to lop off his Posterity with Paradoxes?

Fath. This he made, Sir, with his own Hands.

Flow. Ay, well, nay come, good Uncle, let me have this ten Pound, imagine you have lost it, or robb'd of it, or misreckon'd yourself so much; any way to make it come easily off, good Uncle.

The London Prodigal.

Unc. Not a Penny.

Fath. I'faith lend it him, Sir, I myself have an Estate in the City worth twenty Pound, all that I'll engage for him, he saith it concerns him in a Marriage.

Flow. Ay marry doth it, this is a Fellow of some Sense, this: Come good Uncle.

Unc. Will you give your Word for it, *Kester*?

Fath. I will, Sir, willingly.

Unc. Well, Cousin, come to me an Hour hence, you shall have it ready.

Flow. Shall I not fail?

Unc. You shall not, come or send.

Flow. Nay, I'll come myself.

Fath. By my Troth, would I were your Worship's Man.

Flow. What? would'st thou serve?

Fath. Very willingly, Sir.

Flow. Why I'll tell thee what thou shalt do, thou say'st thou hast twenty Pound, go into *Birchin-Lane*, put thyself into Cloaths, thou shalt ride with me to *Croydon Fair*.

Fath. I thank you, Sir, I will attend you.

Flow. Well, Uncle, you will not fail me an Hour hence.

Unc. I will not, Cousin.

Flow. What's thy Name, *Kester*?

Fath. Ay, Sir.

Flow. Well, provide thyself: Uncle farewell till anon.
[Exit Flowerdale.]

Unc. Brother, how do you like your Son?

Fath. I'faith Brother, like a mad unbridled Colt,
Or as a Hawk, that never stoop'd to lure:

The one must be tamed with an Iron Bit,

The other must be watch'd, or still she is wild,

Such is my Son, a while let him be so;

For Counsel still is Folly's deadly Foe.

I'll serve his Youth, for Youth must have his Course,

For being restrain'd, it makes him ten times worse;

His Pride, his Riot, all that may be nam'd,

Time may recal, and all his Madnes tam'd, [Exeunt.]

Enter Sir Lancelot, Master Weathercock, Daffidil, Artichoak, Luce and Frank.

Lanc. Sirrah, *Artichoak*, get you home before;
And as you prov'd yourself a Calf in buying,
Drive home your Fellow-Calves that you have bought.

Art.

The London Prodigal.

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Art. Yes, forsooth, shall not my Fellow *Daffidil* go along with me?

Lanc. No, Sir, no, I must have one to wait on me.

Art. *Daffidil*, farewell, good Fellow *Daffidil*.

You may see, Mistress, I am set up by the Halves, Instead of waiting on you, I am sent to drive home Calves.

Lanc. I'faith *Frank*, I must turn away this *Daffidil*. He's grown a very foolish sawcy Fellow.

Fran. Indeed-law, Father, he was so since I had him: Before he was wise enough for a foolish Serving-Man.

Weath. But what say you to me, Sir *Lancelot*?

Lanc. O, about my Daughters, well, I will go forward: Here's two of them, God save them; but the third, O she's a Stranger in her Course of Life, She hath refused you, Master *Weathercock*.

Weath. A, by the Rood, Sir *Lancelot*, that she hath, But had she try'd me, she should have found a Man of me indeed.

Lanc. Nay, be not angry, Sir, at her Denial, she hath refus'd seven of the worshipfullst, and worthiest House-keepers this Day in *Kent*: Indeed she will not marry, I suppose.

Weath. The more Fool she.

Lanc. What, is it Folly to love Chastity?

Weath. No, mistake me not, Sir *Lancelot*, But 'tis an old Proverb, and you know it well, That Women dying Maids, lead Apes in Hell.

Lanc. That's a foolish Proverb and a false.

Weath. By the Mass, I think it be, and therefore let it go: But who shall marry with Mistress *Frances*;

Fran. By my Troth they are talking of Marrying me, Sister.

Luce. Peace, let them talk:

Fools may have Leave to Prattle as they Walk.

Daff. Sentences still, sweet Mistress, You have a Wit; and it were your Alabaster.

Luce. I'faith and thy Tongue trips trench more.

Lanc. No of my Knighthood, not a Suter yet; Alas, God help her, silly Girl, a Fool, a very Fool; But there's the other black Brows a shrewd Girl, She hath Wit at Will, and Suiters two or three; Sir *Arthur Greensfield* one, a gallant Knight, A valiant Soldier, but his Power but poor. Then there's young *Oliver*, the *Devonshire* Lad;

A wary Fellow, marry full of Wit,
And rich by the Rood ; but there's a third all Air,
Light as a Feather, changing as the Wind :

Young Flowerdale.

Weath. O he, Sir, he's a desperate *Dick* indeed :
Bar him your House.

Lanc. Fie, not so, he's of good Parentage.

Weath. By my fay and so he is, and a proper Man.

Lanc. Ay, proper enough, had he good Qualities.

Weath. Ay, marry, there's the Point, Sir *Lancelot* :
For there's an old saying.

Be he rich, or be he poor,

Be he high, or be he low :

'Tis Manners makes the Man and all.

Lanc. You are in the right, Master *Weathercock*.

Enter Monsieur Civet.

Civ. Soul, I think I am-crossed sure, or witcht with
an Owl, I have haunted them, Inn after Inn, Booth
after Booth, yet cannot find them ; ha, yonder they are,
that's she, I hope to God 'tis she, nay, I know 'tis she now,
for she treads her Shoe a little awry.

Lanc. Where is this Inn ? We art past it, *Daffdel*.

Daf. The good Sign is here, Sir, but the black Gate
is before.

Civ. Save you, Sir, I pray may I borrow a Piece of
a Word with you ?

Daf. No Pieces, Sir.

Civ. Why then the whole.

I pray, Sir, what may yonder Gentlewomen be ?

Daf. They may be Ladies, Sir, if the Destinies and
Mortality work.

Civ. What's her Name, Sir ?

Daf. Mistress *Frances Spurcock*, Sir *Lancelot Spurcock's*
Daughter.

Civ. Is she a Maid, Sir.

Daf. You must ask *Pluto*, and Dame *Proserpine* that :
I would be loth to be riddled, Sir.

Civ. Is she married I mean, Sir ?

Daf. The Fates know not yet what Shoe-maker shall
make her Wedding Shoes.

Civ. I pray where Inn you, Sir ? I would be very
glad to bestow the Wine of that Gentlewoman.

Daf. At the *George*, Sir.

Civ. God save you, Sir.

Daf.

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Daf. I pray your Name, Sir?

Civ. My Name is Master *Civet*, Sir.

Daf. A sweet Name, God be with you, good Master *Civet*.
[Exit *Civet*.]

Lanc. Ay, have we spy'd your stout St. *George*?
For all your Dragon, you had best sell's good Wine.
That needs no Ivy Bush: Well, we'll not sit by it,
As you do on your Horse, this Room shall serve:
Drawer, let me have Sack for us Old Men;
For these Girls and Knaves small Wines are best.
A Pint of Sack, no more.

Draw. A Quart of Sack in the three Tuns.

Lanc. A Pint, draw but a Pint. *Daffdil*,
Call for Wine to make yourselves drink.

Fran. And a Cup of Small Beer, and a Cake, good
Daffdil.

Enter Young Flowerdale.

Flow. How now, fie, sit in the open Room, now
good Sir *Lancelot*, and my kind Friend, worshipful
Master *Weathercock*. What at your Pint? A Quart for
Shame.

Lanc. Nay Royster, by your Leave we will away.

Flow. Come, give's some Musick, we'll go Dance,
Be gone, Sir *Lancelot*, what and fair Day too?

Lanc. 'Twere foully done, to dance within the Fair.

Flow. Nay if you say so, fairest of all Fairs, then I'll
not dance; a Pox upon my Taylor, he hath spoil'd me a
Peach-colour Sattin Suit, cut upon Cloth of Silver, but if
ever the Rascal serve me such another Trick, I'll give
him Leave, i'faith, to put me in the Calender of Fools,
and you, and you, Sir *Lancelot*; and Master *Weathercock*,
my Goldsmith too on t'other side, I bespoke thee, *Luce*,
a Carkenet of Gold, and thought thou should'st a had it
for a Fairing, and the Rogue puts me in Rerages for
Orient Pearl; but thou shalt have it by Sunday Night,
Wench.

Enter the Drawer.

Draw. Sir, here is one that hath sent you a Bottle of
Rhenish Wine, brewed with Rose-Water.

Flow. To me?

Draw. No, Sir, to the Knight; and desires his more
Acquaintance.

Lanc. To me? What's he that proves so kind?

Daf. I have a Trick to know his Name, Sir, he hath

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a Month's Mind here to Mistress Frances, his Name is Master *Civet*.

Lanc. Call him in, *Daffidil*.

Flou. O, I know him, Sir, he is a Fool, but reasonable Rich, his Father was one of these Lease-mongers, these Corn-mongers, these Money-mongers, but he never had the Wit to be a Whore-monger.

Enter Master Civet.

Lanc. I promise you, Sir, you are at too much Charge.

Civ. The Charge is small Charge, Sir, I thank God my Father left me wherewithal; if it please you, Sir, I have a great Mind to this Gentlewoman here, in the way of Marriage:

Lanc. I thank you, Sir; please you to come to *Lewsome*; to my poor House, you shall be kindly welcome: I knew your Father, he was a wary Husband. To pay here, Drawer?

Draw. All is paid, Sir; this Gentleman hath paid all.

Lanc. Faith you do us wrong,
But we shall live to make amends ere long:
Master *Flowerdale*, is that your Man?

Flou. Yes Faith, a good old Knave.

Lanc. Nay then I think you will turn wise,
Now you take such a Servant:

Come, you'll ride with us to *Lewsome*, let's away,

'Tis scarce two Hours to the End of Day. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Arthur Greenshoo, Oliver, Lieutenant
and Soldiers.*

Arth. Lieutenant, lead your Soldiers to the Ships,
There let them have their Coats, at their Arrival
They shall have Pay; farewell, look to your Charge.

Sol. Ay, we are now sent away, and cannot so much
as speak with our Friends.

Oli. No Man what ere you used a zutch a Fashion,
thick you cannot take your Leave of your Vreens.

Arth. Fellow, no more. Lieutenant lead them off.

Sol. Well, if I have not my Pay and my Cloaths,
I'll venture a running away, though I hang for't.

Arth. Away, Sirrah, charm your Tongue.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Oli. Bin you a Presser, Sir?

Arth. I am a Commander, Sir, under the King.

Oli. 'Sfoot, Man, and you be ne'er zutch a Command-
er, Shud a spoke with my Vreens before I cnid a gone,

Arth.

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Arth. Content yourself, Man, my Authority will stretch to press so good a Man as you.

Oli. Press me? I devy, press Scoundrels, and thy Messels; Press me, chee scorns thee i' faith: For seest thee, here's a worshipful Knight knows, cham not to be pressed by thee.

Enter Sir Lancelot, Weathercock, young Flowerdale, old Flowerdale, Luce and Frank.

Lanc. Sir *Arthur*, welcome to *Levesome*, welcome by my Troth: What's the Matter Man, why are you vext?

Oli. Why Man he would press me.

Lanc. O fie, Sir *Arthur*, press him? He is a Man of reckoning.

Weath. Ay, that he is, Sir *Arthur*, he hath the Nobles, The golden Ruddocks he.

Arth. The fitter for the Wars: And were he not in favour

With your Worships, he should see, That I have Power to press so good as he.

Oli. Chill stand to the Trial, so chill.

Flow. Ay marry shall he, press Cloth and Karfy, White-Pot and drowfen Broth; tut, tut, he cannot.

Oli. Well, Sir, though you see vlouten Cloth and Karfy, chee a zeen zutch a Karfy-Coat wear out the Town sick a zilken Jacket, as thick a one you wear.

Flow. Well sed vlitan vlattan.

Oli. A, and well sed Cocknell, and Boe-Bell too: What doest think cham aveard of thy Zilken-Coat, no fer vere thee.

Lanc. Nay, come no more, be all Lovers and Friends.

Weath. Ay, 'tis best so, good Master *Oliver*.

Flow. Is your Name Master *Oliver*, I pray you.

Oli. What tit and be tit, and grieve you.

Flow. No, but I'd gladly know if a Man might not have a foolish Plot out of Master *Oliver* to work upon.

Oli. Work thy Plots upon me, stand aside, work thy foolish Plots upon me, chill so use thee, thou wert never so used since thy Dam bound thy Head, work upon me.

Flow. Let him come, let him come.

Oli. Zyrpha, Zyrpha, if it were not for shame, chee would a given thee zutch a whister poop under the Ear, chee would have made thee a vanged another at my Feet: Stand aside, let me loose, cham all of a vlaming Firebrand; stand aside.

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Flow. Well, I forbear you for your Friend's Sake.

Oli. A vig for all my Vreens, do'st thou tell me of my Vreens?

Lanc. No more, good Master *Oliver*, no more, Sir *Arthur*. And Maiden, here in the sight of all your Suitors, every Man of worth, I'll tell you whom I fainest would prefer to the hard Bargain of your Marriage Bed; shall I be plain among you, Gentlemen?

Arth. Ay, Sir, 'tis best.

Lanc. Then, Sir, first to you, I do confess you a most gallant Knight, a worthy Soldier, and honest Man: But Honesty maintains a *French-hood*, goes very seldom in a Chain of Gold, keeps a small Train of Servants; hath few Friends: And for this wild Oats here, young *Flowerdale*, I will not judge, God can work Miracles, but he were better make a hundred new, than thee a thrifty and an honest one.

Weath. Believe me he hath hit you there, he hath touch'd you to the quick, that he hath.

Flow. Woodcock a my side, why Master *Weathercock*, you know I am honest, howsoever trifles.

Weath. Now by my Troth I know no otherwise. O, your old Mother was a Dame indeed: Heav'n hath her Soul, and my Wife's too, I trust: And your good Father, honest Gentleman, He is gone a Journey, as I hear, far hence.

Flow. Ay, God be praised, he is far enough, He is gone a Pilgrimage to Paradise, And left me to cut a Caper against Care.

Luce. look on me that am as light as Air.

Luce. I faith I like not Shadows, Bubbles, Broth, I hate a light Love, as I hate Death.

Lanc. Girl, hold thee there:

Look on this *Devonshire* Lad:

Fat, fair, and lovely, both in Purse and Person.

Oli. Well, Sir, cham as the Lord hath made me, you know me well ivin, cha have threescore pack of Karsy, and Blacken Hall, and chief Credit beside, and my Fortunes may be so good as another's, zo it may.

Lanc. 'Tis you I love, whatsoever others say.

Arth. Thanks, Fairest.

Flow. What, would'st thou have me quarrel with him?

Fath. Do but say he shall hear from you.

Lanc. Yet, Gentlemen, howsoever I prefer this *Devon-*
shire

shire Suitor, I'll enforce no Love, my Daughter shall have her Liberty to chuse whom she likes best.

In your Love-suit proceed :

Not all of you, but only one must speed.

Weath. You have said well: Indeed right well.

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Mistress, here's one would speak with you, my Fellow *Daffidil* hath him in the Cellar already, he knows him, he met him at *Croydon* Fair.

Lanc. O, I remember, a little Man.

Art. Ay, a very little Man.

Lanc. And yet a proper Man.

Art. A very proper, very little Man.

Lanc. His Name is Monsieur *Civet*.

Art. The same, Sir.

Lanc. Come, Gentlemen, if other Suitors come, My foolish Daughter will be fitted too : But *Delia* my Saint; no Man dare move.

[*Exeunt all but young Flowerdale, Oliver, and old Flowerdale.*

Flow. Hark you, Sir, a Word.

Oli. What ha an you to say to me now ?

Flow. Ye shall hear from me, and that very shortly.

Oli. Is that all, vare thee well, chee vere thee not a vig. [*Exit Oliver.*

Flow. What if he should come now ? I am fairly drest.

Fath. I do not mean that you shall meet with him.

But presently we'll go and draw a Will ; Where we'll set down Land, that we never saw, And we will have it of so large a Sum, Sir *Lancelot* shall intreat you to take his Daughter ; This being formed, give it Master *Weathercock*. And make Sir *Lancelot*'s Daughter Heir of all : And make him swear never to shew the Will To any one, until that you be dead, This done, the foolish Changeling *Weathercock* Will straight Discourse unto Sir *Lancelot*, The Form and Tenor of your Testament. Nor stand to pause of it, be rul'd by me : What will ensue, that shall you quickly see.

Flow. Come let's about it ; if that a Will, sweet *Kit*, Can get the Wench, I shall renown thy Wit. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Daffidil and Luce.

Daf. Mistress, still froward ?

No kind Looks unto your *Daffidil*, now by the Gods.

Lanc.

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Luce. Away my foolish Knave, let my Hand go.

Daf. There's your Hand, but this shall go with me:
My Heart is thine, this is my true Love's Fee,

Luce. I'll have your Coat stript o'er your Ears for this,
You sawcy Rascal.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercock.

Lanc. How now, Maid, what is the News with you?

Luce. Your Man is something sawcy. [*Exit Luce.*]

Lanc. Go to, Sirrah, I'll talk with you anon.

Daf. Sir, I am a Man to be talked withal,
I am no Horse, I trow;

I know my Strength, then no more than so.

Weath. Ay, by the Matkins, good Sir *Lancelot*, I saw
him the other Day hold up the Bucklers, like an *Hercules*.
I faith God-a-mercy, Lad, I like thee well.

Lanc. Ay, ay, like him well, go Sirrah, fetch me a Cup
of Wine,

That ere I part with Master *Weathercock*,
We may drink down our Farewel in *French* Wine.

Weath. I thank you, Sir, I thank you, friendly Knight,
I'll come and visit you, by the Mouse-foot I will;
In the mean time, take heed of cutting *Flowerdals*,
He is a desperate *Dick*, I warrant you.

Lanc. He is, he is: Fill, *Daffidil*, fill me some Wine.
Ha, what wears he on his Arm?

My Daughter *Luce's* Bracelet, ay, 'tis the same,
Ha to you, Master *Weathercock*.

Weath. I thank you, Sir: Here, *Daffidil*, an honest
Fellow, and a tall, thou art. Well; I'll take my Leave,
good Night, and I hope to have you and all your
Daughters at my poor House, in good sooth I must.

Lanc. Thanks, Master *Weathercock*, I shall be bold to
trouble you, be sure.

Weath. And welcome, heartily farewell. [*Exit Weath.*]

Lanc. Sirrah, I saw my Daughter's Wrong, and withal
her Bracelet on your Arm; off with it; and with it my
Livery too. Have I care to see my Daughter match'd with
Men of Worship, and are you grown so bold? Go, Sir-
rah, from my House, or I'll whip you hence.

Daf. I'll not be whipt, Sir, there's your Livery,
This is a Servingman's Reward, what care I,
I have Means to trust to, I scorn Service, I. [*Exit Daffidil.*]

Lanc. Ay a lusty Knave, but I must let him go.
Our Servants must be taught what they should know.

Enter

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Enter Sir Arthur and Luce.

Luce. Sir, as I am a Maid, I do affect you above any Sutor that I have, although that Soldiers scarce know how to love.

Arth. I am a Soldier, and a Gentleman,
Know what belongs to War, what to a Lady :
What Man offends me, that my Sword shall right :
What Woman loves me, I am her faithful Knight.

Luce. I neither doubt your Valour nor your Love,
But there be some that bear a Soldier's Form,
That swear by him they never think upon,
Go swaggering up and down from House to House,
Crying, God pays : And —

Arth. I faith, Lady, I'll descry you such a Man.
Of them there be many which you have spoke of,
That bear the Name and Shape of Soldiers,
Yet, God knows, very seldom saw the War :
That haunt your Taverns and your Ordinaries,
Your Ale-houses sometimes, for all a-like,
To uphold the brutish Humour of their Minds,
Being mark'd down for the Bondmen of Despair :
Their Mirth begins in Wine, but ends in Blood,
Their Drink is clear, but their Conceits are mud.

Luce. Yet these are great Gentlemen Soldiers.

Arth. No they are wretched Slaves,
Whose desperate Lives doth bring them timeless Graves.

Luce. Both for yourself, and for your Form of Life,
If I may chuse, I'll be a Soldier's Wife.

Enter Sir Lancelot and Oliver.

Oil. And tut trust to it, so then.

Lanc. Assure yourself,
You shall be married with all Speed we may :
One Day shall serve for *Frances* and for *Luce*.

Oli. Why che wood vain know the time, for providing:
Wedding Raiments.

Lanc. Why no more but this, first get your Assurance.
made touching my Daughter's Jointure, that dispatch,
we will in two Days make Provision.

Oli. Why Man, chill have the Writings made by To-morrow.

Lanc. To-morrow be it then, let's meet at the *King's*
Head in *Fish-street*.

Oli. No, fie Man, no let's meet at the *Rose* at *Temple-Bar*,
that will be nearer your Counsellor and mine.

Lanc.

Lanc. At the *Rose* be it then, the Hour nine,
He that comes last forfeits a Pint of Wine.

Oli. A Pint is no Payment,
Let it be a whole Quart, or nothing.

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Master, here is a Man would speak with Master *Oliver*; he comes from young Master *Flowerdale*.

Oli. Why chill speak with him, chill speak with him,

Lanc. Nay, Son *Oliver*, I'll surely see
What young *Flowerdale* hath sent to you.
I pray God it be no Quarrel.

Oli. Why Man, if he quarrel with me, chill give him
his Hands full.

Enter old Flowerdale.

Fath. God save you, good Sir *Lancelot*.

Lanc. Welcome, honest Friend.

Fath. To you and yours my Master wisheth Health,
But unto you, Sir, this, and this he sends :
There is the Length, Sir, of his Rapier,
And in that Paper shall you know his Mind.

Oli. Here, chil meet him my Friend, chil meet him.

Lanc. Meet him, you shall not meet the Russian; fie.

Oli. And I do not meet him, chil give you Leave to call
me Cut. Where is't, Sarrah? where is't? where is't?

Fath. The Letter shows both Time and Place,
And if you be a Man, then keep your Word.

Lanc. Sir, he shall not keep his word, he shall not meet.

Fath. Why let him chuse, he'll be the better known
For a base Rascal, and reputed so.

Oli. Zirrah, Zirrah; and 'twere not an old-Fellow, and
sent after an Errant, chid give thee something, but chud
be no Mony: But hold thee, for I see thou art some-
what testorn, hold thee, there's vorty Shillings, bring
thy Master a veeld, chil give thee vorty more, look
thou bring him, chil mall him tell him, chil mar his
dancing Treffels, chil use him, he was ne'er so used since
his Dam bound his Head, chil make him for capering
any more chy vor thee.

Fath. You seem a Man, stout and resolute,
And I will so report; whate'er befall.

Lanc. And fall out ill, assure thy Master this,
I'll make him fly the Land, or use him worse.

Fath. My Master, Sir, deserves not this of you,
And that you'll shortly find.

Lanc. Thy Master is an Unthrift, you a Knave,
And I'll attach you first, next clap him up :
Or have him bound unto his good Behaviour.

Oli. I woud you were a Sprite if you do him any harm
for this : And you do, chil nere see you, nor any of yours,
while chil have Eyes open : What do you think, chil
be abaffelled up and down the Town for a Messel, and a
Scoundrel, no chy bor you : Zirrah, chil come, zay no
more, chil come, tell him.

Fath. Well, Sir, my Master deserves not this of you,
And that you'll shortly find. [Exit.

Oli. No matter, he's an Unthrift, I desie him.

Lanc. No, gentle Son, let me know the Place.

Oli. Now chye vor you.

Lanc. Let me see the Note.

Oli. Nay, chil watch you for zuch a Trick.
But if chee meet him, zo, if not, zo : chil make him
know me, or chil know why I shall not, chil vare the worse.

Lanc. What will you then neglect my Daughter's Love?
Venture your State and her's for a loose Brawl ?

Oli. Why Man, chil not kill him, marry chil veze him
too, and again ; and zo God be with you vather.

What, Man, we shall meet To-morrow. [Exit.

Lanc. Who would have thought he had been so des-
perate. Come forth my honest Servant *Artichoak*.

Enter Artichoak.

Arti. Now, what's the Matter ; some Brawl toward, I
warrant you.

Lanc. Go get me thy Sword bright scower'd, thy Buck-
ler mended. O for that Knave, that Villain *Daffidil* would
have done good Service. But to thee.

Arti. Ay, this is the Tricks of all you Gentlemen, when
you stand in need of a good Fellow. O for that *Daffidil*,
O where is he ? but if you be angry, and it be but for the
wagging of a Straw, then out a Doors with the Knave,
turn the Coat over his Ears. This is the Humour of you all.

Lanc. O for that Knave, that lusty *Daffidil*.

Arti. Why there 'tis now ; our Year's Wages and our
Vails will scarce pay for broken Swords and Bucklers that
we use in our Quarrels. But I'll not fight if *Daffidil* be a
t'other side, that's flat.

Lanc. 'Tis no such matter, Man, get Weapons ready,
and be at *London* ere the Break of Day ; watch near the
Lodging of the *Devonshire* Youth, but be unseen ; and as
he

he goes out, as he will go out, and that very early without doubt.

Arti. What, would you have me draw upon him. And he goes in the Street?

Lanc. Not for a World, Man, into the Fields. For to the Field he goes, there to meet the desperate *Flowerdale*: Take thou the Part of *Oliver* my Son, for he shall be my Son, and marry *Luce*: Do'st understand me, Knave?

Arti. Ay, Sir, I do understand you, but my young Mistress might be better provided in matching with my Fellow *Daffdil*.

Lanc. No more; *Daffdil* is a Knave. That *Daffdil* is a most notorious Knave. [Exit *Arti*.

Enter Weathercock

Master *Weathercock*, you come in a happy time; the desperate *Flowerdale* hath writ a Challenge; and who think you must answer it, but the *Devonshire* Man, my Son *Oliver*.

Weath. Marry I am sorry for it, good Sir *Lancelot*, But if you will be rul'd by me, we'll stay the Fury.

Lanc. As how, I pray?

Weath. Marry I'll tell you, by promising young *Flowerdale* the Red-lip'd *Luce*.

Lanc. I'll rather follow her unto her Grave.

Weath. Ay, Sir *Lancelot*, I would have thought so too; but you and I have been deceiv'd in him; come read this Will, or Deed, or what you call it, I know not: Come, come, your Spectacles I pray.

Lanc. Nay, I thank God, I see very well.

Weath. Marry, God bless your Eyes, mine have been dim almost this thirty Years.

Lanc. Ha, what is this? what is this?

Weath. Nay there is true Love indeed, he gave it to me but this very Morn, and bad me keep it unseen from any one; good Youth, to see how Men may be deceiv'd.

Lanc. Passion of me, what a Wretch am I to hate this loving Youth? he hath made me, together with my *Luce* he loves so dear, Executors of all his Wealth.

Weath. All, all, good Man, he hath given you all.

Lanc. Three Ships now in the Straits, and home-ward-bound;

Two Lordships of two hundred Pounds a Year;

The one in *Wales*, the other in *Gloucestershire*:

Debts and Accounts are thirty thousand Pound;

Plate,

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Plate, Mony; Jewels, sixteen thousand more :
Two Housen furnish'd well in *Coleman-street* ;
Beside whatsoever his Uncle leaves to him,
Being of great Demeans and Wealth at *Peckham*.

Weath. How like you this, good Knight ? How like
you this ?

Lanc. I have done him wrong, but now I'll make amends,
The *Devonshire* Man shall whistle for a Wife.
He marry *Luce* ! *Luce* shall be *Flowerdale's*.

Weath. Why that is friendly said, let's ride to *London*
and prevent their Match, by promising your Daughter to
the lovely Lad.

Lanc. We'll ride to *London*, or it shall not need,
We'll cross to *Dedford-strand*, and take a Boat.
Where be these Knaves ? what *Artichoak* ? what *Fop* ?

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Here be the very Knaves, but not the merry
Knaves.

Lanc. Here take my Cloak, I'll have a walk to *Dedford*.

Art. Sir, we have been scouring of our Swords and
Bucklers for your Defence.

Lanc. Defence me no Defence, let your Swords rust,
I'll have no fighting : Ay, let Blows alone, *Delia* see all
Things be in Readiness against the Wedding, we'll have two
at once, and that will save Charges, Master *Weathercock*.

Art. Well we will do it, Sir. [Exit.

Enter Civet, Frank, and Delia.

Civ. By my troth this is good luck, I thank God for this.
In good sooth I have even my Heart's desire : Sister *Delia*,
now I may boldly call you so, for your Father hath frank
and freely given me his Daughter *Frank*.

Frank. Ay, by my troth, *Tom*, thou hast my good will
too, for I thank God I long'd for a Husband, and would I
might never stir, for one his name was *Tom*.

Del. Why, Sister, now you have your Wish.

Civ. You say very true, Sister *Delia*, and I prithee call
me nothing but *Tom* ; and I'll call the sweet Heart, and
Frank. Will it not do well, Sister *Delia* ?

Del. It will do very well with both of you.

Frank. But *Tom*, must I go as I do now when I am
married ?

Civ. No, *Frank*, I'll have thee go like a Citizen
in a garded Gown, and a *French* Hood.

Frank. By my Troth that will be excellent indeed !

Del.

Del. Brother, maintain your Wife to your Estate.
Apparel you yourself like to your Father ;
And let her go like to your antient Mother ;
He sparing got his Wealth, left it to you,
Brother take heed of Pride, some bids Thrift adieu.

Civ. So as my Father and my Mother went, that's a Jest indeed ; why she went in a fring'd Gown, a single Ruff, and a white Cap ; and my Father in a *Mocado* Coat, a pair of red Sattin Sleeves, and a Canvas Back.

Del. And yet his Wealth was all as much as your's.

Civ. My Estate, my Estate, I thank God, is forty Pound a Year in good Leases and Tenements ; besides twenty Marks a Year at Cuckolds-Haven, and that comes to us all by Inheritance.

Del. That may indeed, 'tis very fitly plied,
I know not how it comes, but so it falls out
That those whose Fathers have died wond'rous rich,
And took no Pleasure but to gather Wealth,
Thinking of little that they leave behind ;
For them they hope, will be of their like mind.
But falls out contrary, forty Years sparing
Is scarce three seven Years spending, never caring
What will ensue, when all their Coin is gone,
And all too late, then Thrift is thought upon ;
Oft have I heard, that Pride and Riot kist,
And then Repentance cries, for had I wist ?

Civ. You say well, Sister *Delia*, you say well ; but I mean to live within my Bounds ; for look you, I have set down my rest thus far, but to maintain my Wife in her *French Hood*, and her Coach, keep a couple of Geldings, and a Brace of Greyhounds, and this is all I'll do.

Del. And you'll do this with forty Pounds a Year ?

Civ. Ay, and a better Penny, Sister.

Frank. Sister, you forget that at Cuckolds-Haven.

Civ. By my Troth well remembred, *Frank*,
I'll give thee that to buy thee Pins.

Del. Keep you the rest for Points ; alas the Day,
Fools shall have Wealth, though all the World say nay.
Come, Brother, will you in, Dinner stays for us.

Civ. Ay, good Sister, with all my Heart.

Frank. Ay, by my Troth *Tom*, for I have a good Stomach.

Civ. And I the like, sweet *Frank* ; no Sister,
Do not think I'll go beyond my Bounds.

Del.

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Del. God grant you may not.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter young Flowerdale, and his Father, with foils.
in their Hands.

Flow. Sirrah, Kit, tarry you there, I have spied Sir Lancelot and old Weathercock coming this Way, they are hard at Hand, I will by no means be spoken withal.

Fath. I'll warrant you, go get you in.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercock.

Lanc. Now, my honest Friend, thou dost belong to Master Flowerdale?

Fath. I do, Sir.

Lanc. Is he within my good Fellow?

Fath. No, Sir, he is not within,

Lanc. I prethee, if he be within, let me speak with him.

Fath. Sir, to tell you true, my Master is within, but indeed would not be spoke withal; there be some Terms that stands upon his Reputation, therefore he will not admit any Conference 'till he hath shook them off.

Lanc. I prethee tell him his very good Friend Sir Lancelot Spurcock intreats to speak with him.

Fath. By my Troth, Sir, if you come to take up the matter between my Master and the *Devonshire* Man, you do but beguile your Hopes, and lose your Labour.

Lanc. Honest Friend, I have not any such things to him, I come to speak with him about other Matters.

Fath. For my Master, Sir, hath set down his Resolution, either to redeem his Honour, or leave his Life behind him.

Lanc. My Friend, I do not know any Quarrel touching thy Master, or any other Person, my Business is of a different Nature to him, and I prethee so tell him.

Fath. For howsoever the *Devonshire* Man is, My Master's Mind is bloody; that's a round O, And therefore, Sir, Intreaties are but vain.

Lanc. I have no such thing to him, I tell thee once agin.

Fath. I will then so signify to him. [*Exit Father.*

Lanc. Ay, Sirrah, I see this matter is hotly carried. But I'll labour to dissuade him from it.

Enter young Flowerdale and his Father.

Good morrow, Master Flowerdale.

Flow. Good morrow, good Sir Lancelot,

Good morrow, Master Weathercock;

By my Troth, Gentlemen, I have been reading over

Nick

Nick Machiavel; I find him
 Good to be known, not to be followed :
 A pestilent human Fellow, I have made
 Certain Annotations of him such as they be :
 And how is't, Sir *Lancelot* ? ha ? how is't ?
 A mad Wor'd, Men cannot live quiet in it.

Lanc. Master *Flowerdale*, I do understand there is some
 Jar between the *Devonshire* Man and you.

Fath. They, Sir ; they are good Friends as can be.

Flow. Who Master *Oliver* and I ? as good Friends as
 can be.

Lanc. It is a kind of Safety in you to deny it, and a ge-
 nerous Silence, which too few are indued withal : But, Sir,
 such a thing I hear, and I could wish it otherwise.

Flow. No such thing, Sir *Lancelot*, at my Reputation, as
 I am an honest Man.

Lanc. Now I do believe you then, if you do
 Ingage your Reputation there is none.

Flow. Nay I do not ingage my Reputation there is not,
 You shall not bind me to any condition of hardnes :
 But if there be any thing between us, then there is,
 If there be not, then there is not. Be, or be not, all is
 one.

Lanc. I do perceive by this, that there is something be-
 twen you, and I am very sorry for it.

Flow. You may be deceiv'd, Sir *Lancelot*, the *Italian*
 Hath a pretty saying, *Questo* ? I have forgot it too,
 'Tis out of my Head, but in my Translation (him.
 It's hold thus, Thou hast a Friend keep him ; if a Foe trip

Lanc. Come, I do see by this there is somewhat be-
 tween you,
 And before God I could wisht it otherwise.

Flow. Well, what is between us, can hardly be alter'd :
 Sir *Lancelot*, I am to ride forth To-morrow,
 That way which I must ride, no Man must deny
 Me the Sun, I would not by any particular Man
 Be denied common and general Passage. If any one
 Saith, *Flowerdale*, thou passest not this way ;
 My Answer is, I must either on or return :
 But return is not my Word, I must on :
 If I cannot then make my way, Nature
 Hath done the last for me, and there's the Fine.

Lanc. Mr. *Flowerdale*, every Man hath one Tongue,
 And two Ears ; Nature in her Building,

Is a most curious Work-maste.

Flow. That is as much as to say, a Man should hear more Than he should speak.

Flow. You say true, and indeed I have heard more, Than at this time I will speak.

Lanc. You say well.

Lanc. Slanders are more common than Troths, Master *Flowerdale*, but Proof is the Rule for both.

Flow. You say true, what do you call him Hath it there in his third Canton?

Lanc. I have heard you have been wild: I have believ'd it.

Flow. 'Twas fit, 'twas necessary.

Lanc. But I have seen somewhat of late in you, That hath confirm'd in me an Opinion of Goodness toward you.

Flow. I Faith, Sir, I am sure I never did you Harm: Some Good I have done, either to you or yours, I am sure you know not, neither is it my Will you should.

Lanc. Ay, your Will, Sir.

Flow. Ay, my Will, Sir; 'sfoot do you know ought of Begod and you do, Sir, I am abus'd. (my Will?)

Lanc. Go, Mr. *Flowerdale*, what I know, I know; And know you thus much out of my Knowledge, That I truly love you. For my Daughter, She's yours. And if you like a Marriage better Than a Brawl, all Quirks of Reputation set aside, go with me presently: And where you should fight a bloody Battle, you shall be married to a lovely Lady.

Flow. Nay but, Sir *Lancelot*?

Lanc. If you will not embrace my offer, yet assure yourself thus much, I will have order to hinder your Encounter.

Flow. Nay but hear me, Sir *Lancelot*.

Lanc. Nay, stand not you upon imputative Honour, 'Tis meerly unsound, unprofitable, and idle Inferences; your Business is to wed my Daughter, therefore give me your present Word to do it; I'll go and provide the Maid, therefore give me your present Resolution, either now or never.

Flow. Will you so put me to it? (never.)

Lanc. Ay, afore God, either take me now, or take me Else what I thought should be our match, shall be our parting So fare you well for ever.

Flow. Stay? fall out, what my Fall, my Love

Is above all : I will come.

Lanc. I expect you, and so fare you well,

[*Exit Sir Lancelot.*

Fath. Now, Sir, how shall we do for wedding Apparel?

Flow. By the Mass that's true ; now help *Kit*,

The Marriage ended, we'll make Amends for all.

Fath. Well, no more, prepare you for your Bride,
We will not want for Cloaths, whatsoe'er betide.

Flow. And thou shalt see, when once I have my Dower
In Mirth we'll spend full many a merry Hour :

As for this Wench, I not regard a Pin,

It is her Gold must bring my Pleasures in.

[*Exit.*

Fath. Is't possible, he hath his second living,
Forsaking God, himself to the Devil giving ;
But that I knew his Mother firm and chaste,
My Heart would say, my Head she had disgrac'd :
Else would I swear, he never was my Son,
But her fair Mind so foul a Deed did shun.

Enter young Flowerdale's Uncle.

Unc. How now, Brother, how do you find your Son?

Fath. O Brother, heedless as a Libertine,
Ev'n grown a Master in the School of Vice,
One that doth nothing, but invent Deceit ;
For all the Day he humours up and down,
How he the next Day might deceive his Friend :
He thinks of nothing but the present time :
For one Groat ready down, he'll pay a Shilling ;
But then the Lender must needs stay for it.
When I was young, I had the scope of Youth,
Both wild and wanton, careless and desperate :
But such mad Strains as he's possest withal,
I thought it wonder for to dream upon.

Unc. I told you so, but you would not believe it.

Fath. Well I have found it, but one thing comforts me,
Brother, To-morrow he's to be married
To beautiful *Luce*, Sir *Lancelot Spurcock's* Daughter.

Unc. Is't possible?

Fath. 'Tis true, and thus I mean to curb him ;
This Day, Brother, I will you shall arrest him ;
If any thing will tame him, it must be that,
For he is rank in Mischief, chain'd to a Life,
That will encrease his Shame, and kill his Wife.

Unc. What, arrest him on his Wedding Day ?
That were unchristian, and an unhuman Part :

How

How many Couple ev'n for that very Day,
Have purchast seven Years Sorrow afterward?
Forbear it then to Day, do it to Morrow,
And this Day mingle not his Joy with Sorrow.

Fath. Brother, I'll have it done this very Day,
And in the view of all, as he comes from Church.
Do but observe the Course that he will take,
Upon my Life he will forswear the Debt:
And for we'll have the Sum shall not be slight,
Say that he owes you near three thousand Pound:
Good Brother, let it be done immediately.

Unc. Well, seeing you will have it so,
Brother I'll do't, and straight provide the Sheriff.

Fath. So Brother, by this means shall we perceive
What Sir *Lancelot* in this pinch will do:
Add how his Wife doth stand affected to him,
Her Love will then be tried to the uttermost:
And all the rest of them. Brother, what I will do,
Shall harm him much, and much avail him too.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Cham assured thick bethe Place, that the scoundrel
Appointed to meet me, if a come, zo: If a come not, zo.
And che war avise, he would make a Coytrel an us,
Ched vese him, and che vang him in hand, che would
Hoyft him, and give it him too and again, zo chud:
Who ha been there, Sir *Arthur*? Chil stay aside.

Enter Sir Arthur.

Art. I have dog'd the *Devonshire* Man into the Field,
For fear of any harm that should befall him:
I had an incling of that Yesternight,
That *Flowerdale* and he should meet this Morning.
Tho' of my Soul, *Oliver* fears him not,
Yet for I'd see fair Play on either side,
Made me to come, to see their Valours try'd —
Good Morrow to Master *Oliver*.

Oli. God and good Morrow.

Art. What, Master *Oliver*, are you angry?

Oli. What an it be, tyt an griven you?

Art. Not me at all, Sir, but I imagine,
By your being here thus Arm'd,
You stay for some that you should fight withal.

Oli. Why and he do, che would not dezire you to
take his part.

B

Art.

Art. No, by my Troth, I think you need it not.
For he you look for, I think means not to come.

Oli. No, and she were as sure of that, ched avese him
in another Place.

Enter Daffidil.

Daff. O, Sir *Arthur*, Master *Oliver*, ay me,
Your Love, and yours, and mine, sweet Mistress *Luce*,
This Morning is married to young *Flowerdale*.

Art. Married to *Flowerdale*! 'tis impossible.

Oli. Married, Man? Che hope thou dost but jest:
To make an a volowten merriment of it.

Daff. O 'tis too true, here comes his Uncle.

Enter young Flowerdale's Uncle, with Sheriff and Officers.

Unc. Good morrow, Sir *Arthur*, good morrow, Master
Oliver.

Oli. God and good Morn, Mr. *Flowerdale*, I pray
tellen us, is your scoundrel Kinsman married?

Art. Mr. *Oliver*, call him what you will, but he is
married to Sir *Lancelot's* Daughter here.

Unc. Sir *Arthur*, unto her?

Oli. Ay, ha the old vellow zerved me thick a trick?
Why Man, he was a promise, chil chud a had her:
Is a zitch a vox, chil look to his Water che vor him.

Unc. The Musick plays, they are coming from the Church,
Sheriff, do your Office: Fellows, stand stoutly to it.

Enter all to the Wedding.

Oli. God give you Joy, as the old zaid Proverb is, and
some Zorrow among. You met us well, did you not?

Lanc. Nay, be not angry, Sir, the fault is in me,
I have done all the wrong, kept him from coming to the
Field to you, as I might, Sir, for I am a Justice, and
sworn to keep the Peace.

Weath. Ay marry is he, Sir, a very Justice, and sworn
to keep the Peace, you must not disturb the Weddings.

Lanc. Nay, never frown nor storm, Sir, if you do,
I'll have an Order taken for you.

Oli. Well, well, chil be quiet

Weath. Mr. *Flowerdale*, Sir *Lancelot*, look you, who
here is? Mr. *Flowerdale*.

Lanc. Mr. *Flowerdale*, welcome with all my Heart.

Flow. Unele, this is she i'faith, Master Under-Sheriff,
Arrest me? At whose Suit? Draw, *Kit*.

Unc. At my Suit, Sir.

Lanc. Why, what's the matter, Mr. *Flowerdale*?

Unc.

Unc. This is the matter, Sir, this Unthrift here
Hath cozen'd you, and hath had of me
In several Sums three thousand Pound.

Flow. Why, Uncle, Uncle.

Unc. Cousin, Cousin, you have Uncled me,
And if you be not staid, you'll prove
A Cozener unto all that know you.

Lanc. Why, Sir, suppose he be to you in debt
Ten Thousand Pound, his State to me appears,
To be at least three thousand by the Year.

Unc. O, Sir, I was too late inform'd of that Plot,
How that he went about to cozen you :

And form'd a Will and sent it to your good
Friend there, Master *Weathercock*, in which was
Nothing true, but brags and lyes.

Lanc. Ha, hath he not such Lordships,
Lands, and Ships ?

Unc. Not worth a Groat, not worth a Halfpenny he.

Lanc. I pray tell us true, be plain, young *Flowerdale*.

Flow. My Uncle here's mad,

And dispos'd to do me wrong.

But here's my Man an honest Fellow

By the Lord, and of good Credit, knows all is true,

Fath. Not I, Sir, I am too old to lye ; I rather know
You forg'd a Will, where every Line you writ,
You studied where to quote your Lands might lie.

Weath. And I prithee where be thy honest Friends ?

Fath. I faith no where, Sir, for he hath none at all.

Weath. Benedicity, we are o'er-reach'd, I believe.

Lanc. I am cozen'd, and my hopefull't Child undone.

Flow. You are not cozen'd, nor is she undone,

They slander me, by this Light, they slander me :

Look you my Uncle here's an Usurer, and would undo me,
But I'll stand in Law, do you but bail me, you shall do no
more :

You Brother *Civilt*, and Master *Weathercock*, do but

Bail me, and let me have my Marriage Money

Paid me, and we'll ride down,

And there your own Eyes shall see

How my poor Tenants there will welcome me.

You shall but Bail me, you shall do no more,

And you, greedy Gnat, there Bail will serve.

Unc. Ay, Sir, I'll ask no better Bail.

Lanc. No, Sir, you shall not take my Bail, nor his,

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Nor my Son *Civet's*, I'll not be cheated, I.
 Sheriff, take your Prisoner, I'll not deal with him:
 Let's Uncle make false Dice with his false Bones,
 I will not have to do with him: Mock'd, gull'd, and
 wrong'd!

Come, Girl, tho' it be late, it falls out well,
 Thou shalt not live with him in Beggar's Hell.

Luce. He is my Husband, and high Heav'n doth
 know.

With what unwillingness I went to Church,
 But you enforc'd me, you compell'd me to it:
 The holy Churchman pronounc'd these Words but now,
 I must not leave my Husband in Distress:
 Now I must comfort him, not go with you.

Lanc. Comfort a Cozener? On my Curse forsake him.

Luce. This Day you caus'd me on your Curse to take
 him:

Do not, I pray, my griev'd Soul oppress?
 God knows my Heart doth bleed at his Distress.

Lanc. O Master *Weathercock*,

I must confess I forc'd her to this Match,
 Led with Opinion his false Will was true.

Weath. Ah, he hath over-reach'd me too.

Lanc. She might have liv'd like *Delia*, in a happy
 Virgin's state.

Del. Father be patient, Sorrow comes too late,

Lanc. And on her Knees she beg'd and did intreat,
 If she must needs taste a sad Marriage Life,
 She crav'd to be Sir *Arthur Greensfield's* Wife.

Art. You have done her and me the greater wrong.

Lanc. O take her yet.

Art. Not I.

Lanc. Or, Master *Oliver*, accept my Child, and half
 my Wealth is yours.

Oli. No, Sir, chil break no Laws.

Luce. Never fear, she will not trouble you.

Del. Yet, Sister in this Passion do not run headlong to
 Confusion. You may affect him, tho' not follow him.

Frank. Do, Sister, hang him, let him go.

Weath. Do faith, Mistress *Luce*, leave him.

Luce. You are three gross Fools, let me alone,
 I swear, I'll live with him in all his moan.

Oli. But art he have his Legs at Liberty,
 Cham ayear'd he will never live with you.

Art.

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Art. Ay, but he is now in Hucksters handling for running away.

Lanc. Hufwife, you hear how you and I are wrong'd,
And if you will redrefs it yet you may :
But if you stand on terms to follow him,
Never come near my fight, nor look on me,
Call me not Father, look not for a Great,
For all the Portion I will this Day give
Unto thy Sister *Frances*.

Fran. How say you to that, *Tom* ?
I shall have a good deal.
Besides, I'll be a good Wife : and a good Wife
Is a good thing I can tell.

Girl. Peace, *Frank*, I would be sorry to see thy Sister
cast away, as I am a Gentleman.

Lanc. What, are you yet resolv'd ?

Luce. Yes, I am resolv'd.

Lanc. Come then away, or now, or never come.

Luce. This way I turn, go you unto your Feast,
And I to weep, that am with Grief oppress'd.

Lanc. For ever fly my sight : Come Gentlemen,
Let's in, I'll help you to far better Wives than her.

Delia, upon my Blessing talk not to her,
Base Baggage, in such haste to Beggary ?

Unc. Sheriff, take your Prisoner to your Charge.

Flow. Uncle, be gad you have us'd me very hardly,
By my Troth, upon my Wedding Day.

[*Exeunt all but Luce, young Flowerdale, his
Father, Uncle, Sheriff and Officers.*]

Luce. O Master *Flowerdale*, but hear me speak,
Stay but a little while, good Master Sheriff,
If not for him, for my sake pity him :
Good Sir, stop not your Ears at my Complaint,
My Voice grows weak, for Womens words are faint.

Flow. Look you, she kneels to you.

Unc. Fair Maid, for you, I love you with my Heart,
And grieve sweet Soul, thy Fortune is so bad,
That thou should'st match with such a graceless Youth.
Go to thy Father, think not upon him,
Whom Hell hath mark'd to be the Son of Shame.

Luce. Impute his wildness, Sir, unto his Youth,
And think that now's the time he doth repent :
Alas, what good or gain can you receive,
To imprison him that nothing hath to Pay ?

And where nought is, the King doth lose his due;
O pity him as God shall pity you.

Unc. Lady, I know his Humours all too well,
And nothing in the World can do him good,
But Misery itself to chain him with.

Luce. Say that your Debts were paid, then is he free?

Unc. Ay, Virgin, that being answered, I have done.
But to him that is all as impossible,
As I to scale the high Pyramids.

Sheriff take your Prisoner; Maiden fare thee well.

Luce. O go not yet, good Master *Flowerdale*:
Take my Word for the Debt, my Word, my Bond.

Flow. Ay, by Gad Uncle, and my Bond too.

Luce. Alas, I ne'er ought nothing but I paid it;
And I can Work, alas, he can do nothing:
I have some Friends perhaps will pity me,
His chiefest Friends do seek his Misery.

All that I can, or beg, get or receive,
Shall be for you: O do not turn away:

Methinks within a Face so reverend,
So well experienced in this tottering World,
Should have some feeling of a Maiden's Grief:

For my sake, his Father's and your Brothers sake,
Ay, for your Soul's sake that doth hope for Joy,
Pity my state, do not two Souls destroy.

Unc. Fair Maid, stand up; not in regard of him,
But in pity of thy hapless Choice,

I do release him: Master Sheriff, I thank you:
And Officers, there is for you to drink.

Here, Maid, take this Money, there is a hundred Angels:
And, for I will be sure he shall not have it,

Here, *Kester*, take it you, and use it sparingly,
But let not her have any want at all.

Dry your Eyes, Neice, do not too much lament:
For him, whose Life hath been in Riot spent:

If well he useth thee, he gets him Friends,
If ill, a shameful end on him depends. [*Exit Un.*]

Flow. A plague go with you for an old Fornicator.
Come, *Kit*, the Money, come honest *Kit*.

Fath. Nay by my Faith, Sir, you shall pardon me.

Flow. And why, Sir, pardon you? Give me the Money you old Rascal, or I will make you.

Luce. Pray hold your Hands, give it him honest Friend.

Fath. If you be so content, with all my Heart.

Flow.

Flow. Content, Sir, 'sblood she shall be content
Whether she will or no. A rattle Baby come to follow me :
Go, get you gone to the greasy Chuff your Father,
Bring me your Dowry, or never look on me.

Fath. Sir, she hath forsook her Father, and all her
Friends, for you.

Flow. Hang thee, her Friends and Father altogether.

Fath. Yet part with something to provide her Lodging.

Flow. Yes, I mean to part with her and you, but if I part
with one Angel, hang me at a Post. I'll rather throw
them at a cast of Dice, as I have done a thousand of
their Fellows.

Fath. Nay then I will be plain, degenerate Boy,
Thou hadst a Father would have been asham'd.

Flow. My Father was an Ass, an old Ass.

Fath. Thy Father? Proud licentious Villain:
What, are you at your Foils? I'll foil with you.

Luce. Good Sir, forbear him.

Fath. Did not this whining Woman hang on me,
I'd teach thee what it was to abuse thy Father :
Go hang, beg, starve, dice, game, that when all's gone,
Thou may'st after despair and hang thyself.

Luce. O do not Curse him.

Fath. I do not curse him, and to pray for him were vain,
It grieves me that he bears his Father's Name.

Flow. Well, you old Rascal, I shall meet with you.
Sirrah, get you gone, I will not strip the Livery
Over your Ears, because you paid for it :
But do not use my Name, Sirrah,
Do you hear? Look you do not
Use my Name, you were best.

Fath. Pay me the twenty Pound then that I lent you,
Or give me Security when I may have it.

Flow. I'll pay thee not a Penny,
And for Security I'll give thee none.
Minckins, look you do not follow me, look you do not :
If you do, Beggar, I shall slit your Nose.

Luce. Alas, what shall I do?

Flow. Why turn Whore, that's a good Trade,
And so perhaps I'll see thee now and then.

[Exit Flowerdale.]

Luce. Alas the day that ever I was born.

Fath. Sweet Mistress, do not weep, I'll stick to you.

Luce. Alas, my Friend, I know not what to do,

My Father and my Friends, they have despis'd me :
And I a wretched Maid, thus cast away,
Knows neither where to go, nor what to say.

Fath. It grieves me at the Soul, to see her Tears
Thus stain the Crimson Roses of her Cheeks :
Lady, take comfort, do not mourn in vain,
I have a little Living in this Town,
The which I think, comes to a hundred Pound,
All that and more shall be at your dispose ;
I'll strait go help you to some strange Disguise,
And place you in a Service in this Town ;
Where you shall know all, yet you self unknown :
Come, grieve no more, where no help can be had,
Weep not for him, that is more worse than bad.

Luce, I thank you, Sir. [Exeunt.

Enter Lancelot, Master Weathercock and the rest.

Oli. Well, cha a bin zerved many 'a sluttish Trick,
But such a Lerripoop as thick ych was ne'er a sarved.

Lanc. Son *Civet*, Daughter *Frances*, bear with me,
You see how I am pres'd down with inward Grief,
About that luckless Girl, your Sister *Luce*.
But 'tis fall'n out with me, as with many Families beside,
They are most unhappy that are most belov'd.

Civ. Father, 'tis so, 'tis even fall'n out so, [pass
But what Remedy ? Set Hand to your Heart, and let it
Here is your Daughter *Frances* and I, and we'll not say,
We'll bring forth such witty Children, but as pretty
Children as ever she was : tho' she had the prick
And praise for a pretty Wench : But Father, done is
The Mouse, you'll come ?

Lanc. Ay, Son *Civet*, I'll come.

Civ. And you Master *Oliver*.

Oli. Ay, for che a vext out this veast, chill see if a gan
Make a better Veast there.

Civ. And you Sir *Arthur* ?

Art. Ay, Sir, altho' my Heart be full,
I'll be a Partner at your Wedding Feast.

Civ. And welcome all indeed, and welcome ; come
Frank, are you ready ?

Frank. Jeshue, how hasty these Husbands are ; I pray
Father, pray to God to bless me.

Lanc. God bless thee, and I do ; God make thee wise,
Send you both Joy, I wish it with wet Eyes.

Frank. But Father, shall not my Sister *Delia* go along
with.

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with us? She is excellent good at Cookery, and such things.

Lanc. Yes marry shall she: *Delia*, make you ready.

Del. I am ready, 'Sir, I will first go to *Greenwich*.
From thence to my Cousin *Chesterfield*, and so to *London*.

Civ. It shall suffice, good Sister *Delia*, it shall suffice, but fail us not, good Sister, give order to Cooks and others, for I would not have my sweet *Frank* to soil her Fingers.

Frank. No by my troth not I, a Gentlewoman, and a married Gentlewoman too, to be Companion to Cooks, and Kitchin-boys, not I i'faith, I scorn that.

Civ. Why, I do not mean thou shalt, sweet Heart, thou seest I do not go about it; well, farewell too: You Gods pity Mr. *Weathercock*, we shall have your Company too?

Weath. With all my Heart, for I love good Cheer.

Civ. Well, God be with you all, come, *Frank*.

Frank. God be with you, Father, God be with you, Sir *Arthur*, Master *Oliver*, and Master *Weathercock*, Sister, God be with you all: God be with you, Father, God be with you every one.

Weath. Why, how now, Sir *Arthur*, all a mort, Master *Oliver*, how now, Man?

Cheerly, Sir *Lancelot*, and merrily say,
Who can hold that will away.

Lanc. Ay, she is gone indeed, poor Girl, undone,
But when these be self-will'd, Children must smart.

Art. But, Sir, that she is wronged, you are the chiefest Cause, therefore 'tis reason you redress her wrong.

Weath. Indeed you must, Sir *Lancelot*, you must.

Lanc. Must? who can compel me, Mr. *Weathercock*?
I hope I may do what I list.

Weath. I grant you may, you may do what you list.

Oli. Nay, but and you be well wiseden, it were not good,
By this vrampolness, and vrowardness, to cast away
As pretty a dowssabel, as am 'chould chance to see
In a Summer's Day; chill tell you what chall do,
Chill go spy up and down the Town, and see if I
Can hear any Tale or Tydings of her,
And take her away from thick a Messel, vor cham
Ashured, heel but bring her to the spoil,
And so var you well, we shall meet at your Son *Civet's*.

Lanc. I thank you, Sir, I take it very kindly.

Artb.

Artb. To find her out, I'll spend my dearest Blood,
So well I lov'd her, to effect her Good. [*Exeunt Ambo.*]

Lanc. O Master *Weathercock*,
What hap had I, to force my Daughter
From Master *Oliver*, and this good Knight,
To one that hath no Goodness in his Thought?

Weath. Ill luck, but what remedy?

Lanc. Yes, I have almost devised a Remedy.
Young *Flowerdale* is sure a Prisoner.

Weath. Sure? nothing more sure,

Lanc. And yet perhaps his Uncle hath releas'd him.

Weath. It may be very like, no doubt he hath.

Lanc. Well if he be in Prison, I'll have Warrants
To Tache my Daughter 'till the Law be tired,
For I will sue him upon Couzenage.

Weath. Marry may you, and overthrow him too.

Lanc. Nay that's not so; I may chance be scot,
And sentence past with him.

Weath. Believe me, so he may, therefore take heed.

Lanc. Well howsoever, yet I will have warrants,
In Prison, or at Liberty, all's one:
You will help to serve them, Master *Weathercock*?

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague of the Devil, the Devil take the Dice;
The Dice, and the Devil, and his Dam go together.
Of all my hundred golden Angels,
I have not left me one Denier:
A Pox of come a Five, what shall I do?
I can borrow no more of my Credit:
There's not any of my acquaintance, Man nor Boy,
But I have borrowed more or less of:
I would I knew where to take a good Purse,
And go clear away, by this Light I'll venture for it.
Gods lid my Sister *Delia*,
I'll rob her, by this Hand.

Enter Delia and Artichoak.

Del. I prithee, *Artichoak*, go not so fast,
The Weather is hot, and I am something weary. [you
Art. Nay I warrant you, Mistress *Delia*, I'll not tire
With leading, we'll go on extream moderate pace.

Flow. Stand deliver your Purse.

Art. O Lord, Thieves, Thieves. [*Exit. Artichoak.*]

Flow. Come, come, your Purse, Lady your Purse.

Del.

Del. That Voice I have heard often before this time.
What, Brother *Flowerdale* become a Thief?

Flow. Ay, plague on't, I thank your Father ;
But Sister, come, your Money, come :
What the World must find me, I am born to live,
'Tis not a Sin to steal, when none will give.

Del. O God, is all Grace banisht from thy Heart,
Think of the Shame that doth attend this Fact.

Flow. Shame me no Shames, come give me your Purse;
I'll bind you, Sister, lest I fare the worse.

Del. No, bind me not, hold, there is all I have,
And would that Money would redeem thy Shame.

Enter Oliver, Sir Arthur, and Artichoak.

Art. Thieves, Thieves, Thieves. [*Delia.*

Oli. Thieves, where Man? why how now, Mistress
Ha you a liked to been a robbed?

Del. No, Master *Oliver*, 'tis Master *Flowerdale*, he did
but jest with me.

Oli. How, *Flowerdale*, that Scoundrel? Sirrah, you
meten us well, vang thee that.

Fl. Well, Sir, I'll not meddle with you, because I
have a Charge.

Del. Here Brother *Flowerdale*, I'll lend you this same
Money.

Flow. I thank you, Sister.

Oli. I wad you were y'split, and you let the Meze
have a Penny ; but since you cannot keep it, chil keep it
my self.

Art. 'Tis pity to relieve him in this sort,
Who makes a triumphant Life his daily sport.

Del. Brother, you see how all Men censure you,
Farewel, and I pray God amend your Life.

Oli. Come, chil bring you along, and you safe enough
From twenty such Scoundrels as hick an one is.
Farewell and be hanged, zyrrah, as I think so thou
Wilt be shortly : come, Sir *Arthur*.

[*Exeunt all but Flowerdale.*

Flow. A plague go with you for a Karsie Rascal ;
This *Devonshire* Man I think is made all of Pork,
His Hands made only for to heave up Packs ,
His Heart as fat and big as his Face,
As differing far from all brave gallant Minds,
As I to serve the Hogs, and drink with Hinds,
As I am very near now ; well what remedy,

When

When Money, Means, and Friends, do grow so small,
Then farewell Life, and there's an end of all. [*Exit.*
Enter young Flowerdale's Father, Luce like a Dutch Frow,
Civit and his Wife Frances.

Civ. By my troth God a Mercy for this, good *Christopher* I thank thee for my Maid, like her very well, how dost thou like her, *Frances*?

Fran. In good Sadness, *Tom*, very well, excellent well, She speaks so prettily, I pray what's your Name?

Luce. My name, forsooth, be called *Tanikin*.

Fran. By my troth a fine Name: O *Tanikin*, you are excellent for dressing ones Head a new Fashion.

Luce. Me sall do every ting about da Head.

Civ. What Countrywoman is she, *Kester*?

Fath. A Dutch Woman, Sir.

Civ. Why then she is Outlandish, is she not?

Fath. Ay, Sir, she is.

Fran. O then thou canst tell how to help me to Cheeks and Ears?

Luce. Yes, Mistress, very well.

Fath. Cheeks and Ears why, Mistress *Frances*, want you Cheeks and Ears? methinks you have very fair ones.

Fran. Thou are a Fool indeed: *Tom*, thou knowest what I mean.

Civ. Ay, ay, *Kester*, 'tis such they wear a their Heads. I prithee, *Kit*, have her in, and shew her my House.

Fath. I will, Sir? come *Tanikin*.

Fran. O *Tom*, you have not bussed me to Day, *Tom*.

Civ. No *Frances*, we must not kifs afore Folks.
God save my *Franch*.

Enter Delia and Artichoak.

See yonder, my Sister *Delia* is come, welcome, good Sister.

Fran. Welcome, good Sister, how do you like the Tire of my Head?

Del. Very well Sister.

Civ. I am glad you're come, Sister *Delia*, to give order for Supper, they will be here soon.

Art. Ay, but if good luck had not serv'd, she had Noi been here now filching *Flowerdale* had like To perper'd us, but for Master *Oliver* we had been robb'd.

Del. Peace, Sirrah, no more.

Fath. Robb'd! by whom?

Art. Marry by none but by *Flowerdale*, he is turn'd Th.f.

Civ.

Civ. By my Faith, but that is not well, but God be prais'd for your Escape, will you draw near, Sister?

Fath. Sirrah, come hither; would *Flowerdale* he that was my Master, a robbed you, I prithee tell me true?

Art. Yes, i' Faith, even that *Flowerdale* that was thy Master.

Fath. Hold thee, there is a *French Crown*, and speak no more of this.

Art. Not I, not a Word, now do I smell Knavery: In every Purse *Flowerdale* takes, he is half: And gives me this to keep Countel, not a Word I.

Fath. Why God a Mercy.

Fran. Sister, look here, I have a new *Dutch Maid*, And she speaks so fine, it would do your Heart good:

Civ. How do you like her, Sister?

Del. I like your Maid well.

Civ. Well, dear Sister, will you draw near, and give Directions for Supper, Guests will be here presently.

Del. Yes, Brother, lead the Way, I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt all but Delia and Luce.*

Hark you, *Dutch Frow*, a Word.

Luce. Vat is your Vill wit me?

Del. Sister *Luce*, 'tis not your broken Language, Nor this same Habit can disguise your Face From I that know you; pray tell me, what means this?

Luce. Sister, I see you know me, yet be secret; This borrow'd Shape that I have ta'n upon me, Is but to keep my seif a Space unknown Both from my Father and my nearest Friends; Unill I see how Time will bring to pass, The desperate Course of Master *Flowerdale*.

Del. O he is worse than bad, I prithee leave him; And let not once thy Heart to think on him.

Luce. Do not persuade me once to such a Thought, Imagine yet, that he is worse than nought; Yet one good Time may all that Ill undo, That all his former Life did run into. Therefore, kind Sister, do not disclose my Estate, If e'er his Heart doth turn, 'tis ne'er to late.

Del. Well, seeing no Counsel can remove your Mind, I'll not disclose you, that are wilful blind.

Luce. *Delia*, I thank you, I now must please her Eyes. My Sister *Frances*, neither fair nor wise.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter Flowerdale Salus.

Flow. On goes he that knows no end of his Journey,
 I have pass'd the very utmost bounds of Shifting,
 I have no Course now but to hang my self;
 I have liv'd since yesterday two a Clock, of a
 Spice cake I had at a Burial: And for Drink,
 I got it at an Ale-house among Porters, such as
 Will bear out a Man, if he have no Money indeed;
 I mean out of their Companies, for they are Men
 Of good Carriage. Who comes here?
 The two Cony-catchers, that won all my Mony of me.
 I'll try if they'll lend me any.

Enter Dick and Ralph.

What Mr. *Richard*, how do you?
 How dost thou *Ralph*? By Gad, Gentlemen, the World
 Grows bare with me, will you do as much as lend
 Me an Angel between you both, you know you
 Won a hundred of me the other Day.

Ralph. How, an Angel? Gad damn us if we lost not
 every Penny within an Hour after thou wert gone.

Flow. I prithee lend me so much as will pay for my Sup-
 I'll pay you again, as I am a Gentleman. [per;

Ralph. I'Faith, we have not a farthing, not a mite;
 I wonder at it, Mr. *Flowerdale*,

You will so carelessly undo your self;

Why, you will lose more Money in an Hour,

Than any Honest Man spends in a Year;

For Shame betake you to some honest Trade,

And live not thus so like a Vagabond.

[Exeunt.]

Flow. A Vagabond indeed, more Villains you:

They gave me Counsel that first cozen'd me;

Those Devils first brought me to this I am,

And being thus, the first that do me wrong.

Well, yet I have one Friend left in store.

Not far from hence there dwells a Cockatrice,

One that I first put in a Sattin Gown,

And not a Tooth that dwells within her Head,

But stands me at the least in twenty Pound:

Her will I visit now my Coyn is gone,

And as I take it here dwells the Gentlewoman.

What ho, is Mistress *Apricock* within?

Enter Ruffian.

Ruf. What saucy Rascal is that which knocks so bold?
 O, is it you, old Spend-thrift? are you here?

One

One that is turned Cozener about the Town.
My Mistrefs saw you, and sends this Word by me,
Either be packing quickly from the Door,
Or you shall have such a Greeting sent your straight,
As you will little like on, you had best be gone. [*Exit.*]

Flaw. Why so, this is as it should be, being poor,
Thus art thou serv'd by a vile painted Whore.
Well, since thy damned Crew do so abuse thee,
I'll try of honest Men, how they will use me.

Enter an ancient Citizen.

Sir, I beseech you to take Compassion of a Man ;
One whose Fortunes have been better than at this Instant
they seem to be : but if I might crave of you some little
Portion, as would bring me to my Friends, I would rest
thankful, until I had requited so great a Courtesy.

Cit. Fy, fy, young Man, this Course is very bad,
Too many such have we about this City ;
Yet for I have not seen you in this sort,
Nor noted you to be a common Beggar,
Hold, there's an Angel to bear your Charges
Down, go to your Friends, do not on this depend,
Such Bad Beginnings oft have worser Ends. [*Exit Cit.*]

Flaw. Worser ends : Nay, if it fall out
No worse than in old Angels I care not,
Nay, now I have had such a fortunate Beginning,
I'll not let a sixpenny Purse escape me :
By the Mass here comes another.

Enter a Citizen's Wife with a Torch before her.

God bless you, fair Mistrefs.
Now would it please you, Gentlewoman, to look into
the Wants of a poor Gentleman, a younger Brother, I
doubt not but God will treble restore it back again, one
that never before this time demanded Penny, Half-penny,
nor Farthing.

Cit. Wife. Stay, *Alexander* now by my Troth a very
proper Man, and 'tis great Pity ; hold my Friend, there's
all the Money I have about me, a couple a Shillings, and
God bless thee.

Flaw. Now God thank you, sweet Lady ; if you have
any Friend, or Garden-house, where you may imploy a
poor Gentleman as your Friend, I am yours to command
in all secret Service.

Cit. Wife. I thank you good Friend, I prithee let me
see that again I gave thee, there is one of them a brass
Shilling,

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Shilling, give me them, and here is half a Crown in Gold.

[*He gives it her.*]

Now out upon thee, Rascal: Secret Service! What dost thou make of me? It were a good Deed to have thee whipt: Now I have my Money again, I'll see thee hang'd before I give thee a Penny. Secret Service? On, good *Alexander*.

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

Flow. This is villainous Luck, I perceive Dishonesty Will not thrive; here comes more. God forgive me, Sir *Arthur*, and Mr. *Oliver*, aforegod I'll speak to them. God save you Sir *Arthur*: God save you, Mr. *Oliver*.

Oli. Been you there, Zirrah, come will you taken yourselves to your Tools, Coystrel?

Flow. Nay, Mr. *Oliver*, I'll not fight with you, Alas, Sir, you know it was not my doing, It was only a Plot to get Sir *Lancelot's* Daughter; By Gad I never meant you harm.

Oli. And where is the Gentlewoman thy Wife, Mezel? Where is she, Zirrah, ha?

Flow. By my troth Mr. *Oliver*, sick, very sick: And Gad is my Judge, I know not what means to make for her, good Gentlewoman.

Oli. Tell me true, is she sick; tell me true itch'vise thee.

Flow. Yes saith, I tell you true: Mr. *Oliver*, if you would do me the small kindness, but to lend me forty Shillings; So Gad help me, I will pay you so soon as my Ability shall make me able, as I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Well thou zaist thy Wife is zick; ho'd, there's vorty Shillings, give it to thy Wife, look thou give it her, or I shall zo veze thee, thou wert not so vezed this zeven year, look to it.

Art. I'faith, Mr. *Oliver*, it is in vain To give to him that never thinks of her.

Oli. Well, would che could yvind it.

Flow. I tell you true, Sir *Arthur*, as I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Well, farewell Zirrah; come, Sir *Arthur*.

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

Flow. By the Lords this is excellent.
Five golden Angels compass'd in an Hour.
If this Trade hold, I'll never seek a new.
Welcome sweet Gold, and Beggary adieu.

[*Enter Uncle and Father.*]

Unc. See, *Kester*, if you can find the House,

Flow.

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Flow. Who's here, my Uncle, and my Man *Kester* ?
By the Mass 'tis they.

How do you Uncle, how dost thou, *Kester* ?

By my Troth, Uncle, you must needs lend

Me some Money, the poor Gentle-woman

My Wife, so Gad help me, is very sick.

I was robb'd of the hundred Angels

You gave me, they are gone.

Unc. Ay, they are gone indeed, come, *Kester*, away.

Flow. Nay, Uncle, do you hear, good Uncle ?

Unc. Out Hypocrite, I will not hear thee speak,
Come, leave him, *Kester*.

Flow. *Kester*, honest *Kester*.

Fath. Sir, I have nought to say to you,

Open the Door to my Kin, thou had'st best

Lock't fast, for there's a false Knave without.

Flow. You are an old lying Rascal,

So you are.

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

Enter Luce.

Luce. Vat is the Matter, Vat be you, Yonker ?

Flow. By this Light a *Dutch Frow*, they say they are
called kind, by this Light I'll try her.

Luce. Vat be you, Yonker, why do you not speak ?

Flow. By my Troth, sweet Heart, a poor Gentleman
that would desire of you, if it stand with your Liking,
the Bounty of your Purse,

Enter young Flowerdale's Father.

Luce. O here God, so young an Armine.

Flow. Armine, sweet Heart, I know not what you
mean by that, but I am almost a Beggar.

Luce. Are you not a married Man, vere been your Vife?
Here is all I have, take dis.

Flow. What Gold, young Frow ? this is brave

Fath. If he have any Grace, he'll now repent,

Luce. Why speak you not, vere be your Vife ?

Flow. Dead, dead, she's dead, 'tis she hath undone me :
Spent me all I had, and kept Rascals under my Nose to
brave me.

Luce. Did you use her vell ?

Flow. Use her, there's never a Gentlewoman in *Eng-*
land could be better used than I did her ; I could but
Coach her ; her Diet stood me in forty Pound a Month,
but she is dead, and in her Grave my Cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed dat vas not scone.

Fath.

Fath. He is turn'd more Devil than he was before.

Flow. Thou dost belong to Master *Civet* here, dost thou not?

Luce. Yes, me do.

Flow. Why there's it, there's not a handful of Plate But belongs to me, Gad's my Judge:

If I had such a Wench as thou art,
There's never a Man in *England* would make more
Of her, than I would do, so she had any Stock.

[*They call within.*]

O why *Tanikin*.

Luce. Stay, one doth call, I shall come by and by again.

Flow. By this Hand this *Dutch* Wench is in Love with me,

Were it not admirable to make her steal
All *Civet's* Plate, and run away.

Fath. 'Twere beastly. O Master *Flowerdale*,
Have you no Fear of God, nor Conscience?
What do you mean, by this vile Course you take?

Flow. What do I mean? Why, to live, that I mean.

Fath. To live in this Sort, fie upon the Course,
Your Life doth show, you are a very Coward.

Flow. A Coward! I pray in what?

Fath. Why you will borrow Six-pence of a Boy.

Flow. 'Snails, is there such a Cowardice in that? I
dare borrow it of a Man, ay, and of the tallest Man in
England, if he will lend it me: Let me borrow it how I
can, and let them come by it how they dare. And it is
well known, I might ride out a hundred times if I
would, so I might.

Fath. It was not want of Will, but Cowardice,
There is none that lends to you, but know they gain:
And what is that but only stealth in you?

Delia might hang ye now, did not her Heart
Take Pity of you for her Sister's Sake.

Go get you hence, lest ling'ring here you stay,
You fall into their Hand you look not for.

Flow. I'll tarry here, 'till the *Dutch* Frow comes,
If all the Devils in Hell were here. [Exit Father.

Enter. Sir Lancelot, Mr. Weathercock, and Artichoke.

Lanc. Where is the Door? Are we not past it, *Artichoke*?

Art. By the Mass here's one.
I'll ask him: Do you hear, Sir?

What

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What, are you so proud? Do you hear, which is the Way
To Mr *Civet's* House? What, will you not speak?

O me, this is filching *Flowerdale*!

Lanc. O wonderful! Is this lewd Villain here?

O you cheating Rogue, you Cut-purse, Cony-catcher,
What Ditch, you Villain, is my Daughter's Grave?

A cozening Rascal, that must make a Will,
Take on him that strict Habit, very that:

When he should turn to Angel, a dying Grace,
I'll Father in Law you, Sir, I'll make a Will:

Speak, Villain, where's my Daughter?

Poison'd, I warrant you, or knock'd a the Head:

And to abuse good Master *Weathercock*, with

His forg'd Will, and Master *Weathercock*,

To make my grounded Resolution;

Then to abuse the *Devonshire* Gentleman:

Go, away with him to Prison.

Flow. Wherefore to Prison? Sir, I will not go.

*Enter Master Civet, his Wife, Oliver, Sir Arthur, young
Flowerdale's Father, Uncle, and Delia.*

Lanc. O here's his Uncle:

Welcome Gentleman, welcome all:

Such a Cozener, Gentlemen, a Murderer too

For any Thing I know, my Daughter is missing,

Hath been look'd for, cannot be found, a Vild upon thee,

Unc. He is my Kinsman, although his Life be vile,
Therefore, in God's Name, do with him what you will.

Lanc. Marry to Prison.

Flow. Wherefore to Prison, Snick-up? I owe you
nothing.

Lanc. Bring forth my Daughter then, away with
him.

Flow. Go seek your Daughter, what do lay to my
Charge?

Lanc. Suspicion of Murder, go, away with him,

Flow. Murder your Dogs, I murder your Daughter!
Come Uncle, I know you'll bail me.

Unc. Not I, were there no more,
Than I the Jaylor, thou the Prisoner.

Lanc. Go, away with him.

Enter Luce like a Frow.

Luce. O my Life, where will you ha de Man?
Vat ha de Yonker done!

Weath. Woman, he hath kill'd his Wife,

Luce.

Luce. His Wife, dat is not good, dat is not seen.

Lanc. Hang not upon him, Huswife, if you do I'll lay you by him.

Luce. Have me no, and or way do you leave him, He tell me dat he love me heartily.

Fran. Lead away my Maid to Prison! Why *Tom*, will you suffer that?

Civ. No, by your Leave, Father, she is no Vagrant: She is my Wife's Chamber-maid, and as true as the Skin between any Man's Brows here.

Lanc. Go to, you're both Fools:
Son Civet, of my Life this is a Plot,
 Some stragling Counterfeit proffer'd to you:
 No doubt to rob you of our Plate and Jewels:
 I'll have you led away to Prison, Trull.

Luce. I am no Trull, neither Outlandish Frow,
 Nor he, nor I shall to the Prison go:
 Know you me now? nay, never stand amaz'd.
 Father, I know I have offended you.
 And though that Duty wills me bend my Knees
 To you in Duty and Obedience;
 Yet this ways do I turn, and to him yield
 My Love, my Duty, and my Humbleness.

Lanc. Bastard in Nature, kneel to such a Slave?

Luce. O Master *Flowerdale*, if too much Grief
 Have not stopt up the Organs of your Voice,
 Then speak to her that is thy faithful Wife,
 Or doth Contempt of me thus tie thy Tongue?
 Turn not away, I am no *Ethiops*,
 No wanton *Cresfid*, nor a changing *Hellen*:
 But rather one made wretched by thy Loss.
 What turn'st thou still from me? O then
 I guess thee wofull'st among hapless Men.

Flow. I am indeed, Wife, Wonder among Wives!
 Thy Chastity and Virtue hath infus'd
 Another Soul in me, red with Defame,
 For in my blushing Cheeks is seen my Shame.

Lanc. Out, Hypocrite, I charge thee trust him not.

Luce. Not trust him? ——— By the Hopes of after-
 Bliss,

I know no Sorrow can be compar'd to his,

Lanc.

Lanc. Well, since thou wert ordain'd to Beggary,
Follow thy Fortune, I desie thee.

Oliv. Ywood che were so well ydousfed as was ever
white Cloth in tocking Mill, an che ha not made me
Grace.

Weath. If he hath any Grace he'll now repent.

Arth. It moves my Heart.

Weath. By my Troth I must weep, I cannot chuse.

Unc. None but a Beast would such a Maid misuse.

Flow. Content thy self, I hope to win his Favour,
And to redeem my Reputation lost:

And, Gentlemen, believe me, I beseech you,
I hope your Eyes shall behold such Change,
As shall deceive your Expectation.

Oli. I would che were split now, but che believe him.

Lanc. How, believe him!

Weath. By the Matkins, I do.

Lanc. What do you think that e'er he will have Grace?

Weath. By my Faith it will go hard.

Oli. Well, che vor ye he is chang'd; and, Mr. *Flowerdale*,
in Hope you been so, hold there's vorty Pound to-
ward your Zetting up; what be not ashamed, vang it
Man, vang it, be a good Husband, loven to your Wife:
And you shall not want for vorty more, I che vor thee.

Arth. My Means are little, but if you'll follow me,
I will instruct you in my ablest Power:
But to your Wife I give this Diamond,
And prove true Diamond fair in all your Life.

Flow. Thanks, good Sir *Arthur*: Mr. *Oliver*,
You being my Enemy, and grown so kind,
Binds me in all Endeavour to restore.

Oli. What, restore me? No Restorings, Man,
I have vorty Pound more here, vang it:
Zouth chil devie *London* else: What, do not think me
A Mezel or a Scoundrel, to throw away my Money? che
have an hundred Pound more to pace of any good Spo-
tation: I hope your Under and your Uncle will vollow
my Zamplas.

Unc. You have Guest-right of me, if he leave off this
Course of Life, he shall be mine Heir.

Lanc.

Lanc. But he shall never get a Groat of me;
A Cozener, a Deceiver, one that kill'd his painful
Father, honest Gentleman,
That pass'd the fearful Danger of the Sea,
To get him Living, and maintain him brave.

Weath. What, hath he kill'd his Father?

Lanc. Ay, Sir, with Conceit of his vile Courses.

Fath. Sir, you are misinform'd.

Lanc. Why, thou old Knave, thou told'st me so thy self.

Fath. I wrong'd him then :

And toward my Master's Stock,

There's twenty Nobles for to make Amends.

Flow. No, *Kester*, I have troubled thee, and wrong'd
thee more,

What thou in Love gives, I in Love restore.

Fran. Ha, ha Sister, there you plaid Bo-peep with us :

Tom. What shall I give her toward Household !

Sister *Delia*, shall I give her my Fan?

Del. You were best ask your Husband.

Fran. Shall I, *Tom*?

Civ. Ay, do, *Frank*, I'll buy thee a new one, with a
longer Handle.

Fran. A russet one, *Tom*.

Civ. Ay with russet Feathers.

Fran. Here, Sister, there's my Fan toward Household,
to keep you warm.

Luce. I thank you Sister.

Weath. Why this is well, and toward fair *Luce's* Stock,
here's forty Shillings : And forty good Shillings more,
I'll give her Marry. Come Sir *Lancelot*, I must have
you Friends.

Lanc. Not I, all this is Counterfeit,
He will consume it, were it a Million.

Fath. Sir, what is your Daughter's Dower worth ?

Lanc. Had she been married to an honest Man,
It had been better than a thousand Pound.

Fath. Pay it him, and I'll give you my Bond.
To make her Joynture better worth than three.

Lanc. Your Bond, Sir ? Why, what are you ?

Fath. One whose Word in *London*, tho' I say it,
Will pass there for as much as yours.

Lanc. Wert not thou late that Unthrif's Serving-man?

Fath. Look on me better, now my Scar is off :
Ne'er muse Man, at this Metamorphosy.

Lanc.

Lanc. Master Flowerdale!

Flow. My Father! O I shame to look on him.
Pardon, dear Father, the Follies that are past.

Fath. Son, Son, I do, and joy at this thy Change,
And applaud thy Fortune in this virtuous Maid,
Whom Heav'n hath sent to thee to save thy Soul.

Luce. This addeth Joy to Joy, high Heav'n be prais'd.

Weath. Mr. Flowerdale, welcome from Death, good
Mr. Flowerdale.

'Twas said so here, 'twas said so here good Faith.

Fath. I caus'd that Rumour to be spread my self,
Because I'd see the Humours of my Son,
Which to relate the Circumstance is needless:
And Sirrah, see you run no more into that same Disease:
For he that's once cur'd of that Malady,
Of Riot, Swearing, Drunkenness, and Bride,
And falls again into the like Distress,
That Fever is deadly, doth 'till Death endure.
Such Men die mad, as of a Calenture.

Flow. Heav'n helping me, I'll hate the Course as
Hell.

Unc. Say it, and do it, Cousin, all is well.

Lanc. Well being in Hope you'll prove an honest
Man,

I take you to my Favour. Brother Flowerdale,
Welcome with all my Heart: I see your Care
Hath brought these Acts to this Conclusion,
And I am glad of it, come let's in and feast.

Oliv. Nay zoft you a While, you promis'd to make
Sir Arthur and me Amends; here is your wisest
Daughter, see which An's she'll have.

Lanc. A God's Name, you have my good Will, get
hers.

Oliv. How say you then, Damsel.

Del. I, Sir, am yours.

Oliv. Why, then send for a Vicar, and chil have it
Dispatched in a Trice, so chil.

Del. Pardon me, Sir, I mean I am yours,
In Love, in Duty, and Affection.
But not to love as Wife, shall ne'er be said,
Delia was buried, married, but a Maid.

Arth. Do not condemn your self for ever,
Virtuous Fair, you were born to love.

Oliv.

Oliv. Why you say true, Sir *Arthur*, she was ybore
to it,

So well as her Mother; but I pray you shew us
Some Zamples or Reasons why you will not marry?

Del. Not that I do condemn a married Life,
For 'tis no Doubt a sanctimonious Thing:
But for the Care and Crosses of a Wife,
The Trouble in this World that Children bring,
My Vow's in Heav'n in Earth to live alone,
Husbands, howsoever good, I will have none.

Oliv. Why then, chil live a Batchelor too,
Che zet not a Vig by a Wife, if a Wife zet not a Vig
By me: Come, shall's go to Dinner?

Fath. To-morrow I crave your Companies in *Mark-
Lane*:

To-night we'll frolick in Mr. *Civet's* House,
And to each Health drink down a full Carouse.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.



